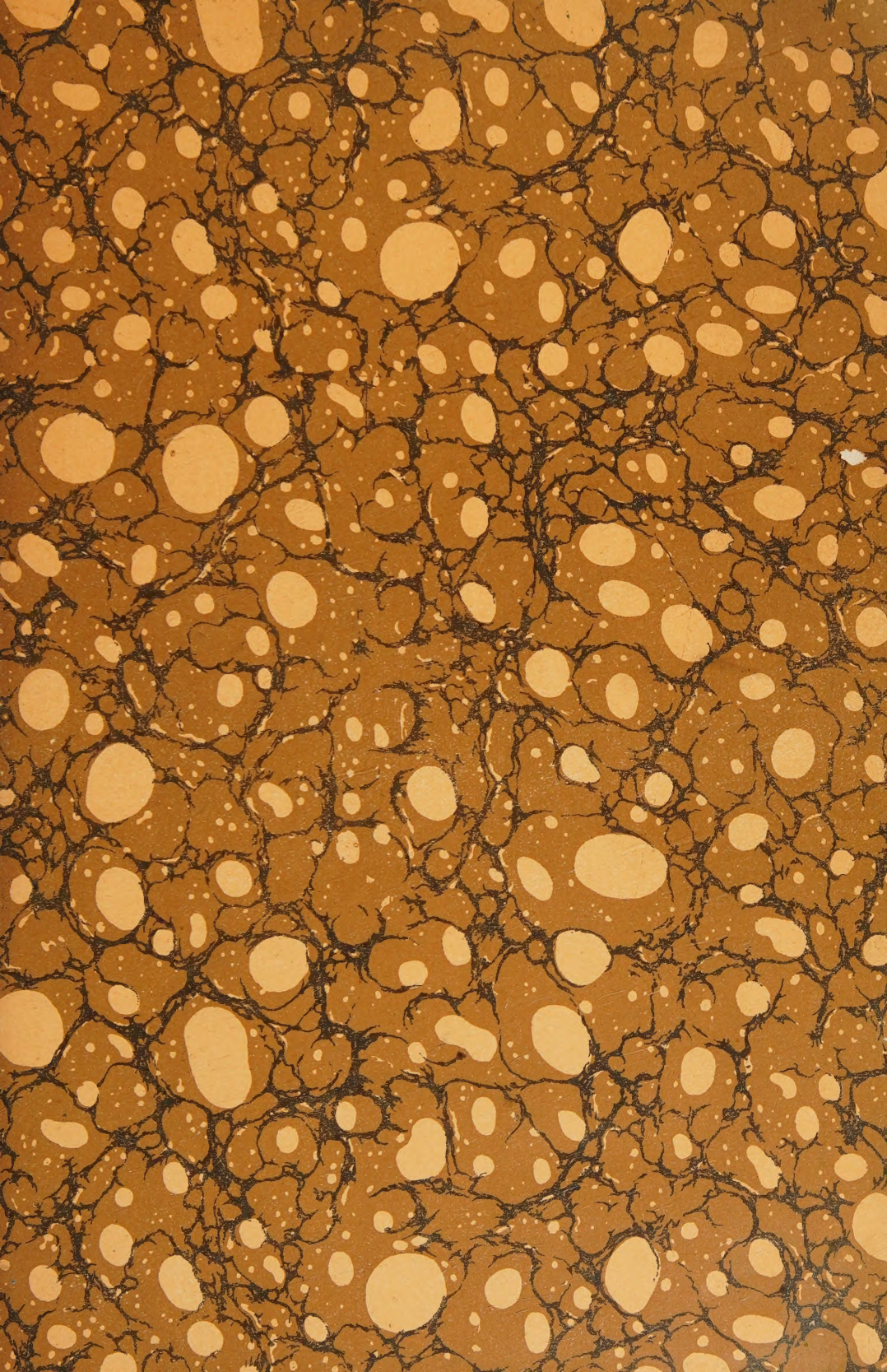




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THE BROADENING PATH

A TREASURE BOOK
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

TOGETHER WITH

FIRELIGHT AND CHILDREN'S FACES

BOOK OF HELP FOR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS

BY

WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

WITH EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE
BY G. L. HOWE

VOL. II

INDIANAPOLIS
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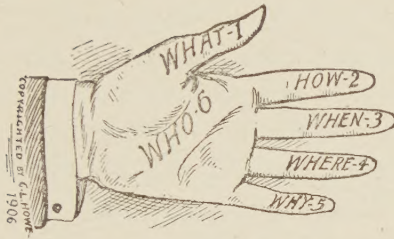
BROADENING

THE SOCIAL LIFE



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CHAPTER LX.



SOPHIE WRIGHT.

UNSELFISHNESS.

1 WHAT.

“A heart at leisure from itself
To love and sympathize.”

—*Anna L. Waring.*

2 How.

You often hear it said that some people are naturally unselfish. This is probably not true. We are all selfish, only some of us do not show it in noticeable ways. We can guard against it only by constant vigilance, rebuking ourselves instantly for the least word or act that is mean.

3 WHEN AND WHERE.

Especially in what are called minor morals must we be on our guard; in the choice of food at table, in seats in street cars, in response to civilities from others, in allowing others to do for us what we should have been thoughtful first to do for them.

5 WHY.

Selfishness is the cause of all the crimes and misdeeds in the world. It robs and cheats. It leads to intemperance and debauchery. It neglects the poor and helpless. It says the cruel words that give pain. It torments others. It tries to get everything and give nothing and it ends in losing the best of everything.

Hans Christian Andersen tells the simple lesson of unselfishness in his beautiful tale of

"THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE TREE."

Around the garden ran a hedge of hazels; beyond this hedge lay fields and meadows, wherein were cows and sheep; but in the midst of the garden stood a blooming Rose Tree; and under this Rose Tree lived a Snail, that had a good deal in his shell—namely, himself.

"Wait till my time comes!" he said: "I shall do something more than produce roses, bear nuts, or give milk, like the Rose Tree, the hazel bush, and the cows!"

"I expect a great deal of you," said the Rose Tree. "But may I ask when it will appear?"

"I take my time," replied the Snail. "*You're* always in such a hurry. You don't rouse people's interest by suspense."

When the next year came, the Snail lay almost in the same spot, in the sunshine under the Rose Tree, which again bore buds that bloomed into roses, until the snow fell and the weather became raw and cold; then the Rose Tree bowed its head and the Snail crept into the ground.

A new year began, and the roses came out, and the Snail came out also.

"You're an old Rose Tree now!" said the Snail. "You must make haste and come to an end, for you have given the world all that you have in you; whether it was of any use is a question that I have had no time to consider; but so much is clear and plain, that you have done nothing at all for your own development or you would have produced something else. How can you answer for that? In a little time you will be nothing at all but a stick. Do you understand what I say?"

"You alarm me," replied the Rose Tree. "I never thought of that at all."

"No, you have not taken the trouble to consider anything. Have you ever given an account to yourself, why you bloomed, and how is it that your blooming comes about—why is it thus, and not otherwise?"

"No," answered the Rose Tree. "I bloomed in gladness, because I could not do anything else. The sun

shone and warmed me, and the air refreshed me. I drank the pure dew and the fresh rain, and I lived, I breathed. Out of the earth there arose a power within me, from above there came down a strength; I perceived a new, ever-increasing happiness, and consequently I was obliged to bloom over and over again; that was my life; I could not do otherwise."

"You have led a very pleasant life," observed the Snail.

"Certainly. Everything I have was given to me," said the Rose Tree. "But more still was given to you. You are one of those deep, thoughtful characters, one of those highly gifted spirits, which will cause the world to marvel."

"I've no intention of doing anything of the kind," cried the Snail. "The world is nothing to me. What have-I to do with the world? I have enough of myself and in myself."

"But must we not all, here on earth, give to others the best that we have and offer what lies in our power? Certainly I have only given roses. But you—you who have been so richly gifted—what have you given to the world? What do you intend to give?"

"What have I given—what do I intend to give? I spit at it. It's worth nothing. It's no business of mine. Continue to give your roses, if you like; you can't do anything better. Let the hazel bush bear nuts, and the cows and ewes give milk; they have their public; but I

have mine within myself—I retire within myself, and there I remain; the world is nothing to me.”

And so saying the Snail retired into his house, and closed up the entrance after him.

“That is very sad!” said the Rose Tree. “I cannot creep into myself, even if I wish it—I must continue to produce roses. They drop their leaves, and are blown away by the wind. But I saw how a rose was laid in the matron’s hymn-book, and one of my roses had a place on the bosom of a fair young girl, and another was kissed by the lips of a child, in the full joy of life. That did me good; it was a real blessing. That’s my remembrance—my life!”

And the Rose Tree went on blooming in innocence, while the Snail lay and idled away his time in his house—the world did not concern him.

The years’ rolled by.

The Snail had become dust in the dust, and the Rose Tree was earth in the earth; the rose of remembrance in the hymn-book was faded, but in the garden bloomed fresh rose trees, and under the trees lay new snails; and these still crept into their houses, and spat at the world, for it did not concern them.

Suppose we begin the story again, and read it right through. It will never alter.

A few months ago there appeared in “Everybody’s Magazine” an article entitled: “Sophie Wright, the Best

Citizen of New Orleans." It told the beautiful story of an unselfish life that is still living in that southern city.

She was born in 1866 in New Orleans. Her father and mother had been impoverished by the war. When she was three years old, she fell, and for six years she was strapped in her chair, helpless and unable to move. Her mother trained her to be self-forgetful and never to complain. At nine years of age she hobbled off to school and at fourteen she had completed all the education her parents could afford to give her.

The plucky girl borrowed some benches and hung out from her mother's door the sign, "Day-School for Girls." At the end of the first year this little girl in short skirts and with hair in braids was earning ten dollars a month.

By and by her scholars began to get beyond her. So off she trudged to the city normal school and made an arrangement to teach beginners in return for instruction in languages. So she went on, teaching two schools and going to one, every day.

In two years her own school had grown so that she had to enlarge the building. She had to pay one hundred and forty-four per cent. a year on money that she borrowed for the purpose.

One day there came to Miss Wright's door a young acrobat, from a stranded circus. He wanted to study so he could pass a civil service examination and in that city where lived millionaires, he dared to apply only to

“that poor little mistress of a “Day-School for Girls.” Would she help him?

“Of course I will,” she said, enthusiastically, “but I have no time except in the evening.”

“But I can’t pay anything.”

“That doesn’t matter. You need help, and I can give it.”

Soon the little schoolhouse was crowded at night with boys from the streets, eager for an education. It was not long before their urgent needs became so plain that it was evident that this night school was to become Miss Wright’s greater work. It crowded the little house and she was obliged to find another. She secured a large building that was for sale at \$10,000.00 and again at exorbitant interest she borrowed money to pay for it.

But just as she was beginning to raise the money, in 1897 the yellow fever came. It closed the school, it cut off all income, even that for her daily bread. But the self-forgetting heroine as usual turned to the greater needs of others. She turned the schoolhouse into a relief station. She spent every day with her teachers distributing aid and when at last the frost came and the plague was over, a banker came forward and assumed the loan and two rich men, touched by her pluck, pledged \$2,000.00 a year for her work.

Now the school grew by leaps and bounds. There had been three hundred pupils. At once there were a thousand; one year she had to turn away three hundred.

And now every winter seventeen hundred boys and men, some walking five or six miles to attend, come to her great night institute. Every shop in the city is full of men who as boys got their start or as men are improving themselves in "Sophie's School."

Miss Wright has not been interested in neglected boys and girls only. "To whom must I go for an interview backing us up in charity cases, or to get aid for children, or support for any movement for municipal betterment?" someone asked an editor in New Orleans. "Make me a list of people whom I can depend on to say and do the good thing."

"You don't need a list," was his answer. "Go to Miss Sophie Wright. No matter what the affair is, if it needs unselfish help, whether it is for the aid of one person or of the community, start with her. She will take it out of your hands and carry it through."

Three years ago a little orphan boy came to her, crippled almost exactly as she herself had been. There was no place in New Orleans where he could be cared for.

At once Miss Wright, who was herself paying interest on her debt of \$10,000, set out to raise \$10,000 for a cottage for crippled children, to be annexed to the Home for Incurables. In a year she completed the amount and now she is raising a similar sum for an endowment.

‘ So people appreciate what she has done? Be sure her boys and girls do. And so do other people.

A few months ago the National Lumbermen’s Convention met in the city, in the course of the day the president told Miss Wright’s story. A member arose and asked the privilege of giving \$100.00 to her work. At once the whole convention seemed stirred. When the excitement subsided it was found that \$4,175.00 had been subscribed, and Miss Wright was summoned to receive, with smiles and happy tears, the gift and an ovation.

But the greatest recognition came just before that. Every year the New Orleans *Picayune* presents a silver loving-cup to the person who has during the year done the greatest service for the community. It had twice before been given. On each occasion there had been some talk of giving it to Miss Sophie, but the work of the night-school had been done so gradually that the public recognition of its founder had been deferred. But on this occasion, when she had carried through such a task in addition, the committee was unanimous that no one but Miss Sophie should have the cup.

The cup had usually been given in a hall, but no hall was large enough for all Miss Sophie’s friends, so it was decided to have it in Audubon Park, and to have the exercises in the evening as well as the afternoon, so that the workers could come.

It was designed to keep the matter secret from Miss

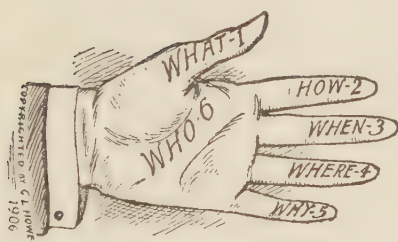
Sophie, and this was not difficult because she was then engrossed in the care of her dying mother. And it was also decided to raise her mortgage by public subscription. In three days that was done.

When the day came Miss Wright was brought to the platform and, amid the cheering multitude, was given the silver cup. She made a timid response, then, says the the narrator, while she waited, not knowing what was to come next, up stepped one of her boys, bearing another loving-cup, made of flowers, a cup brimming with dear love from her boys to her. He who offered it tried to speak—and perhaps did so. She tried to reply—but could not. She caught him in her arms while the tears blinded her and kissed him with a kiss in which every lad who had ever entered her doors for help shared fully.

When she reached home she opened an envelope that had been handed her, and there was a check for \$10,000.

To-day she still lives, frail, sick, still nearly helpless but still earning her daily bread with her girls that she may give herself at night for her boys. And in her eyes shines the glory and beauty of a life lived only for others.

CHAPTER LXI.



A SHORT MANUAL OF MANNERS.

GOOD MANNERS.

1 WHAT.

Good manners are the polite and kind expression of a worthy nature. Good manners are not something shown to another; they are the showing out of one's self.

“In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin outside, and trust the heart to chance influences.”

—Mrs. Lydia Maria Child.

2 How.

In this chapter will be found some very good and concise hints about Good Manners, but they are all summed up in the word, Kindness.

“Politeness is to do or say,
The kindest thing in the kindest way.”

A kind heart is gentle—the heart of a gentle-man, of a gentle-woman. “Selfishness is always vulgar,” but an unfailing habit of considering others’ comfort is the truest mark of gentle breeding. “Good manners,” says Emerson, “are made up of petty sacrifices.”

THE GOLDEN KEY.

I know of a jeweled casket
Where is hidden a golden key
That opens the door of a castle fair,
Called the Castle of Courtesy.

Its owner, a bright-eyed maiden,
When she wakes in the morning light,
Takes the treasure out from its hiding place
And bears it around till night.

She opens the door of the castle
With the beautiful golden key,

And smiles a welcome to all who come—
Even strangers, like you and me.

And to every door in the castle
The maiden fits her key;
Wide open it flies at her magic touch,
That all may its treasures see.

The heart is the jeweled casket,
And kindness the golden key
That opens the doors of the numberless rooms
In the Castle of Courtesy.

3-4 WHEN AND WHERE.

There is no such thing as "company good manners."
One cannot be really well mannered in company who is
not in steady practice in being well bred every day.

The car was crowded, and several persons were
standing up. As the car rounded a curve, one man
lurched over to one side, and knocked his neighbor's hat
over his eyes. The man thus accidentally struck, turned
around angrily and asked who hit him.

"I did. What are you going to do about it?" answered the other.

"I'd show you what I'd do about it, if I had you out
of this car!"

"You would, eh?"

"Yes, I would!"

"Why don't you do it here?"

"I will, if you don't shut up."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you own this car."

"Perhaps I do. I don't take up more than my share of it, though."

"Well, I intend to have all the room I need. I don't mean to give up my personal rights to any man."

"Nobody asked you to. But you needn't push me out of my place."

"Who's pushing you out of your place?"

"You are."

"You lie!"

At this point the conductor interfered, and threatened to put the disputants off the car. After a few more hard words, the man who had been the occasion of the dispute got out.

"Each man has made his enemy," thought more than one person in the car.

In a few minutes another passenger came in, and as it was cold near the door, he wedged his way slowly up to the front. In doing so, he stepped on the foot of the man who had already had his hat jammed over his face.

"Look out! What are you doing there? Can't you step somewhere else?"

"I beg your pardon! Very awkward of me, I'm sure. Hope it didn't hurt you much."

“Well—no—not very much.”

“They don’t make these cars big enough for men with big feet like mine and yours, eh?”

“That’s so. Ought to put on platform-cars for us.”

“Ha! ha! ha! Good! Glad you take it so good-naturedly. Fine frosty evening, isn’t it?”

“You’re right. Good Christmas weather.”

“That’s so. Do you celebrate?”

“Why, of course! Do you take me for a pagan?”

“You don’t look like one, that’s a fact. What’s that in your overcoat pocket? A sled?”

“Not quite. A Noah’s ark.”

“Ah! That flood was a good thing for Noah’s descendants, wasn’t it?”

“First-rate. But I must get out here. Wish you a Merry Christmas, sir!”

“Same to you, and many of ’em!”

The second man got out two blocks further on, but to us who remained, it seemed as though he had breathed into the chilly air his own warm, hearty spirit. That man made more than one person happier that night.

4 WHERE.

We are well mannered even to an unworthy foe, not because he deserves it, but because our own self-respect demands it. “One’s manner to two different people, respectively,” said Agnes H. Morton, “may not be *the same*, but it should be *equally courteous*. ‘No man is a

hero to his valet,' but every gentleman is a *gentleman* to his valet."

5 WHY.

"Courtesies make up the small currency, which, when saved, enables one to secure all that is desirable in life."

—G. L. Howe.

"Politeness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts of this world wonderfully."

When George Washington was a boy, he used to copy down in his school exercise book rules for civility and behaviour given him by his mother or teacher. Fifty-seven are given by Jared Sparks in his "Writings of Washington." Some of them sound rather stilted now, but there is hardly one that would not be worth while for a modern youth to obey. A recent editor has said:

"They serve to show what was the standard of good manners and morals among those who had the training of George Washington. The best of rules would have done little with poor stuff; it was because this boy had a manly and honorable spirit that he could be trained in manly and honorable ways."

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

3. Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

5. Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

9. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

10. They that are in dignity, or in office, have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

11. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort we ought to begin.

12. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

13. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician if you be not knowing therein.

14. In writing, or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

15. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

16. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogance.

17. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

18. Being to advise, or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, and in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

19. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

20. Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

21. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

22. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse, nor revile.

23. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

24. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

25. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings set neatly, and clothes handsomely.

26. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

27. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

28. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

29. Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.

30. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things as death, and wounds, and if others mention them, change,

if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

31. Break not a jest where none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not aloud, not at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seems to be some cause.

32. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

33. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

34. Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

35. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

36. If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent be of the major side.

37. Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.

38. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. When you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

39. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.

40. Think before you speak; pronounce not im-

perfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

41. When another speaks be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech be ended.

42. Treat with men at fit times about business; and whisper not in the company of others.

43. Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

44. Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

45. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

46. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

47. When you deliver a matter, do it without passion and with discretion, however mean the person be you do it to.

48. When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.

49. In disputes be not desirous to overcome as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.

50. Be not tedious in discourse; make not many

digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

51. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

52. Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

53. Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

54. Set not yourself at the upper end of the table; but if it be your due, or that the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company.

55. When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

56. Let your recreation be manful, not sinful.

57. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.

And now let me give you a few very homely and practical hints for the social circumstances of our modern life. These hints are all prepared with young people, and average young people, in mind.

HOW TO EAT.

The fork is the chief instrument of eating. Every-

thing solid or semisolid is eaten with it. The spoon is used only for liquids, custards and fruits too soft and slippery to be handled with the fork. Hold your fork with the tines curving downward, raise it horizontally and turn it just enough to place the food between the parted lips. Do not handle or use it like a shovel.

The spoon is also raised laterally, and liquids or vegetables are sipped from the side, not the point, of the spoon.

The knife is not held far down on the blade. The blade is not touched, except as the forefinger rests on the upper edge when such a pressure is necessary. In general the knife is used as little as possible.

Asparagus, celery and green corn are eaten with the fingers. Bananas, pears and peaches are peeled and eaten with the fingers. Oranges may be cut in half and the fruit scooped out with a spoon. If finger bowls are furnished the fingers are dipped and rinsed, the lips are touched with the wet fingers, and the mouth and fingers are wiped with the napkin.

The napkins are laid, partly unfolded, in the lap. It is not fastened to the garments or used like a bib. When one is a guest, the napkin is left, unfolded, on the table.

At a course dinner the different knives and forks are usually laid in such a way that the outer ones are used first.

It is never necessary for any young person to commit any awkwardness at table. As different courses are

brought in or different dishes used, an observing youth may note what the best bred person at the table does, and follow suit. Good sense, as well as observation, will teach that talking when there is food in the mouth, reaching across the table or gesturing with the knife is as awkward as it is rude.

Do everything deliberately, watchfully, slowly and quietly, and you are certain not to seem awkward.

HOW TO MEET PEOPLE.

A boy, when he is introduced, will raise his hat to a lady or an elderly gentleman, and will shake hands pleasantly with all. A girl will bow, but will usually not offer her hand. A good bow is a slow inclination of the head and shoulders, with an eye fixed, as the head rises, upon the person accosted. Girls "curtsey" only, as a mark of respect, to elderly people.

One's eyes should never wander, in conversation, from the person with whom one is talking. The courtesy of attentiveness is fundamental.

When meeting in the street the lady or the more elderly person bows first, but a boy or girl will not hesitate to greet an acquaintance, even in case he himself has not been promptly recognized.

The hand-shake is used in America whenever an expression of cordiality is desired. A good hand-shake is a frank, brief *pressure*, not *shake*, of another's hand.

A girl will acknowledge her acquaintances on the street by a bow and a smile.

A boy will doff his cap whenever he meets a lady, an elderly person, a minister or teacher or any person of authority; when, walking with a lady, he meets a man whom he knows or one to whom she bows; when, walking with other boys or men, anyone of them bows to a person known to one of them, though unknown to himself; when offering any lady, even a stranger, a kindness; when parting from a lady.

A boy or girl will shake hands when meeting a caller in one's own home, and usually when a caller is about to depart; also when saying goodnight to a visitor at home.

A boy or girl ought to greet mother or sister everywhere as any other lady would be greeted, and father or brother as any other gentleman would be greeted.

All greetings and partings in public, no matter how cordial, should be quiet.

A boy should give up his seat on the street car, when it is crowded, to a lady, an elderly person or one with a burden. A girl will also yield hers to old or heavily laden people.

A boy should give up his seat on the street car, when fully and accurately, and never hesitate to offer any needed courtesy to one you do not know. Girls will not enter into conversation, when traveling, with strangers.

In a crowd civility is better than rudeness, and one should never press one's way without asking pardon of those discommoded.

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No gentleman smokes in a crowd or spits where others must walk.

In walking with a lady on a sidewalk, the gentleman walks on the side nearest the curb or on the crowded side. A lady does not take a gentleman's arm in the daytime, unless she be infirm. A gentleman never takes a lady's arm.

In an elevator custom differs. In this matter, as in all others, let a boy do what he sees the best gentleman of his community do. If they remove their hats when ladies enter, let him do the same. In any case he will wait for ladies to precede him entering or leaving the car, unless, on leaving, he is so near the door as to be in the way.

When you are walking with others or you meet a friend, do not block up the sidewalk. If a gentleman meets a lady, he will cause her to pause but a moment. If he wishes to talk with her at length, he will turn and go with her in the direction she was walking.

If a gentleman offers the lady you are with, my boy friend, a seat, raise your hat to him as she takes it. If another seat near you become vacant, offer it to the gentleman first. If a gentleman offers you a seat, my girl friend, do not take it if he is an old man or a man returning from his work. If you do take it, thank him.

"True politeness consists in being easy one's self, and in making everybody about one as easy as one can."

—*Alexander Pope.*

HOW TO BEHAVE IN PUBLIC PLACES.

At entertainments young people will be seen, but not heard. Hats will not block the view or get under the feet of others. Conversation and giggling will not interrupt the pleasure of others.

If you are a guest at a party, you are a partner to its success. It is your duty, as much as it is that of the host, to endeavor to make all present have a good time. If you are the host, you must never enter a game or take part in any pleasure until you are sure that each of your guests is provided for. If you go to shine or to be admired, you are likely to be disappointed, but if you go to help, you will be happy and everybody will like you.

When a gentleman is sight-seeing, or traveling with a lady, he removes from her every anxiety or forethought and takes charge of her pleasure. The truest lady makes these cares as little as possible. The gentleman takes the seat facing backward in car or carriage, if he is traveling with two ladies.

When about to leave an evening party or dinner, a gentleman will see that no lady is obliged to walk home alone. This anxiety will not be confined to the safe conduct of the prettiest girl present.

Upon entering church one should bow the head; also the head should remain bowed for a moment after the benediction. Heads are of course bowed during prayer and they are not turned to discover or bow to friends.

HOW TO BE A GUEST.

When you "go visiting" you are told to "make yourself at home." This should mean that you make yourself fit into the home so well that they might well wish you could stay always. So you will accustom yourself to everything, no matter how strange it may seem, pleasantly; you will take every pleasure offered you with enthusiasm; you will be prompt at meals and make no extra trouble for the servants; you will see only the best in your friend and his household; you will entertain yourself when your friend is busy and not make him feel he must always be thinking up some new attraction for you; you will not stay too long; as soon as you get home you will write him what a good time you had; and you will keep forever to yourself any unpleasant secret that you discovered when you were a guest.

HOW A GIRL SHOULD BEHAVE.

A special word to girls.

A very fine and wise thing was once said by Dr. R. F. Horton, of England. He said: "The chief function of woman is not to be admired but *to admire*. Whatever woman chooses to admire, man holds precious." How true that is!

It is not necessary that you should be admired. And if you set out to be admired you will surely fail. The girl who by gay clothes, loud talking or laughter or free, bold ways challenges admiration, may catch the eye of the idiot or the corner loafer, but she has lost the admira-

GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A SCHOOL BOY.

"When George Washington was a boy, he used to copy down in his school exercise book, rules for civility and behaviour given him by his mother and teacher."

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down in his school exercise book, rules for civility and
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tion of the best men, young as well as old, in the community.

But you can all admire!

And what you will admire, men will admire too. You set the world's standards.

If you think it is "cute" to smoke or drink, you will help degrade every young man you know.

If you hold truth and honor and gentle living cheap, you will make them cheaper where you live.

If you hold yourself cheap, you will be measured for less even than you are. The girl who goes out upon the streets to stroll evenings, who permits young men to fondle her, who is bold with strangers, may be only a fool, but people think she is worse.

But if you believe in cleanness, the world about you will be cleaner.

If you are true and honorable and sweet, the world will forget your face in thinking how beautiful *you* are.

If you carry yourself like a queen, you will wear the golden crown of maidenly honor, and you will be worthy of the Prince who some day will claim you.

When I hear that the boys of any community are "so rough and boorish," I wish I knew the girls of that community. For it is those girls who can make and remake those boys.

Yours, girls, is a high honor and a glorious responsibility.

HOW A BOY SHOULD BEHAVE.

A special word to boys.

Boys are as much tempted to be vulgar as are girls, but the special thing that worries boys is awkwardness.

No boy need be awkward.

Awkwardness is partly caused by self-consciousness, which is a form of selfishness. If you are everywhere trying to make somebody else happy, you will forget yourself and you will cease to be awkward. As soon as you start to enter a room at a party, think of some one you will help have a good time and you will forget how to come in.

Awkward motions can be prevented by a little care. Scratching the ears or nose, sitting with the legs crossed or the feet high, beating a tattoo on the table, a loud use of the handkerchief—all these are nervous or unnecessary habits that can be conquered by anyone who will make it a business to do so. Awkwardness in standing or walking may be helped by almost any physical exercise that increases agility and by remembering that cool self-command, deliberate motions and a manly carriage are more graceful than hurried, frustrated movements or a "loppy" way of standing.

No boy can make a greater mistake than to think that his demeanor is of little importance. It will probably decide his whole future, and either rule him out of or include him, later, in the circle to which he wants most to belong. The objection to the noisy, boisterous chil-

dren's party is not merely that it is coarse and, in the end, stupid, but that it prevents exercise by far more refined and delightful evenings for all the social delights of manhood.

One other word: As a boy I once asked a true lady the secret of being liked by girls. Her answer was: "Be courteous to them." She went on to say that most girls cared little for good looks or smart speech, but that every girl in the world liked a graceful, deferential manner in men. I have noticed that she was right.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

who each had to give him a name, and promise to do their utmost for him. When he came of age, he himself had to choose the name—and the godfather or godmother—that he liked the best, for the rest of his days.

Meantime all was rejoicing. Subscriptions were made among the rich to give pleasure to the poor: dinners in town-halls for the working-men; tea-parties in the streets for their wives; and milk and bun feasts for the children in the schoolrooms. For Nomansland, though I cannot point it out in any map, or read of it in any history, was, I believe, much like our own or many another country.

As for the palace—which was no different from other palaces—it was clean “turned out of the windows,” as people say, with the preparations going on. The only quiet place in it was the room which, though the Prince was six weeks old, his mother, the Queen, had never quitted. Nobody said she was ill, however—it would have been so inconvenient; and as she said nothing about it herself, but lay pale and placid, giving no trouble to anybody, nobody thought much about her. All the world was absorbed in admiring the baby.

The christening day came at last, and it was as lovely as the Prince himself. All the people in the palace were lovely too—or thought themselves so—in the elegant new clothes which the Queen, who thought of everybody, had taken care to give them, from the ladies-in-waiting down to the poor little kitchen-maid, who looked at herself in

her pink cotton gown, and thought, doubtless, that there never was such a pretty girl as she.

By six in the morning all the royal household had dressed itself in its very best; and then the little Prince was dressed in his best—his magnificent christening robe; which proceeding his Royal Highness did not like at all, but kicked and screamed like any common baby. When he had a little calmed down, they carried him to be looked at by the Queen his mother, who, though her royal robes had been brought and laid upon the bed, was, as everybody well knew, quite unable to rise and put them on.

She admired her baby very much; kissed and blessed him, and lay looking at him, as she did for hours sometimes, when he was placed beside her fast asleep; then she gave him up with a gentle smile, and, saying she hoped he would be very good, that it would be a very nice christening, and all the guests would enjoy themselves, turned peacefully over on her bed, saying nothing to anybody. She was a very uncomplaining person, the Queen—and her name was Dolorez.

Everything went on exactly as if she had been present. All, even the King himself, had grown used to her absence; for she was not strong, and for years had not joined in any gayeties. She always did her royal duties, but as to pleasures, they could go on quite well without her, or it seemed so. The company arrived: great and notable persons in this and neighboring countries; also the four-and-twenty godfathers and godmothers, who had

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been chosen with care, as the people who would be most useful to his Royal Highness should he ever want friends, which did not seem likely. What such want could possibly happen to the heir of the powerful monarch of Nomansland?

They came, walking two and two, with their coronets on their heads—being dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, or the like; they all kissed the child, and pronounced the name which each had given him. Then the four-and-twenty names were shouted out with great energy by six heralds, one after the other, and afterward written down, to be preserved in the state records, in readiness for the next time they were wanted, which would be either on his Royal Highness's coronation or his funeral. Soon the ceremony was over, and everybody satisfied; except, perhaps, the little Prince himself, who moaned faintly under his christening robes, which nearly smothered him.

In truth, though very few knew, the Prince in coming to the chapel had met with a slight disaster. His nurse—not his ordinary one, but the state nurse-maid—an elegant and fashionable young lady of rank, whose duty it was to carry him to and from the chapel, had been so occupied in arranging her train with one hand, while she held the baby with the other, that she stumbled and let him fall, just at the foot of the marble staircase. To be sure, she contrived to pick him up again the next minute; and the accident was so slight it seemed hardly worth

speaking of. Consequently nobody did speak of it. The baby had turned deadly pale, but did not cry, so no person a step or two behind could discover anything wrong; afterward, even if he had moaned, the silver trumpets were loud enough to drown his voice. It would have been a pity to let anything trouble such a day of felicity.

So, after a minute's pause, the procession had moved on. Such a procession! Heralds in blue and silver; pages in crimson and gold; and a troop of little girls in dazzling white, carrying baskets of flowers, which they strewed all the way before the nurse and child; finally the four-and-twenty godfathers and godmothers, as proud as possible, and so splendid to look at that they would have quite extinguished their small godson—merely a heap of lace and muslin with a baby face inside—had it not been for a canopy of white satin and ostrich feathers which was held over him wherever he was carried.

Thus, with the sun shining on them through the painted windows, they stood; the King and his train on one side, the Prince and his attendants on the other, as pretty a sight as ever was seen out of fairyland.

"It's just like fairyland," whispered the eldest little girl to the next eldest, as she shook the last rose out of her basket; "and I think the only thing the Prince wants now is a fairy godmother."

"Does he?" said a shrill but soft and not unpleasant voice behind; and there was seen among the group of children somebody—not a child, yet no bigger than a

child—somebody whom nobody had seen before, and who certainly had not been invited, for she had no christening clothes on.

She was a little old woman dressed all in gray; gray gown; gray hooded cloak, of a material excessively fine, and a tint that seemed perpetually changing, like the gray of an evening sky. Her hair was gray, and her eyes also—even her complexion had a soft gray shadow over it. But there was nothing unpleasantly old about her, and her smile was as sweet and childlike as the Prince's own, which stole over his pale little face the instant she came near enough to touch him.

"Take care! Don't let the baby fall again."

The grand young lady nurse started, flushing angrily.

"Who spoke to me? How did anybody know?—I mean, what business has anybody—?" Then frightened, but still speaking in a much sharper tone than I hope young ladies of rank are in the habit of speaking—"Old woman, you will be kind enough not to say 'baby,' but 'the Prince.' Keep away; his Royal Highness is just going to sleep."

"Nevertheless I must kiss him. I am his godmother."

"You!" cried the elegant lady nurse.

"You! !" repeated all the gentlemen and ladies in waiting.

"You! ! !" echoed the heralds and pages—and they began to blow the silver trumpets in order to stop all further conversation.

The Prince's procession formed itself for returning,—the King and his train having already moved off toward the palace,—but on the topmost step of the marble stairs stood right in front of all, the little old woman clothed in gray.

She stretched herself on tip-toe by the help of her stick, and gave the little Prince three kisses.

"This is intolerable," cried the young lady nurse, wiping the kisses off rapidly with her lace handkerchief. "Such an insult to his Royal Highness! Take yourself out of the way, old woman, or the King shall be informed immediately."

"The King knows nothing of me, more's the pity," replied the old woman, with an indifferent air, as if she thought the loss was more on his Majesty's side than hers. "My friend in the palace is the King's wife."

"Kings have not wives, but queens," said the lady nurse, with a contemptuous air.

"You are right," replied the old woman. "Nevertheless I know her Majesty well, and I love her and her child. And—since you dropped him on the marble stairs (this she said in a mysterious whisper, which made the young lady tremble in spite of her anger)—I choose to take him for my own, and be his godmother, ready to help him whenever he wants me."

"You help him!" cried all the group, breaking into shouts of laughter, to which the little old woman paid not the slightest attention. Her soft gray eyes were fixed on

the Prince, who seemed to answer to the look, smiling again and again in the causeless, aimless fashion that babies do smile.

"His Majesty must hear of this," said a gentleman-in-waiting.

"His Majesty will hear quite enough news in a minute or two," said the old woman, sadly. And again stretching up to the little Prince, she kissed him on the forehead solemnly.

"Be called by a new name which nobody has ever thought of. Be Prince Dolor, in memory of your mother Dolorez."

"In memory of!" Everybody started at the ominous phrase, and also at a most terrible breach of etiquette which the old woman had committed. In Nomansland, neither the king nor the queen were supposed to have any Christian name at all. They dropped it on their coronation day, and it was never mentioned again till it was engraved on their coffins when they died.

"Old woman, you are exceedingly ill-bred," cried the eldest lady-in-waiting, much horrified. "How you could know the fact passes my comprehension. But even if you did not know it, how dared you presume to hint that her most gracious Majesty is called Dolorez?"

"*Was* called Dolorez," said the old woman, with a tender solemnity.

The first gentleman, called the Gold-stick-in-waiting, raised it to strike her, and all the rest stretched out their

hands to seize her; but the gray mantle melted from between their fingers like air; and, before anybody had time to do anything more, there came a heavy, muffled, startling sound.

The great bell of the palace—the bell which was only heard on the death of some one of the royal family, and for as many times as he or she was years old—began to toll. They listened, mute and horror-stricken. Some one counted: one—two—three—four—up to nine-and-twenty—just the Queen's age.

It was, indeed, the Queen. Her Majesty was dead! In the midst of the festivities she had slipped away, out of her new happiness and her old sufferings, not few nor small. Sending away all her women to see the grand sight—at least they said afterward, in excuse, that she had done so, and it was very like her to do it—she had turned with her face to the window, whence one could just see the tops of the distant mountains—the Beautiful Mountains, as they were called—where she was born. So gazing, she had quietly died.

When the little Prince was carried back to his mother's room, there was no mother to kiss him. And, though he did not know it, there would be for him no mother's kiss any more.

As for his godmother—the little old woman in gray who called herself so—whether she melted into air, like her gown when they touched it, or whether she flew out of the chapel window, or slipped through the doorway

among the bewildered crowd, nobody knew—nobody ever thought about her.

Everybody was very kind to the poor little Prince. I think people generally are kind to motherless children, whether princes or peasants. He had a magnificent nursery, a regular suite of attendants, and was treated with the greatest respect and state. Nobody was allowed to talk to him in silly baby language, or dandle him, or, above all, to kiss him, though perhaps some people did it surreptitiously, for he was such a sweet baby that it was difficult to help it.

It could not be said that the Prince missed his mother—children of his age cannot do that; but somehow after she died everything seemed to go wrong with him. From a beautiful baby he became sickly and pale, seeming to have almost ceased growing, especially in his legs, which had been so fat and strong. But after the day of his christening they withered and shrank; he no longer kicked them out either in passion or play, and when, as he got to be nearly a year old, his nurse tried to make him stand upon them, he only tumbled down.

This happened so many times that at last people began to talk about it. A prince, and not able to stand on his own legs! What a dreadful thing! what a misfortune for the country!

Rather a misfortune to him also, poor little boy! but nobody seemed to think of that. And when after a while his health revived, and the old bright look came

back to his sweet little face, and his body grew larger and stronger, though still his legs remained the same. people continued to speak of him in whispers, and with grave shakes of the head. Everybody knew, though nobody said it, that something, it was possible to guess what, was not quite right with the poor little Prince.

Of course, nobody hinted this to the King his father: it does not do to tell great people anything unpleasant. And besides, his Majesty took very little notice of his son, or of his other affairs, beyond the necessary duties of his kingdom. People had said that he would not miss the Queen at all, she having been so long an invalid, but he did. After her death he never was quite the same. He established himself in her empty rooms, the only rooms in the palace whence one could see the Beautiful Mountains, and was often observed looking at them as if he thought she had flown away thither, and that his longing could bring her back again. And by a curious coincidence, which nobody dared inquire into, he desired that the Prince might be called, not by any of the four-and-twenty grand names given him by his godfathers and godmothers, but by the identical name mentioned by the little old woman in gray,—Dolor, after his mother Dolorez.

Once a week, according to established state custom, the Prince, dressed in his very best, was brought to the King his father for half an hour, but his Majesty was generally too ill and too melancholy to pay much heed to the child.

Only once, when he and the Crown-Prince, who was exceedingly attentive to his royal brother, were sitting together, with Prince Dolor playing in a corner of the room, dragging himself about with his arms rather than his legs, and sometimes trying feebly to crawl from one chair to another, it seemed to strike the father that all was not right with his son.

"How old is his Royal Highness?" said he suddenly to the nurse.

"Two years, three months, and five days, please your Majesty."

"It does not please me," said the King, with a sigh. "He ought to be far more forward than he is now—ought he not, brother? You, who have so many children, must know. Is there not something wrong about him?"

"Oh, no," said the Crown-Prince, exchanging meaning looks with the nurse, who did not understand at all, but stood frightened and trembling with the tears in her eyes. "Nothing to make your Majesty at all uneasy. No doubt his Royal Highness will outgrow it in time."

"Outgrow—what?"

"A slight delicacy—ahem!—in the spine; something inherited, perhaps, from his dear mother."

"Ah, she was always delicate; but she was the sweetest woman that ever lived. Come here, my little son."

And as the Prince turned round upon his father a small, sweet, grave face—so like his mother's—his

Majesty the King smiled and held out his arms. But when the boy came to him, not running like a boy, but wriggling awkwardly along the floor, the royal countenance clouded over.

"I ought to have been told of this. It is terrible—terrible! And for a prince too! Send for all the doctors in my kingdom immediately."

They came, and each gave a different opinion and ordered a different mode of treatment. The only thing they agreed in was what had been pretty well known before, that the Prince must have been hurt when he was an infant—let fall, perhaps, so as to injure his spine and lower limbs. Did nobody remember?

No, nobody. Indignantly, all the nurses denied that any such accident had happened, was impossible to have happened, until the faithful country nurse recollected that it really had happened on the day of the christening. For which unluckily good memory all the others scolded her so severely that she had no peace of her life, and soon after, by the influence of the young lady nurse who had carried the baby that fatal day, and who was a sort of connection of the Crown-Prince—being his wife's second cousin once removed—the poor woman was pensioned off, and sent to the Beautiful Mountains, from whence she came, with orders to remain there for the rest of her days.

But of all this the King knew nothing, for, indeed, after the first shock of finding out that his son could not

walk, and seemed never likely to walk, he interfered very little concerning him. The whole thing was too painful, and his Majesty never liked painful things. Sometimes he inquired after Prince Dolor, and they told him his Royal Highness was going on as well as could be expected, which really was the case. For, after worrying the poor child and perplexing themselves with one remedy after another, the Crown-Prince, not wishing to offend any of the differing doctors, had proposed leaving him to Nature; and Nature, the safest doctor of all, had come to his help, and done her best. He could not walk, it is true; his limbs were mere useless appendages to his body; but the body itself was strong and sound. And his face was the same as ever—just his mother's face, one of the sweetest in the world.

Even the King, indifferent as he was, sometimes looked at the little fellow with sad tenderness, noticing how cleverly he learned to crawl and swing himself about by his arms, so that in his own awkward way he was as active in motion as most children of his age.

"Poor little man! he does his best, and he is not unhappy—not half so unhappy as I, brother," addressing the Crown-Prince, who was more constant than ever in his attendance upon the sick monarch. "If anything should befall me, I have appointed you as Regent. In case of my death, you will take care of my poor little boy?"

"Certainly, certainly; but do not let us imagine such

misfortune. I assure your Majesty—everybody will assure you—that it is not in the least likely.”

He knew, however, and everybody knew, that it was likely, and soon after it actually did happen. The King died as suddenly and quietly as the Queen had done—indeed, in her very room and bed; and Prince Dolor was left without either father or mother—as sad a thing as could happen, even to a prince.

He was more than that now, though. He was a king. In Nomansland, as in other countries, the people were struck with grief one day and revived the next. “The king is dead—long live the king!” was the cry that rang through the nation, and almost before his late Majesty had been laid beside the Queen in their splendid mausoleum, crowds came thronging from all parts to the royal palace, eager to see the new monarch.

They did see him—the Prince Regent took care they should—sitting on the floor of the council-chamber, sucking his thumb! And when one of the gentlemen-in-waiting lifted him up and carried him—fancy, carrying a king!—to the chair of state, and put the crown on his head, he shook it off again, it was so heavy and uncomfortable. Sliding down to the foot of the throne, he began playing with the golden lions that supported it, stroking their paws and putting his tiny fingers into their eyes, and laughing—laughing as if he had at last found something to amuse him.

“There’s a fine king for you!” said the first lord-in-

waiting, a friend of the Prince Regent's (the Crown-Prince that used to be, who, in the deepest mourning, stood silently beside the throne of his young nephew. He was a handsome man, very grand and clever-looking.) "What a king! who can never stand to receive his subjects, never walk in processions, who to the last day of his life will have to be carried about like a baby. Very unfortunate!"

"Exceedingly unfortunate," repeated the second lord. "It is always bad for a nation when its king is a child; but such a child—a permanent cripple, if not worse."

"Let us hope not worse," said the first lord in a very hopeless tone, and looking toward the Regent, who stood erect and pretended to hear nothing. "I have heard that this sort of children with very large heads, and great broad foreheads and staring eyes, are—well, well, let us hope for the best and be prepared for the worst. In the meantime—"

"I swear," said the Crown-Prince, coming forward and kissing the hilt of his sword—"I swear to perform my duties as Regent, to take all care of his Royal Highness—his Majesty, I mean," with a grand bow to the little child, who laughed innocently back again. "And I will do my humble best to govern the country. Still if the country has the slightest objection—"

But the Crown-Prince being generalissimo, and having the whole army at his beck and call, so that he could

have begun a civil war in no time, the country had, of course, not the slightest objection.

So the King and Queen slept together in peace, and Prince Dolor reigned over the land—that is, his uncle did; and everybody said what a fortunate thing it was for the poor little Prince to have such a clever uncle to take care of him. All things went on as usual; indeed, after the Regent had brought his wife and her seven sons, and established them in the palace, rather better than usual. For they gave such splendid entertainments and made the capital so lively that trade revived, and the country was said to be more flourishing than it had been for a century.

Whenever the Regent and his sons appeared, they were received with shouts—"Long live the Crown-Prince!" "Long live the Royal family!" And, in truth, they were very fine children, the whole seven of them, and made a great show when they rode out together on seven beautiful horses, one height above another, down to the youngest, on his tiny black pony, no bigger than a large dog.

As for the other child, his Royal Highness Prince Dolor—for somehow people soon ceased to call him his Majesty, which seemed such a ridiculous title for a poor little fellow, a helpless cripple, with only head and trunk, and no legs to speak of—he was seen very seldom by anybody.

One day the Regent went to the council-chamber, de-

terminated on making a speech, and informing the ministers and the country at large that the young King was in failing health, and that it would be advisable to send him for a time to the Beautiful Mountains. Whether he really meant to do this, or whether it occurred to him afterward that there would be an easier way of attaining his great desire, the crown of Nomansland, is a point which I cannot decide.

But soon after, when he had obtained an order in council to send the King away—which was done in great state, with a guard of honor composed of two whole regiments of soldiers—the nation learned, without much surprise, that the poor little Prince—nobody ever called him king now—had gone a much longer journey than to the Beautiful Mountains.

He had fallen ill on the road and died within a few hours; at least so declared the physician in attendance and the nurse who had been sent to take care of him. They brought his coffin back in great state, and buried it in the mausoleum with his parents.

So Prince Dolor was seen no more. The country went into deep mourning for him, and then forgot him, and his uncle reigned in his stead. That illustrious personage accepted his crown with great decorum, and wore it with great dignity to the last. But whether he enjoyed it or not there is no evidence to show.

The wicked uncle had sent the Prince off to a lonely tower in a desert in the care of only one cross old nurse.

‘ But one day the little godmother, who had not forgotten him, brought him a funny, dingy little roll, which she called the “Travelling Carpet.”

When Prince Dolor had patiently untied all the knots, a remarkable thing happened. The cloak began to undo itself. Slowly unfolding, it laid itself down on the carpet, as flat as if it had been ironed; the split joined with a little sharp crick-crack, and the rim turned up all round till it was breast-high; for meantime the cloak had grown and grown, and become quite large enough for one person to sit in it as comfortable as if in a boat.

The Prince watched it rather anxiously; it was such an extraordinary, not to say a frightening thing. However, he was no coward, but a thorough boy, who, if he had been like other boys, would doubtless have grown up daring and adventurous—a soldier, a sailor, or the like. As it was, he could only show his courage morally, not physically, by being afraid of nothing, and by doing boldly all that it was in his narrow powers to do. And I am not sure but that in this way he showed more real valor than if he had had six pairs of proper legs.

He said to himself: “What a goose I am! As if my dear godmother would ever have given me anything to hurt me. Here goes!”

So, with one of his active leaps, he sprang right into the middle of the cloak, where he squatted down, wrapping his arms tight round his knees, for they shook a

little and his heart beat fast. But there he sat, steady and silent, waiting for what might happen next.

Nothing did happen, and he began to think nothing would, and to feel rather disappointed, when he recollected the words he had been told to repeat—"Abracadabra, dum dum dum!"

He repeated them, laughing all the while, they seemed such nonsense. And then—and then—

Now I don't expect anybody to believe what I am going to relate, though a good many wise people have believed a good many sillier things. And as seeing's believing, and I never saw it, I cannot be expected implicitly to believe it myself, except in a sort of a way; and yet there is truth in it—for some people.

The cloak rose, slowly and steadily, at first only a few inches, then gradually higher and higher, till it nearly touched the sky-light. Prince Dolor's head actually bumped against the glass, or would have done so had he not crouched down, crying, "Oh, please don't hurt me!" in a most melancholy voice.

Then he suddenly remembered his godmother's express command—"Open the sky-light!"

Regaining his courage at once, without a moment's delay he lifted up his head and began searching for the bolt—the cloak meanwhile remaining perfectly still, balanced in the air. But the minute the window was opened, out it sailed—right out into the clear, fresh air, with nothing between it and the cloudless blue.

‘Prince Dolor had never felt any such delicious sensation before. I can understand it. Cannot you? Did you never think, in watching the rooks going home singly or in pairs, oaring their way across the calm evening sky till they vanished like black dots in the misty gray, how pleasant it must feel to be up there, quite out of the noise and din of the world, able to hear and see everything down below, yet troubled by nothing and teased by no one—all alone but perfectly content?’

Something like this was the happiness of the little lame Prince when he got out of Hopeless Tower, and found himself for the first time in the pure open air, with the sky above him and the earth below.

True, there was nothing but earth and sky; no houses, no trees, no rivers, mountains, seas—not a beast on the ground, or a bird in the air. But to him even the level plain looked beautiful; and then there was the glorious arch of the sky, with a little young moon sitting in the west like a baby queen. And the evening breeze was so sweet and fresh—it kissed him like his godmother’s kisses; and by and by a few stars came out—first two or three, and then quantities—quantities! so that when he began to count them he was utterly bewildered.

By this time, however, the cool breeze had become cold; the mist gathered; and as he had, as he said, no out-door clothes, poor Prince Dolor was not very comfortable. The dews fell damp on his curls—he began to shiver.

"Perhaps I had better go home," thought he.

But how? For in his excitement the other words which his godmother had told him to use had slipped his memory. They were only a little different from the first, but in that slight difference all the importance lay. As he repeated his "Abracadabra," trying ever so many other syllables after it, the cloak only went faster and faster, skimming on through the dusky, empty air.

The poor little Prince began to feel frightened. What if his wonderful travelling-cloak should keep on thus travelling, perhaps to the world's end, carrying with it a poor, tired, hungry boy, who, after all, was beginning to think there was something very pleasant in supper and bed?

"Dear godmother," he cried pitifully, "do help me! Tell me just this once and I'll never forget again."

Instantly the words came rushing into his head—"Abracadabra, tum tum ti!" Was that it? Ah! yes—for the cloak began to turn slowly. He repeated the charm again, more distinctly and firmly, when it gave a gentle dip, like a nod of satisfaction, and immediately started back, as fast as ever, in the direction of the tower.

He reached the sky-light, which he found exactly as he had left it, and slipped in, cloak and all, as easily as he got out. He had scarcely reached the floor, and was still sitting in the middle of his travelling-cloak—like a frog on a water-lily leaf, as his godmother had expressed it—when he heard his nurse's voice outside.

"Bless us! what has become of your Royal Highness all this time? To sit stupidly here at the window till it is quite dark, and leave the sky-light open, too. Prince! what can you be thinking of? You are the silliest boy I ever knew."

"Am I?" said he, absently, and never heeding her crossness; for his only anxiety was lest she might find out anything.

She would have been a very clever person to have done so. The instant Prince Dolor got off it, the cloak folded itself up into the tiniest possible parcel, tied all its own knots, and rolled itself of its own accord into the farthest and darkest corner of the room. If the nurse had seen it, which she didn't, she would have taken it for a mere bundle of rubbish not worth noticing.

Shutting the sky-light with an angry bang, she brought in the supper and lit the candles with her usual unhappy expression of countenance. But Prince Dolor hardly saw it; he only saw, hid in the corner where nobody else would see it, his wonderful travelling-cloak. And though his supper was not particularly nice, he ate it heartily, scarcely hearing a word of his nurse's grumbling, which to-night seemed to have taken the place of her sullen silence.

"Poor woman!" he thought, when he paused a minute to listen and look at her with those quiet, happy eyes, so like his mother's. "Poor woman! *she* hasn't got a travelling-cloak!"

And when he was left alone at last, and crept into his little bed, where he lay awake a good while, watching what he called his "sky-garden," all planted with stars, like flowers, his chief thought was—"I must be up very early to-morrow morning, and get my lessons done, and then I'll go travelling all over the world on my beautiful cloak."

So the next day he opened his eyes with the sun, and went with a good heart to his lessons. They had hitherto been the chief amusement of his dull life; now, I am afraid, he found them also a little dull. But he tried to be good—I don't say Prince Dolor always was good, but he generally tried to be—and when his mind went wandering after the dark, dusty corner where lay his precious treasure he resolutely called it back again.

"For," he said, "how ashamed my godmother would be of me if I grew up a stupid boy."

But the instant lessons were done, and he was alone in the empty room, he crept across the floor, undid the shabby little bundle, his fingers trembling with eagerness, climbed on the chair, and thence to the table, so as to unbar the sky-light,—he forgot nothing now,—said his magic charm, and was away out of the window, as children say, "in a few minutes less than no time."

Nobody missed him. He was accustomed to sit so quietly always that his nurse, though only in the next room, perceived no difference. And besides, she might have gone in and out a dozen times, and it would have

been just the same; she never could have found out his absence.

For what do you think the clever godmother did? She took a quantity of moonshine, or some equally convenient material, and made an image, which she set on the window-sill reading, or by the table drawing, where it looked so like Prince Dolor that any common observer would never have guessed the deception; and even the boy would have been puzzled to know which was the image and which was himself.

And all this while the happy little fellow had never let himself go out of sight of home, for the dreary building, after all, was home—he remembered no other; but now he felt sick of the very look of his tower, with its round smooth walls and level battlements.

“Off we go!” cried he, when the cloak stirred itself with a slight, slow motion, as if waiting his orders. “Anywhere—anywhere, so that I am away from here, and out into the world.”

As he spoke, the cloak, as if seized suddenly with a new idea, bounded forward and went skimming through the air, faster than the very fastest railway train.

“Gee-up, gee-up!” cried Prince Dolor, in great excitement. “This is as good as riding a race.”

And he patted the cloak as if it had been a horse—that is, in the way he supposed horses ought to be patted—and tossed his head back to meet the fresh breeze, and pulled his coat-collar up and his hat down, as he felt

the wind grow keener and colder—colder than anything he had ever known.

“What does it matter though?” said he. “I’m a boy, and boys ought not to mind anything.”

Still for all his good-will, by and by he began to shiver exceedingly; also, he had come away without his dinner, and he grew frightfully hungry. And to add to everything, the sunshiny day changed into rain, and being high up, in the very midst of the clouds, he got soaked through and through in a very few minutes.

“Shall I turn back?” meditated he. “Suppose I say ‘Abracadabra?’ ”

Here he stopped, for already the cloak gave an obedient lurch, as if it were expecting to be sent home immediately.

“No—I can’t—I can’t go back! I must go forward and see the world. But oh! if I had but the shabbiest old rug to shelter me from the rain, or the driest morsel of bread and cheese, just to keep me from starving! Still, I don’t much mind; I’m a prince and ought to be able to stand anything. Hold on, cloak, we’ll make the best of it.”

It was a most curious circumstance, but no sooner had he said this than he felt stealing over his knees something warm and soft; in fact, a most beautiful bearskin, which folded itself round him quite naturally, and cuddled him up closely as if he had been the cub of the kind old mother-bear that once owned it. Then feeling in his

pocket, which suddenly stuck out in a marvelous way, he found, not exactly bread and cheese, nor even sandwiches, but a packet of the most delicious food he had ever tasted. It was not meat, nor pudding, but a combination of both, and it served him excellently for both. He ate his dinner with the greatest gusto imaginable, till he grew so thirsty he did not know what to do.

"Couldn't I have just one drop of water, if it didn't trouble you too much, kindest of godmothers?"

For he really thought this want was beyond her power to supply. All the water which supplied Hopeless Tower was pumped up with difficulty from a deep artesian well—there were such things known in Nomansland—which had been made at the foot of it. But around, for miles upon miles, the desolate plain was perfectly dry. And above it, high in the air, how could he expect to find a well, or to get even a drop of water?

He forgot one thing—the rain. While he spoke, it came on in another wild burst, as if the clouds had poured themselves out in a passion of crying, wetting him certainly, but leaving behind, in a large glass vessel which he had never noticed before, enough water to quench the thirst of two or three boys at least. And it was so fresh, so pure—as water from the clouds always is when it does not catch the soot from city chimneys and other defilements—that he drank it, every drop, with the greatest delight and content.

Also, as soon as it was empty the rain filled it again,

so that he was able to wash his face and hands and refresh himself exceedingly. Then the sun came out and dried him in no time. After that he curled himself up under the bearskin rug, and though he determined to be the most wide-awake boy imaginable, being so exceedingly snug and warm and comfortable, Prince Dolor condescended to shut his eyes, just for one minute. The next minute he was sound asleep.

When he awoke he found himself floating over a country quite unlike anything he had ever seen before.

Yet it was nothing but what most of you children see every day and never notice it—a pretty country landscape, like England, Scotland, France, or any other land you choose to name. It had no particular features—nothing in it grand or lovely—was simply pretty, nothing more; yet to Prince Dolor, who had never gone beyond his lonely tower and level plain, it appeared the most charming sight imaginable.

First, there was a river. It came tumbling down the hill-side, frothing and foaming, playing at hide-and-seek among the rocks, then bursting out in noisy fun like a child, to bury itself in deep, still pools. Afterward it went steadily on for a while, like a good grown-up person, till it came to another big rock, where it misbehaved itself extremely. It turned into a cataract, and went tumbling over and over, after a fashion that made the Prince—who had never seen water before, except

in his bath or his drinking-cup—clap his hands with delight.

“It is so active, so alive! I like things active and alive!” cried he, and watched it shimmering and dancing, whirling and leaping, till, after a few windings and vagaries, it settled into a respectable stream. After that it went along, deep and quiet, but flowing steadily on, till it reached a large lake, into which it slipped, and so ended its course.

All this the boy saw, either with his own naked eye or through his gold spectacles. He saw also as in a picture, beautiful but silent, many other things which struck him with wonder, especially a grove of trees.

Only think, to have lived to his age (which he himself did not know, as he did not know his own birthday) and never to have seen trees! As he floated over these oaks, they seemed to him—trunk, branches, and leaves—the most curious sight imaginable.

“If I could only get nearer, so as to touch them,” said he, and immediately the obedient cloak ducked down; Prince Dolor made a snatch at the topmost twig of the tallest tree, and caught a bunch of leaves in his hand.

Just a bunch of green leaves—such as we see in myriads; watching them bud, grow, fall and then kicking them along on the ground as if they were worth nothing. Yet, how wonderful they are—every one of them a little different. I don’t suppose you could ever find two leaves exactly alike in form, color, and size—no more than you

could find two faces alike, or two characters exactly the same. The plan of this world is infinite similarity and yet infinite variety.

Prince Dolor examined his leaves with the greatest curiosity—and also a little caterpillar that he found walking over one of them. He coaxed it to take an additional walk over his finger, which it did with the greatest dignity and decorum, as if it, Mr. Caterpillar, were the most important individual in existence. It amused him for a long time; and when a sudden gust of wind blew it overboard, leaves and all, he felt quite disconsolate.

“Still there must be many live creatures in the world besides caterpillars. I should like to see a few of them.”

The cloak gave a little dip down, as if to say, “All right, my Prince,” and bore him across the oak forest to a long fertile valley—called in Scotland a strath, and in England a weald, but what they call it in the tongue of Nomansland I do not know. It was made up of corn-fields, pasture-fields, lanes, hedges, brooks, and ponds. Also, in it were what the Prince desired to see—a quantity of living creatures, wild and tame. Cows and horses, lambs and sheep, fed in the meadows; pigs and fowls walked about the farm-yards; and, in lonelier places, hares scudded, rabbits burrowed, and pheasants and partridges, with many other smaller birds, inhabited the fields and woods.

Through his wonderful spectacles the Prince could see everything; but as I said, it was a silent picture; he

was too high up to catch anything except a faint murmur, which only aroused his anxiety to hear more.

"I have as good as two pairs of eyes," he thought. "I wonder if my godmother would give me a second pair of ears."

Scarcely had he spoken than he found lying on his lap the most curious little parcel, all done up in silvery paper. And it contained—what do you think? Actually a pair of silver ears, which, when he tried them on, fitted so exactly over his own that he hardly felt them, except for the difference they made in his hearing.

There is something which we listen to daily and never notice. I mean the sounds of the visible world, animate and inanimate. Winds blowing, waters flowing, trees stirring, insects whirring (dear me! I am quite unconsciously writing rhyme), with the various cries of birds and beasts—lowing cattle, bleating sheep, grunting pigs, and cackling hens—all the infinite discords that somehow or other make a beautiful harmony.

We hear this, and are so accustomed to it that we think nothing of it: but Prince Dolor, who had lived all his days in the dead silence of Hopeless Tower, heard it for the first time. And oh! if you had seen his face.

He listened, listened, as if he could never have done listening. And he looked and looked, as if he could not gaze enough. Above all, the motion of the animals delighted him: cows walking, horses galloping, little lambs and calves running races across the meadows, were such

a treat for him to watch—he that was always so quiet. But these creatures having four legs, and he only two, the difference did not strike him painfully.

Still, by and by, after the fashion of children—and, I fear, of many big people too—he began to want something more than he had, something that would be quite fresh and new.

“Godmother,” he said, having now begun to believe that, whether he saw her or not, he could always speak to her with full confidence that she would hear him—“godmother, all these creatures I like exceedingly; but I should like better to see a creature like myself. Couldn’t you show me just one little boy?”

There was a sigh behind him—it might have been only the wind—and the cloak remained so long balanced motionless in air that he was half afraid his godmother had forgotten him, or was offended with him for asking too much. Suddenly a shrill whistle startled him, even through his silver ears, and looking downward, he saw start up from behind a bush on a common, something—

Neither a sheep nor a horse nor a cow—nothing upon four legs. This creature had only two; but they were long, straight, and strong. And it had a lithe, active body, and a curly head of black hair set upon its shoulders. It was a boy, a shepherd-boy, about the Prince’s own age—but, oh! so different.

Not that he was an ugly boy—though his face was almost as red as his hands, and his shaggy hair matted

like the backs of his own sheep. He was rather a nice-looking lad; and seemed so bright and healthy and good-tempered—"jolly" would be the word, only I am not sure if they have such a one in the elegant language of Nomansland—that the little Prince watched him with great admiration.

"Might he come and play with me? I would drop down to the ground to him, or fetch him up to me here. Oh, how nice it would be if I only had a little boy to play with me!"

But the cloak, usually so obedient to his wishes, disobeyed him now. There were evidently some things which his godmother either could not or would not give. The cloak hung stationary, high in air, never attempting to descend. The shepherd-lad evidently took it for a large bird, and shading his eyes, looked up at it, making the Prince's heart beat fast.

However, nothing ensued. The boy turned round, with a long, loud whistle—seemingly his usual and only way of expressing his feelings. He could not make the thing out exactly—it was rather a mysterious affair, but it did not trouble him much—he was not an "examining" boy.

Then, stretching himself, for he had been evidently half asleep, he began flopping his shoulders with his arms, to wake and warm himself; while his dog, a rough collie, who had been guarding the sheep meanwhile, began to jump upon him, barking with delight.

"Down, Snap, down! Stop that, or I'll thrash you," the Prince heard him say; though with such a rough, hard voice and queer pronunciation that it was difficult to make the words out. "Hollo! Let's warm ourselves by a race."

They start off together, boy and dog—barking and shouting, till it was doubtful which made the most noise or ran the fastest. A regular steeple-chase it was: first across the level common, greatly disturbing the quiet sheep; and then tearing away across country, scrambling through hedges, and leaping ditches, and tumbling up and down over ploughed fields. They did not seem to have anything to run for—but as if they did it, both of them, for the mere pleasure of motion.

And what a pleasure that seemed! To the dog of course, but scarcely less so to the boy. How he skimmed along over the ground—his cheeks glowing, and his hair flying, and his legs—oh, what a pair of legs he had!

Prince Dolor watched him with great intentness, and in a state of excitement almost equal to that of the runner himself—for a while. Then the sweet, pale face grew a trifle paler, the lips began to quiver, and the eyes to fill.

"How nice it must be to run like that!" he said softly, thinking that never—no, never in this world—would he be able to do the same.

Now he understood what his godmother had meant when she gave him his travelling-cloak, and why he had

heard that sigh—he was sure it was hers—when he had asked to see “just one little boy.”

“I think I had rather not look at him again,” said the poor little Prince, drawing himself back into the centre of his cloak, and resuming his favorite posture, sitting like a Turk, with his arms wrapped round his feeble, useless legs.

“You’re no good to me,” he said, patting them mournfully. “You never will be any good to me. I wonder why I had you at all; I wonder why I was born at all, since I was not to grow up like other little boys. *Why not?*”

A question so strange, so sad, yet so often occurring in some form or other in this world—as you will find, my children, when you are older—that even if he had put it to his mother she could only have answered it, as we have to answer many as difficult things, by simply saying, “I don’t know.” There is much that we do not know and cannot understand—we big folks no more than you little ones. We have to accept it all just as you have to accept anything which your parents may tell you, even though you don’t as yet see the reason of it. You may some time, if you do exactly as they tell you, and are content to wait.

Prince Dolor sat a good while thus, or it appeared to him a good while, so many thoughts came and went through his poor young mind—thoughts of great bitter-

ness, which, little though he was, seemed to make him grow years older in a few minutes.

Then he fancied the cloak began to rock gently to and fro, with a soothing kind of motion, as if he were in somebody's arms; somebody who did not speak, but loved him and comforted him without need of words; not by deceiving him with false encouragement or hope, but by making him see the plain, hard truth in all its hardness, and thus letting him quietly face it, till it grew softened down, and did not seem nearly so dreadful after all.

Through the dreary silence and blankness, for he had placed himself so that he could see nothing but the sky, and had taken off his silver ears as well as his gold spectacles—what was the use of either when he had no legs with which to walk or run?—up from below there rose a delicious sound.

You have heard it hundreds of times, my children, and so have I. When I was a child I thought there was nothing so sweet; and I think so still. It was just the song of a skylark, mounting higher and higher from the ground, till it came so close that Prince Dolor could distinguish his quivering wings and tiny body, almost too tiny to contain such a gush of music.

"Oh, you beautiful, beautiful bird!" cried he; "I should dearly like to take you in and cuddle you. That is, if I could—if I dared."

But he hesitated. The little brown creature with its loud heavenly voice almost made him afraid. Never-

theless, it also made him happy; and he watched and listened—so absorbed that he forgot all regret and pain, forgot everything in the world except the little lark.

It soared and soared, and he was just wondering if it would soar out of sight, and what in the world he should do when it was gone, when it suddenly closed its wings, as larks do when they mean to drop to the ground. But instead of dropping to the ground, it dropped right into the little boy's breast.

What felicity! If it would only stay! A tiny, soft thing to fondle and kiss, to sing to him all day long, and be his playfellow and companion, tame and tender, while to the rest of the world it was a wild bird of the air. What a pride, what a delight! To have something that nobody else had—something all his own. As the travelling-cloak travelled on, he little heeded where, and the lark still stayed, nestled down in his bosom, hopped from his hand to his shoulder, and kissed him with its dainty beak, as if it loved him, Prince Dolor forgot all his grief and was entirely happy.

But when he got in sight of Hopeless Tower a painful thought struck him.

"My pretty bird, what am I to do with you? If I take you into my room and shut you up there, you, a wild skylark of the air, what will become of you? I am used to this, but you are not. You will be so miserable; and suppose, my nurse should find you,—she who can't bear the sound of singing? Besides, I remember her

once telling me that the nicest thing she ever ate in her life was lark pie!"

The little boy shivered all over at the thought. And, though the merry lark immediately broke into the loudest carol, as if saying derisively that he defied any body to eat *him*, still Prince Dolor was very uneasy. In another minute he had made up his mind.

"No, my bird, nothing so dreadful shall happen to you if I can help it; I would rather do without you altogether. Yes, I'll try. Fly away, my darling, my beautiful! Good-by, my merry, merry bird."

Opening his two caressing hands, in which, as if for protection, he had folded it, he let the lark go. It lingered a minute, perching on the rim of the cloak, and looking at him with eyes of almost human tenderness; then away it flew, far up into the blue sky. It was only a bird.

But some time after, when Prince Dolor had eaten his supper—somewhat drearily, except for the thought that he could not possibly sup off lark pie now—and gone quietly to bed, the old familiar little bed, where he was accustomed to sleep, or lie awake contentedly thinking—suddenly he heard outside the window a little faint carol—faint but cheerful—cheerful, even though it was the middle of the night.

The dear little lark! it had not flown away after all. And it was truly the most extraordinary bird, for, unlike ordinary larks, it kept hovering about the tower in the

silence and darkness of the night, outside the window or over the roof. Whenever he listened for a moment, he heard it singing still.

He went to sleep as happy as a king.

By and by his wicked uncle, the King, died, and suddenly, without saying a word, his nurse went off for a whole week and left him alone in the tower.

A very strange existence it was, those five lonely days. He never entirely forgot it. It threw him back upon himself, and into himself—in a way that all of us have to learn when we grow up, and are the better for it; but it is somewhat hard learning.

On the sixth day Prince Dolor had a strange composure in his look, but he was very grave and thin and white. He had nearly come to the end of his provisions—and what was to happen next? Get out of the tower he could not: the ladder the deaf-mute used was always carried away again; and if it had not been, how could the poor boy have used it? And even if he slung or flung himself down, and by miraculous chance came alive to the foot of the tower, how could he run away?

Fate had been very hard to him, or so it seemed.

He made up his mind to die. Not that he wished to die; but on the contrary, there was a great deal that he wished to live to do; but if he must die, he must. Dying did not seem so very dreadful; not even to lie quiet like his uncle, whom he had entirely forgiven now, and neither be miserable nor naughty any more, and escape all

those horrible things that he had seen going on outside the palace, in that awful place which was called "the world."

"It's a great deal nicer here," said the poor little Prince, and collected all his pretty things round him: his favorite pictures, which he thought he should like to have near him when he died; his books and toys—no, he had ceased to care for toys now; he only liked them because he had done so as a child. And there he sat very calm and patient, like a king in his castle waiting for the end.

"Still, I wish I had done something first—something worth doing, that somebody might remember me by," thought he. "Suppose I had grown a man and had had work to do, and people to care for, and was so useful and busy that they liked me, and perhaps even forgot I was lame? Then it would have been nice to live, I think."

A tear came into the little fellow's eyes, and he listened intently through the dead silence for some hopeful sound.

Was there one?—was it his little lark, whom he had almost forgotten? No, nothing half so sweet. But it really was something—something which came nearer and nearer, so that there was no mistaking it. It was the sound of a trumpet, one of the great silver trumpets so admired in Nomansland. Not pleasant music, but very bold, grand, and inspiring.

As he listened to it the boy seemed to recall many

things which had slipped his memory for years, and to nerve himself for whatever might be going to happen.

What had happened was this.

The poor condemned woman had not been such a wicked woman after all. Perhaps her courage was not wholly disinterested, but she had done a very heroic thing. As soon as she heard of the death and burial of the King, and of the changes that were taking place in the country, a daring idea came into her head—to set upon the throne of Nomansland its rightful heir. Thereupon she persuaded the deaf-mute to take her away with him, and they galloped like the wind from city to city, spreading everywhere the news that Prince Dolor's death and burial had been an invention concocted by his wicked uncle—that he was alive and well, and the noblest young Prince that ever was born.

It was a bold stroke, but it succeeded. The country, weary perhaps of the late King's harsh rule, and yet glad to save itself from the horrors of the last few days, and the still further horrors of no rule at all, and having no particular interest in the other young princes, jumped at the idea of this Prince, who was the son of their late good King and the beloved Queen Dolorez.

"Hurrah for Prince Dolor! Let Prince Dolor be our sovereign!" rang from end to end of the kingdom.

Accordingly, with a fickleness not confined to the people of Nomansland, no sooner was the late King laid in his grave than they pronounced him to have been a

usurper; turned all his family out of the palace, and left it empty for the reception of the new sovereign, whom they went to fetch with great rejoicing, a select body of lords, gentlemen, and soldiers travelling night and day in solemn procession through the country until they reached Hopeless Tower.

There they found the Prince sitting calmly on the floor—deadly pale, indeed, for he expected a quite different end from this, and was resolved, if he had to die, to die courageously, like a prince and a king.

But when they hailed him as prince and king, and explained to him how matters stood, and went down on their knees before him, offering the crown (on a velvet cushion, with four golden tassels, each nearly as big as his head)—small though he was and lame, which lameness the courtiers pretended not to notice—there came such a glow into his face, such a dignity into his demeanor, that he became beautiful, king-like.

"Yes," he said, "if you desire it, I will be your king. And I will do my best to make my people happy."

Then there arose, from inside and outside the tower, such a shout as never yet was heard across the lonely plain.

Prince Dolor shrank a little from the deafening sound. "How shall I be able to rule all this great people? You forget, my lords, that I am only a little boy still."

"Not so very little," was the respectful answer. "We have searched in the records, and found that your Royal

Highness—your Majesty, I mean—is precisely fifteen years old.”

“Am I?” said Prince Dolor; and his first thought was a thoroughly childish pleasure that he should now have a birthday, with a whole nation to keep it. Then he remembered that his childish days were done. He was a monarch now. Even his nurse, to whom, the moment he saw her, he had held out his hand, kissed it reverently, and called him ceremoniously “his Majesty the King.”

“A king must be always a king, I suppose,” said he, half sadly, when, the ceremonies over, he had been left to himself for just ten minutes, to put off his boy’s clothes and be reattired in magnificent robes, before he was conveyed away from his tower to the royal palace.

He could take nothing with him; indeed, he soon saw that, however politely they spoke, they would not allow him to take anything. If he was to be their king, he must give up his old life forever. So he looked with tender farewell on his old books, old toys, the furniture he knew so well, and the familiar plain in all its levelness, ugly yet pleasant, simply because it was familiar.

“It will be a new life in a new world,” said he to himself: “but I’ll remember the old things still. And, oh! if before I go I could but once see my dear old god-mother.”

While he spoke he had laid himself down on the bed for a minute or two, rather tired with his grandeur, and confused by the noise of the trumpets which kept

playing incessantly down below. He gazed, half sadly, up to the sky-light, whence there came pouring a stream of sun-rays, with innumerable motes floating there, like a bridge thrown between heaven and earth. Sliding down it, as if she had been made of air, came the little old woman in gray.

So beautiful looked she—old as she was—that Prince Dolor was at first quite startled by the apparition. Then he held out his arms in eager delight.

“Oh godmother, you have not forsaken me!”

“Not at all, my son. You may not have seen me, but I have seen you many a time.”

“How?”

“Oh, never mind. I can turn into any thing I please, you know. And I have been a bearskin rug, and a crystal goblet—and sometimes I have changed from inanimate to animate nature, put on feathers, and made myself very comfortable as a bird.”

“Ha!” laughed the Prince, a new light breaking in upon him, as he caught the infection of her tone, lively and mischievous. “Ha, ha! a lark, for instance?”

“Or a magpie,” answered she, with a capital imitation of Mistress Mag’s croaky voice. “Do you suppose I am always sentimental, and never funny? If any thing makes you happy, gay, or grave, don’t you think it is more than likely to come through your old godmother?”

“I believe that,” said the boy, tenderly, holding out his arms. They clasped one another in a close embrace.

Suddenly Prince Dolor looked very anxious. "You will not leave me now that I am a king? Otherwise I had rather not be a king at all. Promise never to forsake me!"

The little old woman laughed gayly. "Forsake you? that is impossible. But it is just possible you may forsake me. Not probable, though. Your mother never did, and she was a queen. The sweetest queen in all the world was the Lady Dolorez."

"Tell me about her," said the boy, eagerly. "As I get older I think I can understand more. Do tell me."

"Not now. You couldn't hear me for the trumpets and the shouting. But when you are come to the palace, ask for a long-closed upper room, which looks out upon the Beautiful Mountains; open it, and take it for your own. Whenever you go there you will always find me, and we will talk together about all sorts of things."

"And about my mother?"

The little old woman nodded—and kept nodding and smiling to herself many times, as the boy repeated over and over again the sweet words he had never known or understood—"my mother—my mother."

"Now I must go," said she, as the trumpets blared louder and louder, and the shouts of the people showed that they would not endure any delay. "Good-by, good-by! Open the window and out I fly."

Prince Dolor repeated gayly the musical rhyme—but all the while tried to hold his godmother fast.

Vain, vain! for the moment that a knocking was heard at his door the sun went behind a cloud, the bright stream of dancing motes vanished, and the little old woman with them—he knew not where.

So Prince Dolor quitted his tower—which he had entered so mournfully and ignominiously as a little helpless baby carried in the deaf-mute's arms—quitted it as the great King of Nomansland.

The only thing he took away with him was something so insignificant that none of the lords, gentlemen, and soldiers who escorted him with such triumphant splendor could possibly notice it—a tiny bundle, which he had found lying on the floor just where the bridge of sunbeams had rested. At once he had pounced upon it, and thrust it secretly into his bosom, where it dwindled into such small proportions that it might have been taken for a mere chest-comforter, a bit of flannel, or an old pocket-handkerchief.

It was his travelling-cloak!

Of this I am sure, that Prince Dolor made an excellent king. Nobody ever does anything less well, not even the commonest duty of common daily life, for having such a godmother as the little old woman clothed in gray, whose name is—well, I leave you to guess. Nor, I think, is anybody less good, less capable of both work and enjoyment in after life, for having been a little unhappy in his youth, as the Prince had been.

In course of time, when the little Prince; his cousin.

was grown into a tall young man, capable of all the duties of a man, his Majesty did one of the most extraordinary acts ever known in a sovereign beloved by his people and prosperous in his reign. He announced that he wished to invest his heir with the royal purple—at any rate, for a time—while he himself went away on a distant journey, whither he had long desired to go.

Everybody marvelled, but nobody opposed him. Who could oppose the good King, who was not a young king now? And besides, the nation had a great admiration for the young Regent—and, possibly, a lurking pleasure in change.

So there was fixed a day when all the people whom it would hold assembled in the great square of the capital, to see the young Prince installed solemnly in his new duties, and undertaking his new vows. He was a very fine young fellow: tall and straight as a poplar tree, with a frank, handsome face—a great deal handsomer than the King, some people said, but others thought differently. However, as his Majesty sat on his throne, with his gray hair falling from underneath his crown, and a few wrinkles showing in spite of his smile, there was something about his countenance which made his people, even while they shouted, regard him with a tenderness mixed with awe.

He lifted up his thin, slender hand, and there came a silence over the vast crowd immediately. Then he spoke, in his own accustomed way, using no grand words, but

saying what he had to say in the simplest fashion, though with a clearness that struck their ears like the first song of a bird in the dusk of the morning.

"My people, I am tired: I want to rest. I have had a long reign, and done much work—at least, as much as I was able to do. Many might have done it better than I—but none with a better will. Now I leave it to others; I am tired, very tired. Let me go home."

There arose a murmur—of content or discontent none could well tell; then it died down again, and the assembly listened silently once more.

"I am not anxious about you, my people—my children," continued the King. "You are prosperous and at peace. I leave you in good hands. The Prince Regent will be a fitter king for you than I."

"No, no, no!" rose the universal shout—and those who had sometimes found fault with him shouted louder than anybody. But he seemed as if he heard them not.

"Yes, yes," said he, as soon as the tumult had a little subsided, and his voice sounded firm and clear; and some very old people, who boasted of having seen him as a child, declared that his face took a sudden change, and grew as young and sweet as that of the little Prince Dolor. "Yes, I must go. It is time for me to go. Remember me sometimes, my people, for I have loved you well. And I am going a long way, and I do not think I shall come back any more."

He drew a little bundle out of his breast pocket—a

bundle that nobody had ever seen before. It was small and shabby looking, and tied up with many knots, which untied themselves in an instant. With a joyful countenance, he muttered over it a few half-intelligible words. Then, so suddenly that even those nearest to his Majesty could not tell how it came about, the King was away—away—floating right up in the air—upon something, they knew not what, except that it appeared to be as safe and pleasant as the wings of a bird.

And after him sprang a bird—a dear little lark, rising from whence no one could say, since larks do not usually build their nests in the pavement of city squares. But there it was, a real lark, singing far over their heads, louder and clearer, and more joyful as it vanished farther into the blue sky.

Shading their eyes and straining their ears, the astonished people stood until the whole vision disappeared like a speck in the clouds—the rosy clouds that overhung the Beautiful Mountains.

Then they guessed that they should see their beloved King no more. Well-beloved as he was, he had always been somewhat of a mystery to them, and such he remained. But they went home, and, accepting their new monarch, obeyed him faithfully for his cousin's sake.

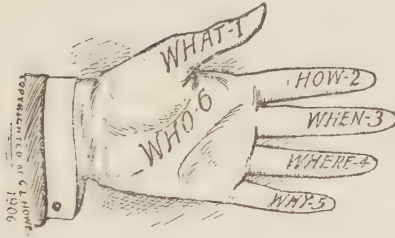
King Dolor was never again beheld or heard of in his own country. But the good he had done there lasted for years and years; he was long missed and deeply mourned

—at least, so far as anybody could mourn one who was gone on such a happy journey.

Whither he went, or who went with him, it is impossible to say. But I myself believe that his godmother took him on his travelling-cloak to the Beautiful Mountains. What he did there, or where he is now, who can tell? I cannot. But one thing I am quite sure of, that, wherever he is, he is perfectly happy.

And so, when I think of him, am I.

CHAPTER LXIII.



THE PATRIARCH'S GUEST.

CONSIDERATENESS.

1 WHAT.

Considerateness is to put one's self in another's place.

2 How.

During Benjamin Franklin's time, that great patriot put into circulation a little parable from Jeremy Taylor, which many people who did not know their Bibles well believed to be really a part of the Book of Genesis. It aptly teaches the lesson of tolerance with those who do not think as we do, and suggests that a willingness to give others the right of their own opinions is one way to be considerate.

And it came to pass, after these things, that Abraham

sat in the door of his tent about the going-down of the sun.

And, behold, a man bowed with age came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shall arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

But the man said, "Nay; for I will abide under this tree."

And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned and they went into the tent. And Abraham baked unleavened bread; and they did eat.

And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of Heaven and Earth?"

And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon His name; for I have made to myself a god which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things."

And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man; and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

And at midnight, God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

And Abraham answered, and said, "Lord, he would not worship Thee, neither would he call upon Thy name;

therefore have I driven him out from before my face, into the wilderness."

And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

3-4 WHEN AND WHERE.

I want to suggest the chance to learn and show considerateness in the home.

You love to sing, but mother's head aches. You want to play ball, but you leave your ball and bat on the kitchen floor. You were eager to meet your friend, but you slammed the door when you went out.

Ask yourself this question: What would I think if another treated my mother as I do? What if another boy kept his hat on in her presence, contradicted her to her face, refused or delayed to do her errands, left things in her way and dirtied the rooms she had just cleaned. What did you say you would do? "Punch his face?" Punch your own then, for this is the way you act every day to the best mother in all the world, and the only one you will ever have.

WHY.

IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw the curtains
That surround each other's lives,

See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

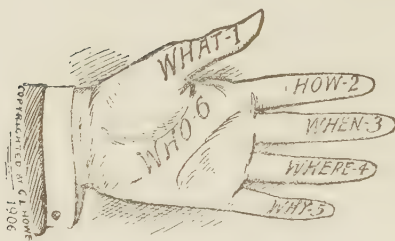
Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we hear the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts, all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.

Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good—
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

CHAPTER LXIV.



KEEP THEIR MEMORY GREEN.

APPRECIATIVENESS.

1 WHAT.

“Quick recognition of excellence.”

—*Webster's International Dictionary.*

2 How.

Look for goodness. You will find it. When you see it say so. Point it out to others. Get for it its due recognition. Cherish the memory of it. If it was rendered to you, either render it back or pass it on.

3-4 WHEN AND WHERE.

The incidents mentioned in this chapter suggest three places where appreciativeness is always proper; for a mother's sacrifice, for the patriot soldiers' heroism, for unnoticed acts of fidelity.

5 WHY.

"There is nothing so fine as that friendliness of souls that knows and understands the sorrows, joys, hopes, and aspirations of other souls. Nothing is so splendid as to love things."

—*Albert J. Beveridge.*

THE MOTHERS OF MEN.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!

Shall I tell you where and when?

On the maps of the world you will find it not—

'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battleshots,

With a sword or nobler pen;

Nay, not with eloquent words or thought

From the mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—

Of a woman that would not yield,

But bravely, silently bore her part—

Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop; no bivouac song;

No banner to gleam and wave;

But oh! these battles they last so long—

From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battleshot,
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior born!

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
How many playthings are strewn in her way?
How many thimbles and spools has she missed?
How many burns on each fat little fist,
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many hats has she hunted to-day
Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay?
How many handkerchiefs willfully strayed?
How many ribbons for each little maid?

How, for her care, can a mother be paid?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?

How many stockings to darn, do you know?

How many little torn aprons to mend?

How many hours of toil must she spend?

What is the time when her day's work shall end?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many lunches for Tommy and Sam?

Cookies and apples and blackberry jam,

Nourishing dainties for every "sweet tooth"—

Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth,

How much love sweetens the labor, forsooth?

Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother's heart know?

How many joys from her mother love flow?

How many prayers by each little white bed,

How many tears for her babes she has shed,

How many kisses for each curly head?

Nobody knows but mother.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. J. LAMPTON.

No more they hear the roll of drums,

No more the call to battle comes, ' ,

No more they heed the quick command,
No more they march, no more they stand.

No more they grasp the sword or gun,
No more they fight in rain or sun,
No more they charge the red redoubt,
No more they mingle in the rout.

No more their silent posts they keep,
No more they watch while others sleep.
Their work is done; beneath the sod,
Where lilies lean and roses nod,

They rest forever, and our tears
Are shed for them through all the years;
But glorious tears; our tears for them
Are jewels in their diadem.

Not theirs the gain; they died to give
A firmer faith to those who live.
Bring flowers for them; not all the bloom
And form and color and perfume

Can be too much to give to them
To whom we pay this requiem.
And there are new graves with the old,
New names on Glory's list enrolled.

THE MOTHERS OF MEN.

"The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

No marshalling troops; no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh these battles they last so long—
from babyhood to the grave."

THE MOTHERS OF MEN

"The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
'Twas fought by the mothers of men."

No marshalling troops, no divine song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh, these battles they last so long—
From childhood to the grave."



And over them, beneath the skies
Of North and South, the Old Flag flies.
Thank God for that—the tears, the pain,
That make the Union one again,

Are not ill spent, and he who dies
To make it thus wins greater prize
Than all that conquering heroes bring
As slave and captured to their king.

Bring lilies for the old and new,
Bring roses for the brave and true.
Strew flowers on their graves; these men
Of North and South are one again,

And we who live are one with them
And with each other, and the gem
Of Union shines in splendor full,
Forever indivisible.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you.
Four hundred thousand of the brave

Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you.
From western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood like the rain,
A home, a heritage, to gain,
To gain for me and you.
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought, and bravely died
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

Up many a fortress wall
They charged, those boys in blue;
'Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball,

The bravest were the first to fall,
To fall for me and you.
Those noble men, the nation's pride,
Four hundred thousand men, have died
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While, amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you.
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men, have died
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due;
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you."
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

■

AN INCIDENT.

BY AGNES MACDONNELL.

Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar,
Through Moscow's busy street on winter's day,
The crowd uncover as his face they see—
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe,
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare.
And he who drew it bent before his load,
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped and beckoned to the man;
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, Sire!" the short reply,
"Only a soldier, dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar;
"Only a Russian who was poor and brave.
, Move on. I follow. Such a one goes not
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap;
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Following the coffin, as it went,
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
Looked on that sight, then followed silently;
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still, as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart, who, loyal, true,
Honored the poor and brave.

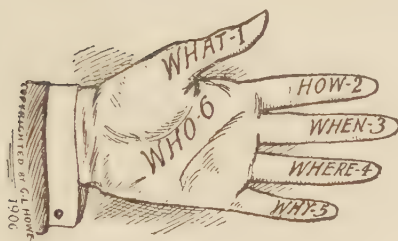
"There is a custom amongst the hillsmen of India," says Frederick W. Robertson, "that when a great chieftain of their own falls in battle, his wrist is bound with a thread either of green or red, the red denoting the highest rank.

During Sir Charles Napier's campaign against the robber tribes of Upper Scinde, a detachment of troops was marching along a valley, the cliffs overhanging which were crested by the enemy. A sergeant, with eleven men, chanced to become separated from the rest by taking the wrong side of a ravine which they expected soon to terminate but which suddenly deepened into an impassable chasm. The officer in command signalled to the party

an order to return. They mistook the signal for a command to charge; the brave fellows answered with a cheer, and charged. At the summit of the steep mountain was a triangular platform, defended by breastwork behind which were seventy of the foe. On they went, charging up one of those fearful paths, eleven against seventy. The contest could not long be doubtful with such odds. One after another they fell, six on the spot, the remainder hurled backward; but not until they had slain nearly twice their own number.

According to custom, they stripped the dead, and threw their bodies over the precipice. When their comrades came, they found their corpses stark and gashed; but round both wrists of every British hero was twined the red thread!"

CHAPTER LXV.



CYRUS AND THE ARMENIAN KING.

GRATITUDE.

1

WHAT.

“When we receive a gift or benefit from another, we ought to show kindness and good feeling in return. This is gratitude.”

—*Jacob Abbott.*

2

How.

The root of gratitude is appreciation. If we try to know what benefits others have given us, we shall surely find it easy to feel kindly to the givers and delight to show them what we feel.

3

WHEN.

The most graceful and pleasing of virtues in a child is gratitude. Abraham Lincoln used to say, with deepest feeling: “All that I am and all that I hope to be, I owe

to my mother." But **she** had died in his infancy, and he could only state, he could not express, his gratitude. It will be too late for many of us, unless we begin now.

4 WHERE.

How little time it takes, how little it costs, to pause and say a word of thanks for the countless little courtesies, the many pains taken on our behalf every day by others, friends and even strangers! How it multiplies the good feeling in the world if we do!

5 WHY.

"Gratitude is one of the highest virtues, pleasant to feel, pleasant to show, pleasant to realize; while its opposite, ingratitude, is vile, base, dark, and hideous."

—*Jacob Abbott.*

6 The King of Armenia, who was vassal to the Medes, broke his treaty with them at a time when he thought they were weak. But Cyrus, the Median King, captured him, his queen, his daughters, his eldest son's wife, and all his treasures.

"At that very instant," so Rollin's Ancient History tells us, "arrived Tigranes, the king's eldest son, who was just returned from a journey. At so moving a scene he could not forbear weeping. Cyrus, addressing himself to him, said: 'Prince, you are come very seasonably to be present at the trial of your father.'

The king was obliged to acknowledge that he had broken his oath without excuse and he was about to be

sentenced when Tigranes stepped forward and offered many ingenious reasons for his father's acquittal.

'Well, then,' replied Cyrus, turning to the king, 'if I should yield to your son's entreaties, with what number of men, and what sum of money, will you assist us in the war against the Babylonians?'

'My troops and treasures,' says the Armenian king, 'are no longer mine; they are entirely yours. I can raise forty thousand foot and eight thousand horse; and as for money, I reckon, including the treasure which my father left me, there are about three thousand talents ready money. All these are wholly at your disposal.'

Cyrus accepted half the number of the troops, and left the king the other half, for the defense of the country against the Chaldeans, with whom he was at war.

'But what would you give me,' added Cyrus, 'for the ransom of your wives?'

'All that I have in the world,' replied the king.

'And for the ransom of your children?' 'The same thing.'

'From this time, then, you are indebted to me the double of all your possessions. And you, Tigranes, at what price would you redeem the liberty of your lady?'

Now he had lately married her, and was passionately fond of her.

'At the price,' said he, 'of a thousand lives if I had them.'

Cyrus then conducted them all to his tent, and enter-

tained them at supper. It is easy to imagine what transports of joy there must have been upon this occasion.

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When the conversation was ended Cyrus, before they parted, embraced them all, as in token of a perfect reconciliation. This done, they got into their chariots, with their wives, and went home full of gratitude and admiration. Nothing but Cyrus was mentioned the whole way; some extolling his wisdom, others his valor; some admiring the sweetness of his temper, others praising the beauty of his person and the majesty of his mien. 'And you,' said Tigranes, addressing himself to his lady, 'what do you think of Cyrus's aspect and deportment?'

'I do not know,' replied the lady, 'I did not observe him.'

'Upon what subject, then, did you fix your eyes?'

'Upon him that said he would give a thousand lives to ransom my liberty!'

JAFFAR THE BARMECIDE.

LEIGH HUNT.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer—
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust!

And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name, on pain of death:—
All Arabia and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily in the square,
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

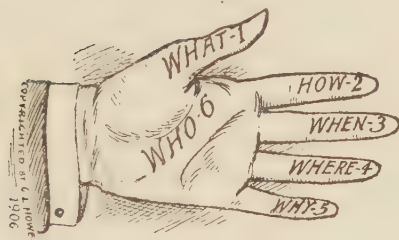
"Bring me the man!" the caliph cried,—The man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self—How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.

And said: "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and, since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and, holding it
High toward the heaven, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

CHAPTER LVI.



THE TEMPEST.

FORGIVENESS.

1 WHAT.

“When a person has suffered an injury from another, and considers and treats the offender as if he had not done the wrong,—this is forgiveness.”

—*Jacob Abbott.*

2 How.

“It is not for the king of France to avenge the quarrels of the duke of Orleans,” was the generous declaration of Louis XII. And it is, truly, a kingly saying; one worthy of the remembrance of all princes.

“Good to forgive; best to forget!”

—*Robert Browning.*

"The most perfect of characters is his who is as ready to pardon the errors of mankind as if he were every day guilty of sin himself, and who is as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one."

—*Pliny the Younger.*

3 WHEN.

Often when you think of the offense and the offender, it is hard to learn to forgive, but as soon as you think of yourself and of how often you have needed to be forgiven, it becomes easy. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

4 WHERE.

Forgive as soon as the offense is committed, or at least put your mind in a position to do so. Never sleep with a grudge: it makes a miserable bedfellow.

5 WHY.

Forgive, for you wish to be forgiven.

6 One of the most charming of the plays of William Shakespeare is that fairy play, "The Tempest." It is a story of forgiveness. Here is the story as retold by Charles and Mary Lamb in their "Tales from Shakespeare."

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter, Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy, Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange mishappen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and to do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel

(who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "Oh my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and

you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what," asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother, Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects, awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon affected, with the aid of

the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "You were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when, my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter

with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concluded drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched with the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That is my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safer in the harbor."

followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some

difficulties in their way: therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such treatment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a good-lier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "You have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strange-

ly compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. King's sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his

daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded that of all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any other men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases) told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I

am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his duke-

dom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero, and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero, "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom,

he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and opening a door showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"Oh wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and the excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had made when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter of this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king: "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child's forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remem-

ber our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the mean time," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order: and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master,

was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there such I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I crouch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to re-visit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king

said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

CHAPTER LXVII.



THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

MERCY.

1 WHAT.

Mercy is active pity, especially for the helpless and suffering.

2 How.

We may best show mercy by understanding thoroughly the real need, and then ourselves furnishing or securing such real help as will satisfy it and, if possible, prevent its return.

3-4 WHEN AND WHERE.

"Who is my neighbor?" Many a youth burns to be of service, and goes forth and at once unearths more suffering than a lifetime can relieve. The neighbor is the one nearest, maybe at home. The duty is to "doe ye

next thing," the nearest thing, first. Think what in your own case, this may be.

5

WHY.

"It blesses him who gives and him who takes."

—*William Shakespeare.*

"Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may travel far,
Yet God will lead him where the blessed are."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Mr. John Ruskin, in his famous children's story, "The King of the Golden River," has made unmistakable the contrast between the hideousness of the hard heart that will not pity and the loveliness of the heart of mercy. The story has been slightly condensed.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

I.

6

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these

fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that, in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich; and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors with-

out paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. Yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last the Black Brothers became so bad that the Spirit of the Southwest Wind decided to punish them. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains

below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade: we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more

like silk than like metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers, of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it full of Rhenish seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

II.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Val-

ley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain-tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy?" said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody be-

hind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he was right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing. He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

"Hullo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hullo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of its reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance, from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all of which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The

features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative in expression of a very stubborn disposition in their small owner. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him, deliberately, for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap over his brows, and took two turns of three feet long up and down the room, lifting his legs very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope Your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to

this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light,—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "Oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

III.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect

of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the end of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords, and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, he was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength, but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge

of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice crashed and yawned into chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and, with the tireless spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue, with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of

water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough." at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain-sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sink-

ing, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly,—“Water! I am dying.”

“I have none,” replied Hans; “thou hast had thy share of life.” He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans’s ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his

limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

IV.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the

King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; a heavy purple haze was hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought that the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black clouds rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color

of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few rods farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black clouds rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder-clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar

of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE TWO BLACK STONES.

V.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little King looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under

the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so, that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned, and began climbing again. And there were all kinds of sweet flowers grow-

ing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft-bellied gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath,—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold, too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before

Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed plain symptoms of terror at this unlooked-for reply to his last remark. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel?" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I am going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir,—your Majesty, I mean,—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his face grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, thought it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew, and the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the

mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

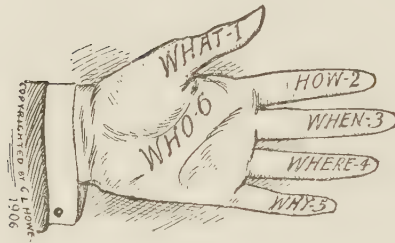
And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened sud-

denly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, *and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.*

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully at sunset; and these stones are still called, by the people of the valley,

CHAPTER LXVIII.



BIG JIM AND LITTLE JIM.

SYMPATHY.

1 WHAT.

"Sympathy is the capacity of feeling for the sufferings, the difficulties, and the discouragements of others.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

2 How.

"It was said of Norman Macleod that sympathy was the first and the last thing in his character. He found in humanity so much to interest him. The most commonplace man or woman yielded up some contribution of humanity. 'When he came to see me,' said a blacksmith, 'he spoke as if he had been a smith himself, but he never went away without leaving Christ in my heart.'"

—*Samuel Smiles.*

3 WHEN.

Sympathy is not learned out of books, but out of sorrows. If you suffer, you sympathize. But if you will put yourself in another's place, you will not wait to suffer to understand, and to share. If you ever suffer you will need sympathy. Isn't it well to be earning some of it in advance?

4 WHERE.

Don't wait for big troubles to show your sympathy. Your mother used to kiss the little bumps as well as the big ones, and you needed and appreciated the tenderness just as much.* It is the little bumps that make life wearisome, and it is the little sympathies that lighten it.

5 WHY.

Sometimes all that men need in this world to take the one step that brings success is the sympathy of another heart. An old Greek legend illustrates this.

6

Once upon a time a King of Sparta, named Philantus, left his own bleak country, with a band of colonists, to seek a new home in Sunny Italy. Before he went he inquired of the oracle of Apollo to learn what his fate would be, and received this dark answer:

"Wherever a plenteous shower
Shall fall from cloudless skies
There shall you have your dower,
There shall your house walls rise."

"A shower from cloudless skies?" Philantus, doubting, wandered with his faithful band through many lands, but everywhere he met defeat and everywhere strong-walled cities laughed him to scorn.

At length one evening he rested his weary head—his helmet flung aside—upon the lap of his fair wife, who loved him tenderly. As she looked down on his forehead, lined with care, and his dark hair, touched with silver, suddenly she began to weep bitterly.

Her tears fell on his face and woke him. Wondering, he looked up. Then, exultant, he cried:

"Ah, blessed art thou! *Thou* art my Aethra, my cloudless sky! From thee falls a heart-rain to fertilize my fate. The riddle is solved! The gods have told the truth."

The next night he stormed nearby Tarentum and captured it. For many years he ruled that whole pleasant region. But pleasanter than his kingdom remained she, who was his cloudless sky, who had solved for him the puzzle of the gods.

Here is a story of the sympathy of the home.

BIG JIM AND LITTLE JIM.

By HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

Mrs. Hennipen halted at the door and glanced back over her shoulder, and asked: "Do you think you can manage him when it comes bedtime, Jim?"

The figure crouched over the paper slowly disentangled itself, rose, slapped its breast, and gave vent to a sniff of scorn before remarking: "How can you ask it, Isabella? How can you for one moment falter, tarry, to ask me—me, Hennipen, can I manage a six-year-old when it comes bedtime?"

"But he is so exuberant, so bubbling over with exhilarating buoyance, you see—"

"If he was a human geyser bubbling like a siphon of carbonated water, still I would manage him. Manage a little snub of a kid? Humph! Don't I run a foundry where one hundred souls pound sand? Oh! rest you easy on that score, Isabella; I'll manage Jimmy all right!"

"But it may come hard, dear. Use the utmost patience with the little angel. I—I really think I should not go and leave you after all."

"But you must go. You have been looking forward to this visit with your sister Kate for six months; and you shall have it if I have to call in the police when it comes bedtime. Away with you to the car! And ta-ta! You need not return until morning."

"And if you should happen to want me, please call me up by 'phone. Now you will exercise the utmost patience with the cherub? You must recollect, you were a little boy once yourself. Well, I am going."

The door closed behind Mrs. Hennipen, and Big Jim was alone with his fancies.

"Woman, woman, you make me tired! Can a two hundred-pounder manage a little sixty-pound runt? Preposterous! Well, I guess I can!"

After reading a few moments Jim Hennipen laid aside his paper and looked at the clock. "Eight minutes of eight, and if I remember right Jimmy has been in the habit of retiring at eight. I wonder what has become of the cherub? Jimmy—Jimmy, I say. Come to papa this minute!"

But there was no response to Hennipen's command roared through the hall from the library door. He stepped to the top of the stairs, and called:

"Jimmy, Jimmy, Jim! Come up here at once, you little rascal, and go to bed! Do you hear me? If you don't come at once, I'll—I'll—"

"Coming, papa!" interrupted the voice of the little fellow from below. Jimmy ran up stairs, darted by his father rushed into the library and plumped himself into the easy-chair, and said gleefully: "It's great, pop! Say, she beats all the boys telling stories. Goblins got two boys, giants got four, and a big black man with a club as long as a lamppost got ten, and say! ain't she bully?"

"Humph! The cook's been stuffing your little brain full of nonsense. But you'll soon forget all that tommyrot when you get to bed—and that's right now, son."

"But I can't go to bed, not till she comes—Mama I

mean, you know. Got to say my prayers right down by her knee, you know, papa."

"Well, you'll hustle into your nighty and tumble right into your little bunk this time, Jim."

"What? Got to pray first, papa. I can't never go to bed 'less I do—"

"Well, crawl into that garment; there it is on the radiator. Now—"

"You got to unbutton me—here is the first one. Now, 'rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—' "

"What under the sun are you doing, boy?"

"Saying buttons, that's all. Always do it when I am undressing, and—stop tickling. It's mean to do that. I'll tell—now stop! Oh, oh!"

"Then you stand still. I can't help tickling you if you wiggle so. Hang that button!"

"Did the goblins chase you when you was a little boy like me?"

"No—yes, if I didn't stand still. Now, romp out of your duds and slide into this—and there you are, son, all ready for bed."

The pretty little white-robed figure stood prim and sedate before Hennipen. There was a sweet, mild expression, dimples in the cheeks, and between the half-opened lips pearly teeth. Hennipen had been too busy during his life since Jimmy came into it to bother or care about getting the little fellow ready for bed. Now, this

affair all seemed like some new and pleasing feature, and he liked it.

"Why, why don't you do it, papa? She does always."

"Do what, Jimmy? I've put you into your nighty all right, and buttoned you up safe and tight. Why don't I do what?"

The pretty face was upturned to Hennipen's. A slim finger was pressed to the white forehead, and the little lad said: "Right here is where my darling does it. It makes me dream of her and beautiful angels. I can't sleep 'less she does it. She's my dearest, lovely, sweet darling!"

Hennipen looked down at the pure face, and a something laid hold of his heart as though invisible fingers pressed its strings. "Jimmy, what does she do?" he whispered softly, drawing the white figure closer.

"Kisses me because she loves me best of all in the world—"

"Better than papa, dear?"

"Oh! but that sounds so funny. It's not like she loves me. I am her little boy, you know. You are her Big Jim. When she kisses you it ain't like she kisses me."

Hennipen drew the boy close to him and kissed the pure, white forehead.

"Gee! That was a smack. Where did you learn to kiss little boys? Did your mama kiss you when you was little and went to bed, papa?"

"Yes—yes, long ago."

"But I never saw your mama. My mama's mama, Grandma Smithers, you know, I've seen her lots of times. She lets me do just what I like when I visit her. Papa, when will I see your mama? I want to see her. I know I shall love her, oh, so much! Can't I go and see her?"

"Hush, child! You will see her sometime; but not for a long, long time, dearest. She went away when—when I was a little boy like you."

"You was lonesome then, papa, wasn't you? What made her go away and leave her little boy?"

"The angels called her, child. Yes, I was lonesome and—but there, there! Now slip away to your bed."

"I'll kneel right down here and pray by you, papa. Oh! how funny it seems to do it by you! You always read when I pray. Now, put your hand on my head, just like my little darling does. Mustn't speak a word."

And Hennipen saw a glimpse of Heaven when the little figure knelt at his knee; and his ears heard music such as never before they had heard; and his heart's harp was touched by angelic fingers from far-away shores as little Jimmy said his prayers in a voice that was soft as summer's sweetest zephyrs.

"And now, papa, let me sit on your lap—But she does before I get sleepy. There, now we are both in the big easy-chair. It's just next to being with my darling. Now go on!"

"Go on with what, child?"

"Why, don't you know? I mean the story about the little baby in the manger. Tell me all about it—the wise men who saw the star in the sky—the star led them to the manger, you know. Mama tells me that sweet story every night. I just love it better than all the other ones. I never get tired hearing it. Now go on. I'll keep still as a mouse."

But Hennipen hesitated. Life and its affairs had come between him and the beautiful story. Many of its strongest as well as sweetest points had faded away from his mind. Ah! He hesitated so long that the boy lifted his eyes and said as he took hold of his fingers:

"I'll tell you all about it, papa."

And the minutes sped along while the prattling voice told the sweet old story of the Nativity. And it was told as the listener had never before heard it from human lips—not from the lips of the most powerful divines in the world. And the man of the busy world drank in every word; and his soul was lifted as on pinions of glorified light as the divinity of it was spread before him in all its beauty. When the words came slower and more slow, and the waxen lids drooped, and the little boy drifted into dreamland, Hennipen felt that he was a different man.

"And a little child shall lead them," fell from the strong man's lips as he held the boy close to his beating heart.

The clock ticked away the moments; but Hennipen

BOYS NEED SYMPATHY.

"Now, I want to say that the best way to reform a boy waywardly disposed is to understand him. You have got to get inside of him, have sympathy, remembering that more can be accomplished through love than by any other method."

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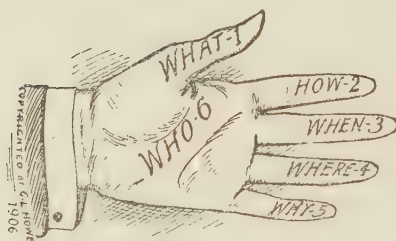
still sat there in the easy-chair with Jimmy in his arms. And after an hour had passed, the front door was opened; there came the sound of steps on the stair. The library door was opened softly, and Mrs. Hennipen came in. She smothered an exclamation of surprise as she drew nearer and looked down upon the faces.

"My two Jims—both gone to sleep. God bless them both!"

Lightly she pressed a kiss upon the boy's forehead. He only murmured in his sleep. He dreamed an angel kissed him. She kissed the man's forehead. He started—he dreamed his mother kissed him. He opened his eyes; he glanced from his wife to the little face upon his breast. And then he said softly:

"Go to bed, Isabella. Let me hold him here until he awakens. I am in Heaven now."

CHAPTER LXIX.



THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST.

TENDERNESS.

1 WHAT.

Tenderness is the loving childlikeness that remains
in the heart of the strong.

2-3 HOW AND WHEN.

“EVERY INCH A MAN.”

EBEN E. REXFORD.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies,

"Back again, sweetheart mother!"

He cried and bent to kiss

The loving face that was lifted

For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on.

I hold that this is true—

From lads in love with their mothers

Our bravest heroes grew.

Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts,

Since time and earth began!

And the boy who kissed his mother

Is every inch a man!

4-5 WHERE AND WHY.

It is never unmanly to show deep feeling so long as it does not unman one for any duty. The strongest and most silent men have not been ashamed to express their tenderness.

Among the reminiscences of the war, the following extract from an interview with an old Virginia Methodist preacher is interesting:

"Yes, my house was full of your generals last night. There was Sheridan, Humphreys, Meade, Custer, Ord, and quite a number of others and they were a lively set and full of fun, and quite jolly, with the exception of one officer, whom I noticed sitting apart from the others, smoking and taking but little part in the sports in which they were engaged.

They all went out of the house but this solitary, silent man; and as I was going out, he asked me where the pump was, as he would like to get a drink. On offering to get him some water, he said: 'No, sir; I am a younger man than you. I will go myself.' And, as I passed out, he came out behind me. When, in about the middle of the hall, my little granddaughter came running toward me; but the silent man, spreading out both arms, caught her, taking her up, fairly smothered her with kisses, said, 'This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me homesick.'

To the question, 'Where is your home?' he replied, 'Galena, Illinois; but I have my family at City Point, and am anxious to get back to them.'

I said, 'Will you permit me to ask your name, sir?'

'Certainly. My name is Grant.'

'Grant,' exclaimed I; 'General Grant?'

And I stood there awe-stricken and paralyzed with astonishment, while my heart went out after this man.

I thought to myself, Here is a man whose name is now in the mouth of every man, woman, and child throughout the civilized world, and yet withal he exhibits no emotion and seems unconcerned and unmoved until the little child reminds him of his loved ones at home; and I fairly broke down, as General Grant had been pictured to us as a bloody butcher, and I had looked for a man looking as savage as a Comanche Indian."

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

6

‘Give us a song!’ the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
“We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery’s side,
Below the smoking cannon,—
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain’s glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang *Annie Laurie*.

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of *Annie Laurie*.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

ANON.

It was out on the Western frontier,
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters
The circus had come to town!

The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night.

Not a woman's face among them,
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were very vacant,
And some that were very sad.

And, behind a canvas curtain,
In the corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.

Pantaloön stood ready and waiting ;
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly,
The "property baby" was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
It's strange I cannot find ;
"There! I've looked in every corner ;
It must have been left behind!"

The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men ;
The clown bent over the cradle ;
"I must take you, little Ben."

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near,
She lifted her baby gently ;
"You'll be very careful, dear?"

"Careful? You foolish darling!"
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and paint!
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for a time was king ;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.

But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
Said the clown to the Pantaloon.

The jovial fellow nodded,
"I've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"

The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive
When suddenly he laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer then sprang up
With "Boys, it's the real thing!"

The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby,"
The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally,
The fair little baby king,

Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk, for miles, of the country,
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair;
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat."

There never was such a hatful
Of silver, and gold and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats!

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you, those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.

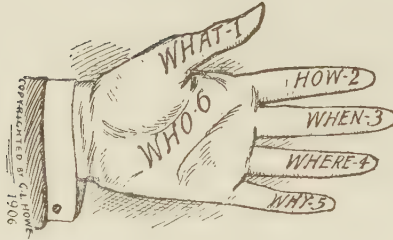
And then there was a sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus;
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But, with faces strangely bright,

The audience somewhat lingering,
Flocked out into the night.

And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
"He wasn't a bit afraid!
He's as game as he is good-looking!
Boys, that was a show that paid!"

CHAPTER LXX.



GINGER.

TENDERNESS TOWARD ANIMALS.

1 WHAT.

Saint Francis called the birds "our little sisters." If we have tender hearts we will treat all God's creatures as if they were our little sisters.

2 How.

Do *anything* to help, no matter how little. A young girl was distressed because her brothers would capture and cage up song-birds. She told her mother how she helped answer her own prayers. "First, I prayed God to stop them. They didn't stop. Then I teased the boys to stop, and they didn't stop. And then I let the little birds out and kicked the cages to pieces!"

Samuel Smiles tells the beautiful story of how a gentleman of London saved thousands of singing larks from death.

"It occurred in the neighborhood of Aberdeen only a few years ago. Toward the middle of March a heavy snow-storm set in. The country was white as far as the eye could reach. The inland birds were driven down by the stress of weather, by cold, and by hunger, to the sea-coast. They were seen fluttering about with that peculiar motion of the wings characteristic of the hawk over the earth before lighting upon it. The fields by the sea-shore were almost black with larks.

A number of people went out to snare, and gin, and lime, and shoot them. The number caught was immense. The season being late, the birds had paired. They were all husbands and wives. Poor things! They were driven by hard times to seek their fortune or their fate together. The good man we speak of found a Rough offering a lark for sale, and at his feet he saw a whole cageful of birds. It was a perfect Black Hole of Calcutta. They were struggling and pushing each other in their frantic efforts to escape. The sight of this was too much for the good man's feelings. He bought the whole lot, and sent them to his warehouse for better accommodation. He then went to the Secretary for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to see if nothing could be done to put a stop to the infamous traffic, but found to his sorrow that, while many of our favorite birds had been protected

by the Wild Fowls Preservation Act of 1876, the lark had strangely been omitted.

He therefore took upon himself the preservation of the larks. He told the persons who were engaged in destroying them to bring them alive, and he would buy the birds at the same price which they were receiving from the game dealers in town. They agreed to his offer, for they knew that in one case the birds would have been killed and eaten, whereas, in the other, they would be taken care of and set free. The number of larks brought to him was so great—over a thousand—that, besides the larks in cages in his warehouse, he obtained the use of a large room in the country for their accommodation. The noise of their singing in the morning became almost deafening, and crowds of birds gathered over the house to listen to the musical throng.

The great storm passed away. The snow disappeared, and the green grass and dark earth became visible once more. Then came the delivery of the captives. The windows of the room were thrown open, and out they streamed, chattering and singing, and winging their way in every direction. Then the cages of larks were brought from the warehouse to a sweet spot outside the city. The doors were opened, and the benefactor stood to one side to see the escape of his friends. It was curious to watch them. Some would dart out, soar aloft, and burst into song,

'Pouring their full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art;'

others would flutter on the surface of the ground and disappear in the adjoining woods. One may imagine, but can scarcely express the joy felt by our northern friend in his little act of well-doing. The larks settled down and built their nests in the neighborhood. They reared their young there; and from that time the city has been surrounded by the music of the skylark.

'Higher still, and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest.' "

3

WHEN.

"THE LITTLE CHILD.

A simple-hearted child was He,
And He was nothing more;
In summer days, like you and me,
He played about the door,
Or gathered, where His father toiled,
The shavings from the floor.

Sometimes He lay upon the grass,
The same as you and I,

And saw the hawks above him pass
Like specks against the sky;
Or, clinging to the gate, He watched
The stranger passing by.

A simple child, and yet, I think,
The bird-folk must have known,
The sparrow and the bobolink,
And claimed him for their own,
And gathered round Him fearlessly
When He was all alone.

The lark, the linnet, and the dove,
The chaffinch and the wren,
They must have known His watchful love
And given their worship then;
They must have known and glorified
The child who died for men.

And when the sun at break of day
Crept in upon His hair,
I think it must have left a ray
Of unseen glory there,
A kiss of love on that little brow
For the thorns that it must bear."

4 WHERE.

Wherever we see wanton killing or torture, we should intervene. The laws are with us, the police will help us, public sentiment will stand behind us.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

The clown was obliged to substitute his own baby for the "property baby" that was lost. The miners were so pleased, when they heard its voice, that they paraded with it in triumph and gave it a generous present.

THE GROWN'S BABY

The grown was obliged to surrender his own baby for the "property baby" that was lost. The infants were so pleased when they heard the news that they paraded with it in triumph and gave it a glorious present.



5

WHY.

"The question is not, Can they reason? nor, Can they speak; but, Can they suffer? This is the gist of the whole question."
—*Jeremy Bentham.*

"Cruelty is the Devil's own trade-mark, and if we see anyone who takes pleasure in cruelty, we may know whom he belongs to, for the Devil was a murderer from the beginning and a tormentor to the end. On the other hand, where we see people who love their neighbors and are kind to man and beast, we may know that is God's mark, for 'God is Love.'

"There is no religion without love, and people may talk as much as they like about their religion, but if it does not teach them to be good and kind to man and beast it is all a sham—all a sham, and it won't stand when things come to be turned inside out, and put down for what they are." —*Anna Sewell*—"Black Beauty."

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

"GINGER.

6

One day, when Ginger and I were standing alone in the shade, we had a great deal of talk; she wanted to

know all about my bringing-up, and breaking-in, and I told her.

‘Well,’ said she, ‘if I had had your bringing-up, I might have had as good a temper as you, but now I don’t believe I ever shall.’

‘Why not?’ I said.

‘Because it has all been so different with me,’ she replied. ‘I never had any one, horse or man, that was kind to me, or that I cared to please; for in the first place I was taken from my mother as soon as I was weaned, and put with a lot of other colts; none of them cared for me, and I cared for none of them. There was no kind master like yours to look after me, and talk to me, and bring me nice things to eat. The man that had the care of us never gave me a kind word in my life. I do not mean that he ill-used me, but he did not care for us one bit further than to see that we had plenty to eat, and shelter in the winter. A foot-path ran through our field, and very often the great boys passing through would fling stones to make us gallop. I was never hit, but one fine young colt was badly cut in the face, and I should think it would be a scar for life. We did not care for them, but of course it made us more wild, and we settled it in our minds that boys were our enemies. We had very good fun in the free meadows, galloping up and down and chasing each other round and round the field, then standing still under the shade of the trees. But when it came to breaking-in, that was a bad time for me;

several men came to catch me, and when at last they closed me in at one corner of the field, one caught me by the forelock, another caught me by the nose and held it so tight I could hardly draw my breath; then another took my under-jaw in his hard hand and wrenched my mouth open, and so by force they got on the halter and the bar into my mouth; then one dragged me along by the halter, another flogging behind, and this was the first experience I had of men's kindness; it was all force. They did not give me a chance to know what they wanted. I was high-bred and had a great deal of spirit, and was very wild, no doubt, and gave them, I dare say, plenty of trouble; but then it was dreadful to be shut up in a stall day after day instead of having my liberty, and I fretted and pined and wanted to get loose. You know yourself it's bad enough when you have a kind master and plenty of coaxing, but there was nothing of that sort for me.

'There was one—the old master, Mr. Ryder—who I think could soon have brought me round, and could have done anything with me: but he had given up all the hard part of the trade to his son and to another experienced man, and he only came at times to oversee. His son was a strong, tall, bold man; they called him Samson, and he used to boast that he never found a horse that could throw him. There was no gentleness in him, as there was in his father, but only hardness—a hard voice, a hard eye, a hard hand; and I felt from the first that what he wanted was to wear all the spirit out of me, and

just make me into a quiet, humble, obedient piece of horse-flesh. "Horse-flesh!" Yes, that is all that he thought about;" and Ginger stamped her foot as if the very thought of him made her angry. Then she went on:

'If I did not do exactly what he wanted, he would get put out, and make me run round with that long rein in the training field, till he had tired me out. I think he drank a good deal, and I am quite sure that the oftener he drank the worse it was for me. One day he had worked me hard in every way he could, and when I lay down I was tired, and miserable, and angry; it all seemed so hard. The next morning he came for me early, and ran me round again for a long time. I had scarcely had an hour's rest, when he came again for me with a saddle and bridle and a new kind of bit. I could never quite tell how it came about; he had only just mounted me on the training ground, when something I did put him out of temper, and he chucked me hard with the rein. The new bit was very painful, and I reared up suddenly, which angered him still more, and he began to flog me. I felt my whole spirit set against him, and I began to kick, and plunge, and rear as I had never done before, and we had a regular fight; for a long time he stuck to the saddle and punished me cruelly with his whip and spurs, but my blood was thoroughly up, and I cared for nothing he could do if only I could get him off. At last, after a terrible struggle, I threw him off backward. I heard him fall heavily on the turf, and without looking behind me,

I galloped off to the other end of the field; there I turned round and saw my persecutor slowly rising from the ground and going into the stable. I stood under an oak tree and watched, but no one came to catch me. The time went on, and the sun was very hot; the flies swarmed round me and settled on my bleeding flanks where the spurs had dug in. I felt hungry, for I had not eaten since the early morning, but there was not enough grass in that meadow for a goose to live on. I wanted to lie down and rest, but with the saddle strapped tightly on, there was no comfort, and there was not a drop of water to drink. The afternoon wore on, and the sun got low. I saw the other colts led in, and I knew they were having a good feed.

‘At last, just as the sun went down, I saw the old master come out with a sieve in his hand. He was a very fine old gentleman, with quite white hair, but his voice was what I should know him by amongst a thousand. It was not high, nor yet low, but full, and clear, and kind, and when he gave orders it was so steady and decided that everyone knew, both horses and men, that he expected to be obeyed. He came quietly along, now and then shaking the oats about that he had in the sieve, and speaking cheerfully and gently to me: “Come along, lassie; come along, lassie; come along, come along.” I stood still and let him come up; he held the oats to me, and I began to eat without fear; his voice took all my fear away. He stood by, patting and stroking me whilst

I was eating, and seeing the clots of blood on my side, he seemed very vexed. "Poor lassie! it was a bad business, a bad business!" Then he quietly took the rein and led me to the stable; just at the door stood Samson. I laid my ears back and snapped at him. "Stand back," said the master, "and keep out of her way; you've done a bad day's work for this filly." He growled out something about a vicious brute. "Hark ye," said the father, "a bad-tempered man will never make a good-tempered horse. You've not learned your trade yet, Samson." Then he led me into my box, took off the saddle and bridle with his own hands, and tied me up; then he called for a pail of warm water and a sponge, took off his coat, and while the stable-man held the pail, he sponged my sides a good while, so tenderly that I was sure he knew how sore and bruised they were. "Whoa! my pretty one," he said; "stand still, stand still." His very voice did me good, and the bathing was very comfortable. The skin was so broken at the corners of my mouth that I could not eat the hay, the stalks hurt me. He looked closely at it, shook his head, and told the man to fetch a good bran mash and put some meal into it. How good that mash was! and so soft and healing to my mouth. He stood by all the time I was eating, stroking me and talking to the man. "If a high-mettled creature like this," said he, "can't be broken in by fair means, she will never be good for anything."

'After that he often came to see me, and when my

mouth was healed, the other breaker, Job, they called him, went on training me; but he was steady and thoughtful, and I soon learned what he wanted.'

The next time that Ginger and I were together in the paddock, she told me about her first place.

'After my breaking-in,' she said, 'I was bought by a dealer to match another chestnut horse. For some weeks he drove us together, and then we were sold to a fashionable gentleman, and were sent up to London. I had been driven with a check-rein by the dealer, and I hated it worse than anything else; but in this place we were reined far tighter, the coachman and his master thinking we looked more stylish so. We were often driven about in the park and other fashionable places. You who never had a check-rein on don't know what it is, but I can tell you it is dreadful.

'I like to toss my head about, and hold it as high as any horse; but fancy now yourself, if you tossed your head up high, and were obliged to hold it there, and that for hours together, not able to move it at all, except with a jerk still higher, your neck aching till you did not know how to bear it. Besides that, to have two bits instead of one; and mine was a sharp one; it hurt my tongue and my jaw, and the blood from my tongue colored the froth that kept flying from my lips, as I chafed and fretted at the bits and reins. It was worse when we had to stand by the hour waiting for our mistress at some grand party or entertainment; and if I fretted or stamped

with impatience, the whip was laid on. It was enough to drive one mad.

‘Did not your master take any thought for you?’ I said.

‘No,’ said she; ‘he only cared to have a stylish turnout, as they called it; I think he knew very little about horses; he left that to his coachman, who told him I had an irritable temper; that I had not been well broken to the check-rein, but I should soon get used to it; but *he* was not the man to do it, for when I was in the stable, miserable and angry, instead of being soothed and quieted by kindness, I got only a surly word or blow. If he had been civil, I would have tried to bear it. I was willing to work, and ready to work hard, too; but to be tormented for nothing but their fancies angered me. What right had they to make me suffer like that? Besides the soreness in my mouth, and the pain in my neck, it always made my windpipe feel bad, and if I had stopped there long, I know it would have spoiled my breathing; but I grew more and more restless and irritable—I could not help it; and I began to snap and kick when anyone came to harness me; for this the groom beat me, and one day, as they had just buckled us into the carriage, and were straining my head up with that rein, I began to plunge and kick with all my might. I soon broke a lot of harness, and kicked myself clear; so that was an end of that place.

‘After this, I was sent to Tattersall’s to be sold; of

course I could not be warranted free from vice, so nothing was said about that. My handsome appearance and good paces soon brought a gentleman to bid for me, and I was bought by another dealer; he tried me in all kinds of ways and with different bits, and he soon found out what I could not bear. At last he drove me quite without a check-rein, and then sold me as a perfectly quiet horse to a gentleman in the country; he was a good master, and I was getting on very well, but his old groom left him and a new one came. This man was as hard-tempered and hard-handed as Samson; he always spoke in a rough, impatient voice, and if I did not move in the stall the moment he wanted me, he would hit me above the hocks with his stable broom or the fork, whichever he might have in his hand. Everything he did was rough, and I began to hate him; he wanted to make me afraid of him, but I was too high-mettled for that, and one day, when he aggravated me more than usual, I bit him, which of course put him in a great rage, and he began to hit me about the head with a riding-whip. After that, he never dared to come into my stall again; either my heels or my teeth were ready for him, and he knew it. I was quite quiet with my master, but of course he listened to what the man said, and so I was sold again.

‘The same dealer heard of me, and said he thought he knew one place where I should do well. “ ’Twas a pity,” he said, “that such a fine horse should go to the bad, for want of a real good chance;” and the end of it was that

I came here not long before you did; but I had then made up my mind that men were my natural enemies, and that I must defend myself. Of course it is very different here, but who knows how long it will last? I wish I could think about things as you do; but I can't, after all I have gone through.

'Well,' I said, 'I think it would be a real shame if you were to bite or kick John or James.'

'I don't mean to,' she said, 'while they are good to me. I did bite James once pretty sharp, but John said, "Try her with kindness," and instead of punishing me as I expected, James came to me with his arm bound up, and brought me a bran mash and stroked me; and I have never snapped at him since; and I won't either.'

'I was sorry for Ginger, but of course I knew very little then, and I thought most likely she made the worst of it; however, I found that, as the weeks went on, she grew much more gentle and cheerful, and had lost the watchful, defiant look that she used to turn on any strange person that came near her; and one day James said, "I do believe that mare is getting fond of me; she quite whined after me this morning when I had been rubbing her forehead."

'Aye, aye, Jim, 'tis "the Birtwick balls,"' said John; 'She'll be as good as Black Beauty by and by; kindness is all the physic she wants, poor thing!' Master noticed the change, too, and one day when he got out of the carriage and came to speak to us, as he often did, he stroked

her beautiful neck. 'Well, my pretty one, well; how do things go with you now? You are a good bit happier than when you came to us, I think.'

She put her nose up to him in a friendly, trustful way, while he rubbed it gently.

'We shall make a cure of her, John,' he said.

'Yes, sir, she's wonderfully improved; she's not the same creature that she was! it's "the Birtwick balls," sir,' said John laughing.

This was a little joke of John's; he used to say that a regular course of "the Birtwick horse-balls" would cure almost any vicious horse; these balls, he said, were made up of patience and gentleness, firmness and petting, one pound of each to be mixed up with a pint of common-sense, and given to the horse every day."

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Once there was a boy of Italy, born on a sunny hill-side overlooking a fertile plain, who was so gay and full of song that he was called "Gay Cecco" or, as the Italians would say, Francesco.

When he became a man he drew men and beasts to him by his sunny smile. But still more it was his sunny heart that won them. For he went forth barefooted in the snow, bareheaded in the rain, and wearing the coarse brown cloak of a working man, and gathered about him a few men who loved him, to spend their time feeding the hungry, tending the sick and blessing the beggars.

A voice had come to him saying :

"Go, visit thy brothers, and give them to drink of the chalice of the spirit of life." So right where he was, in his own homeland, he stood as a peasant gospeler, setting his mirthful face against the winds, rejoicing in the sun and the rain and the living things of God, and calling men everywhere to come and drink of the water of life freely.

When his former companions passed by and saw their old friend clad in his humble dress, toiling from morning till night, always ready with a pleasant smile and a cheerful word for anyone who stopped to speak with him, they began to wonder and ask themselves, "Is he nothing more than a madman?" And in course of time they answered the question for themselves, saying, "Yes, he is a saint."

To Saint Francis all things that lived were precious and beautiful. He had a very tender, loving way of speaking of the birds and the flowers, in fact, of all things in nature. He called them "my brothers, the birds, my sisters, the flowers," and so on ; and he really loved them all just as we love our brothers and sisters.

On one occasion, it is said, Saint Francis was preaching to a multitude of people in the open air. It was a clear spring day, and in the blue sky overhead numberless swallows were chirping and twittering as they went about building their nests. Saint Francis had mounted a little hill, so that every one could see him, and so that they

might listen to his sermon. A dead silence fell over the multitude, when louder than ever was heard the chirping and twittering of the swallows overhead. So great a noise were they making that it was impossible for Francis to be heard. He turned around, and looking up at the little nest builders with his pleasant smile, said quietly: "My brothers, little swallows, it is now time that I should speak. Since you have had your say, listen now, in your turn, to the word of God, and be silent till the sermon is finished." The next moment all the swallows had ceased their singing, and seemed to be listening as quietly as was the multitude to the words of Saint Francis.

Another tale told is about a savage wolf that lay in wait in the woods for the sheep and cows of a certain town, and suddenly sprang out upon and devoured not only them, but their owners. Saint Francis heard of this fierce creature and all the harm it wrought, and he went alone to its den to see what he could do. As usual the wolf came rushing forth to seize his prey; but when he saw Saint Francis he became as meek and gentle as a lamb; and, throwing himself down at the feet of the saint, wagged his tail, in sign of friendship.

Then in his quaint beautiful manner, Saint Francis said to him:

"Brother Wolf, thou hast done much damage in these parts and great evil; and because thou hast slain men and women and little children, thou art a wicked murderer, deserving death. All men cry out and murmur

against thee, and all this land is thy enemy. But I wish, Brother Wolf, to make peace between them and thee. If thou wilt vex them no more, they will pardon thee all thy offenses, and neither dogs nor men will hereafter chase thee." Then, when Brother Wolf wagged his tail to show that he understood and was pleased, Saint Francis continued:

"I know, dear brother, that it is because of hunger that thou hast been so wicked. So if thou wilt promise never again to harm man or beast, I shall see that the people of this neighboring town supply thee with sufficient food. Now, brother, if thou art willing, give me a pledge of this promise."

Thereupon that fierce wolf raised his right paw and placed it in the hand of Saint Francis, as a sign of agreement. From that day on the people of the village brought food to the wolf, and he never again harmed either man or beast.

Saint Francis was the poorest of all his nation. Indeed he was accustomed to say that "Lady Poverty" was his bride.

His food he begged from door to door, broken crusts for a single poor meal; more he would not take; his sleeping place was a floor or a haymow, a ruined church, whatever lodging chance gave him. Oftenest he slept upon the bare ground with a stone for his pillow.

The men who followed him were called "the Little Brothers."

After many years the good that was being done by Saint Francis and his out-of-doors disciples dressed in brown became prized so much that a nobleman gave them a present of a bare and lonely mountain top as a home for the Order. It was not an inviting place, but it was part of the nobleman's home estate, and the best he had to give.

Saint Francis was grateful, for he was growing weary and worn and he was not sorry that this bleak peak was to be the home of his friends, for he felt it would keep them from selfish pride and luxury.

Not long ago I visited this mountain convent of La Verna, which is seldom visited by Americans.

We left the black sheep and slate colored pigs of Bibbiena behind in the dust of our furiously speeding landau, a little brown dog barking fiercely all the while on the front seat beside our brigandish driver. The grain fields were golden around us, the mountains were purple on every side and far in the southwest an ominous cloud was sweeping dark and low across the intervening valleys.

No sooner had we reached the bare flank of the mountain among the gnarled scrub oaks than the tempest was upon us—a sheet of rain, wild gusts of wind and the flashing falchions of the lightning. And here were sheer descents of roadway, unfenced precipices, unknown horses and driver and we, small but conspicuous targets for the storm. We tried to recall how Saint Francis would have exulted in his "brother the wind," and peered forward for shelter.

After a couple miles of it we dashed into a thatched shed behind a stone farmhouse, the housewife with the distaff threw fagots into a broad fireplace, a little boy lighted the tapers at the household shrine in our honor, and we sat in the great, dim, stone-flagged room watching the daughter of the house holding up the chickens by their wings to dry, and enjoying a mute but smiling hospitality until the storm had growled off to the northward.

As we crossed the infant Tiber we remembered that it was about here, on his first ascent guarded by fifty men from the wild beasts, in these woods that the saint vanquished demons in the ruined chapel, while his comrades were sleeping.

It was upon this steeper and hotter slope that the peasant lent his ass for the journey, whence issued this famous colloquy:

"Tell me, art thou Brother Francis of Assisi?"

"Yes."

"Take heed then," said the peasant, "that thou be in truth as good as all men account thee, for many have great faith in thee."

Whereupon Saint Francis instantly dismounted from the ass, knelt down on the ground before the poor man and kissing his feet, thanked him for the kind warning.

After three hours of broadening vistas and amidst a celestial jargoning of birds we passed a humble hospice and a great cross at a turn of the road and found ourselves at the foot of a mighty crag at the little stone "Chapel of

the Oak." For an hour this craggy summit had loomed before us, making with its fringe of trees the outline of a huge crouching lion. This chapel stands where Saint Francis rested and looked back, just before making the last ascent. "And while he was thus considering, behold there came a great multitude of birds, which, by singing and clapping their wings, testified great joy and gladness, and surrounded Saint Francis in such wise that some perched on his shoulders, some on his arms, some on his bosom, which when his companions and the peasant saw, they marveled greatly; but Saint Francis being joyful of heart, said, "I believe, dearest brethren, that our Lord Jesus is pleased that we should dwell in this solitary mount, inasmuch as our brothers and sisters, the birds, show such joy at our coming."

In the broad plaza just above is a statue of Saint Francis and a little boy. He has his arm about the boy's shoulder and he is persuading him to set free his doves and not sell them to the butcher to be slaughtered.

Here, "stretched for hours, motionless on the bare rocks, colored like them and wrought like them in his brown peasant's serge, he prayed and meditated." It was here that he learned the tongues of the beasts and birds, and first preached them sermons. Here he lay, so long, so still, with such gentle eyes and low voice that the mice nibbled bread crumbs from his wallet, lizards ran over him and larks sang to him in the air.

Two hundred steps down in the innermost recesses of

the crag is a strange cleft made, so Saint Francis believed, at the hour of the crucifixion, where he passed "the Lent of Saint Michael." One monk alone, Brother Leo, might approach him, twice a day, with bread and water, saying at the entrance, "Lord, open thou my lips." If the answer came, he entered and said matins with his master; but if there was silence, he must forthwith depart. In a second moist cave was St. Francis's bed.

Outside is a point of rock where "through all that Lent a falcon, whose nest was hardby, awakened St. Francis every night a little before matins by her cry and the flapping of her wings; and if at any time St. Francis was more sick than ordinary, or weak, or weary, that falcon, like a discreet and charitable Christian, would sing her song later."

The grewsome caves do not recall to us the sunny saint, but the falcon "sometimes in the daytime sitting quite tamely by him" is a delicious memory.

Nine hundred years is a long time for a man to be remembered, but here on this lonely mountain where a colony of "Little Brothers" still guards the places where he lived and loved, in all Italy, and in all the world, this Little Brother of men and beasts is still loved and revered, and all because of his tender heart.

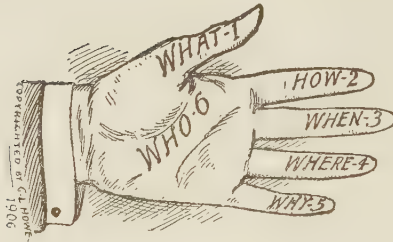
Saint Francis was a saint indeed, because

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,

For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

As we went down the mountain the shepherdesses were returning to the farms, the lambs were bleating before the fold, the birds were singing vespers, the sun hung like a Host over a mountain altar; and at the Inn of the Little Brothers at Bibbiene we found clean rooms and quiet rest.

CHAPTER LXXI.



THE BISHOP AND JEAN VALJEAN.

BELIEF IN HUMAN GOODNESS.

1 WHAT.

"Speak gently of the erring one,
And do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet;
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod."

2 How.

We are to believe the best about each person we know.
We know how little he has conquered, but do we know
how much he has resisted? We are to say the best about

each other. We know what the offense was, but do we realize how great was the temptation? We are to look for the best in each other. Many evil things we hear are not true, and the very confidence we express may be the one encouragement the offender needs to do better.

3 WHEN.

Nothing is more unpleasant in a child than an early doubt of human goodness. No habit is more unlovely or more dangerous.

Begin now to look for the sunny side of people's characters and you will learn to find the world full of sunshine.

4 WHERE.

"But there are bad people and people who deceive us?"
Yes, there are. The fact that we hope all men are honest does not make it necessary to leave our purses where men may be tempted to pick them up. The fact that we hope all men are prudent does not make it wise to tell all men our secrets. The best way to help a man do good is usually to leave him no encouragement to do us evil. Even with this precaution it is still possible to show a genial and patient expectancy that men will bring their better side uppermost.

5 WHY.

"What are another's faults to me?

I've not a vulture's bill

To prick at every fault I see

And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow
And let my friend's alone."

- 6 In the opening of Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Misérables," there is the story of a good bishop who believed there is goodness in the most wicked of men. The story tells how the bishop treated a freed prisoner whom everybody else rejected.

"THE BISHOP AND JEAN VALJEAN."

An hour before sunset, on the evening of a day in the beginning of October, 1815, a man travelling afoot entered the little town of D———. It would have been hard to find a passerby more wretched in appearance. A slouched leather cap half hid his face, bronzed by the sun and wind, and dripping with sweat. He wore a cravat twisted like a rope; coarse blue trousers, worn and shabby, white on one knee and with holes in the other; an old, ragged, gray blouse patched on one side with a piece of green cloth sewed with twine; upon his back was a well-filled knapsack; in his hand he carried an enormous knotted stick; his stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes; his hair was cropped and his beard long.

The traveller turned his steps toward an inn, which was the best in the place, and went at once into the

kitchen. The host, hearing the door open and a new-comer enter, said, without raising his eyes from his ranges:

"What will monsieur have?"

"Something to eat and lodging."

"Nothing more easy," said mine host, but on turning his head and taking an observation of the traveller, he added, "for pay."

The man drew from his pocket a large leather purse and answered:

"I have money."

"Then," said mine host, "I am at your service."

The man put his purse back into his pocket, took off his knapsack, and put it down hard by the door, and, holding his stick in his hand, sat down on a low stool by the fire.

However, as the host passed backward and forward, he kept a careful eye on the traveller.

"Is dinner almost ready?" said the man.

"Directly," said mine host.

While the newcomer was warming himself with his back turned the worthy innkeeper took a pencil from his pocket and then tore off the corner of an old paper which he pulled from a little table near the window. On the margin he wrote a line or two, folded it, and handed the scrap of paper to a boy who ran off in the direction of the mayor's office.

The traveller saw nothing of this.

He asked a second time: "Is dinner ready?"

"Yes; in a few moments," said the host.

The boy came back with the paper. The host unfolded it hurriedly, as one who is expecting an answer. He seemed to read with attention, then, throwing his head on one side, thought for a moment. Then he took a step toward the traveller, who seemed drowned in troublous thought.

"Monsieur," said he, "I cannot receive you."

The traveller half rose from his seat.

"Why? Are you afraid I shall not pay you, or do you want me to pay in advance? I have money, I tell you."

"It is not that."

"What then?"

"I have no room."

"Well, put me in the stable," quietly replied the man.

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because the horses take all the room."

"Well," responded the man, "a corner in the garret; a truss of straw—we will see about that after dinner."

"I cannot give you any dinner."

This declaration, made in a measured but firm tone, appeared serious to the traveller. He got up.

"Ah, bah! but I am dying with hunger. I have walked since sunrise; I have travelled twelve leagues. I will pay, and I want something to eat."

"I have nothing," said the host.

The man burst into a laugh and turned toward the fireplace and the ranges.

"Nothing, and all that?"

"All that is engaged."

The man sat down and said, without raising his voice: "I am at an inn. I am hungry, and I shall stay."

The host bent down to his ear and said, in a voice which made him tremble:

"Go away! Shall I tell you your name? Your name is Jean Valjean; now, shall I tell you who you are? When I saw you enter I suspected something. I sent to the mayor's office, and here is the reply. Can you read?" So saying, he held toward him the open paper, which had just come from the mayor. The man cast a look upon it; the innkeeper, after a short silence, said: "It is my custom to be polite to all. Go!"

The man bowed his head, picked up his knapsack, and went out.

He took the principal street; he walked at random, slinking near the houses like a mad and humiliated man; he did not once turn around. People overwhelmed with trouble do not look behind; they know only too well that misfortune follows them.

He walked along in this way some time, going by chance down streets unknown to him, and forgetting fatigue, as is the case in sorrow. Suddenly he felt a pang

of hunger; night was at hand, and he looked around to see if he could not discover a lodging.

The good inn was closed against him; he sought some humble tavern, some poor cellar.

Just then a light shone at the end of the street: he saw a pine branch hanging by an iron bracket against the white sky of the twilight. He went thither. It was a tavern.

The traveller stopped a moment and looked in at the little window upon the low hall of the tavern, lighted by a small lamp upon a table and a great fire in the chimney-place. Some men were drinking and the host was warming himself; an iron pot hung over the fire seething in the blaze.

Two doors lead into this tavern, which is also a sort of eating-house—one from the street, the other from a small court full of rubbish.

The traveller did not dare to enter by the street door; he slipped into the court, stopped again, then timidly raised the latch and pushed open the door.

“Who is it?” said the host.

“One who wants supper and a bed.”

“All right; here you can sup and sleep.”

He went in; all the men who were drinking turned toward him; the lamp shining on one side of his face, the firelight on the other, they examined him for some time as he was taking off his knapsack.

The host said to him: "There is the fire; the supper is cooking in the pot: come and warm yourself, comrade."

He seated himself near the fire-place and stretched his feet out toward the fire, half dead with fatigue; an inviting odor came from the pot. All that could be seen of his face under his slouched cap assumed a vague appearance of comfort, which tempered the sorrowful aspect given him by long-continued suffering.

However, one of the men at the table was a fisherman who had put up his horse at the stable of the inn before entering the tavern. He beckoned to the tavern-keeper to come to him, which he did. They exchanged a few words in a low voice; the traveller had again relapsed into thought.

The tavern-keeper returned to the fire, and laying his hand roughly on his shoulder, said, harshly:

"You are going to clear out from here!"

The stranger turned round, and said, mildly:

"Ah! Do you know?"

"Yes."

"They sent me away from the other inn."

"And we turn you out of this."

"Where would you have me go?"

"Somewhere else."

The man took up his stick and knapsack and went off. As he went out some children who had followed him from the Croix-de-Colbas and seemed to be waiting

for him threw stones at him. He turned angrily and threatened them with his stick, and they scattered like a flock of birds.

He passed the prison; an iron chain hung from the door attached to a bell. He rang.

The grating opened.

"M. Turnkey," said he, taking off his cap respectfully, "will you open and let me stay here to-night?"

A voice answered:

"A prison is not a tavern; get yourself arrested and we will open."

The grating closed.

Night came on apace; the cold Alpine winds were blowing; by the light of the expiring day the stranger perceived in one of the gardens which fronted the street a kind of hut which seemed to be made of turf; he boldly cleared a wooden fence and found himself in the garden. He was suffering both from cold and hunger. He had resigned himself to the latter; but there, at least, was a shelter from the cold. These huts are not usually occupied at night. He got down and crawled into the hut. It was warm there, and he found a good bed of straw. He rested a moment upon this bed, motionless from fatigue; then, as his knapsack on his back troubled him, and it would make a good pillow, he began to unbuckle the straps. Just then he heard a ferocious growling, and looking up saw the head of an enormous bull-dog at the opening of the hut.

It was a dog-kennel!

He was himself vigorous and formidable; seizing his stick he made a shield of his knapsack, and got out of the hut as best he could, but not without enlarging the rents of his already tattered garments.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening; as he did not know the streets he walked at hazard.

So he came to the prefecture, then to the seminary; on passing by the cathedral, he shook his fist at it.

Exhausted with fatigue, and hoping for nothing better, he lay down on a stone bench in the cathedral square.

Just then an old woman came out of the church. She saw the man lying there in the dark, and said:

"What are doing there, my friend?"

He replied, harshly, and with anger in his tone:

"You see, my good woman, I am going to sleep."

"Upon the bench?" said she.

"For nineteen years I have had a wooden mattress," said the man; "to-night I have a stone one."

"Why don't you go to the inn?"

"Because I have no money."

"Alas! I have only four sous in my purse."

"Give them, then." The man took the four sous and the woman continued:

"You cannot find lodging for so little in an inn. But have you tried? You cannot pass the night so. You must

be cold and hungry. They should give you lodging for charity."

"I have knocked at every door."

"Well, what then?"

"Everybody has driven me away."

The good woman touched the man's arm and pointed out to him, on the other side of the square, a little low house beside the bishop's palace.

"You have knocked at every door?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Have you knocked at that one there?"

"No."

"Knock there."

At the bishop's house, his housekeeper, Mme. Magloire was saying:

"We say that this house is not safe at all; and, if monseigneur will permit me, I will go on and tell the locksmith to come and put the old bolts in the door again. I say than a door which opens by a latch on the outside to the first comer, nothing could be more horrible; and then monseigneur has the habit of always saying, 'Come in,' even at midnight. But, my goodness, there is no need to even ask leave—"

At this moment there was a violent knock on the door.

"Come in," said the bishop.

The door opened.

It opened quickly, quite wide, as if pushed by someone boldly and with energy.

A man entered.

That man we know already; it was the traveller we have seen wandering about in search of a lodging.

He came in, took one step, and paused, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his back, his stick in his hand, and a rough, hard, and fierce look in his eyes. He was hideous.

The bishop looked upon the man with a tranquil eye. As he was opening his mouth to speak, doubtless to ask the stranger what he wanted, the man, leaning with both hands on his club, glanced from one to another in turn, and, without waiting for the bishop to speak, said, in a loud voice:

"See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict; I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free, and started for Pontarlier; during these four days I have walked from Toulon. To-day I have walked twelve leagues. When I reached this place this evening I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the mayor's office, as was necessary. I went to another inn; they said: 'Get out!' It was the same with one as with another; nobody would have me. I went to the prison and the turnkey would not let me in. I crept into a dog-kennel, the dog bit me, and drove me away as if he had been a man; you would have said that he knew who I was. I went into the field to sleep beneath the stars; there were no stars. I thought it would rain, and there

was no good God to stop the drops, so I came back to the town to get the shelter of some doorway. There in the square I lay down upon a stone; a good woman showed me your house, and said: 'Knock there!' I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money; my savings, 109 francs and fifteen sous, which I have earned in the galleys by my work for nineteen years. I will pay. What do I care? I have money. I am very tired—twelve leagues on foot—and I am so hungry. Can I stay?"

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put on another plate."

The man took three steps and came near the lamp which stood on the table. "Stop," he exclaimed; as if he had not been understood; "not that, did you understand me? I am a galley slave—a convict—I am just from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded.

"There is my passport, yellow, as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. Will you read it? See, here is what they have put in my passport: 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for burglary; fourteen years for having attempted four times to escape. This man is very dangerous.' There you have it! Everybody has thrust me out. Will you receive me? Is this an inn? Can you give me something to eat and a place to sleep? Have you a stable?"

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove."

The bishop turned to the man:

"Monsieur, sit down and warm yourself; we are going to take supper presently, and your bed will be ready while you sup."

At last the man quite understood; his face, the expression of which till then had been gloomy and hard, now expressed stupefaction, doubt and joy, and became absolutely wonderful. He began to stutter like a madman.

"True? What? You will keep me? You won't drive me away—a convict? You call me monsieur and don't say, "Get out, dog!" as everybody else does. I shall have a supper! a bed like other people, with mattress and sheets—a bed! It is nineteen years that I have not slept on a bed. You are good people! Besides I have money: I will pay well. I beg your pardon, M. Innkeeper, what is your name? I will pay all you say. You are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, ain't you?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

"A priest," said the man. "Oh, noble priest! Then you do not ask any money?"

"No," said the bishop, "keep your money. How much have you?"

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous," said the man.

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous. And how long did you take to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!"

The bishop sighed deeply, and shut the door, which had been left wide open.

Mme. Magloire brought in a plate and set it on the table.

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put this plate as near the fire as you can." Then turning toward his guest, he added: "The night wind is raw in the Alps; you must be cold, monsieur."

Everytime he said the word monsieur with his gently solemn and heartily hospitable voice the man's countenance lighted up. Monsieur to a convict is a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea.

"The lamp," said the bishop, "gives a very poor light."

Mme. Magloire understood him, and going to his bedchamber, took from the mantel the two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles and placed them on the table.

"M. le Cure," said the man, "you are good; you don't despise me. You take me into your house; you light your candles for me, and I haven't hid from you where I came from, and how miserable I am."

The bishop touched his hand gently, and said: "You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer whether he has a name, but whether he has an affliction. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty; be welcome. And do not thank me; do not tell me that I take

you into my house. This is the home of no man except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveller, that you are more at home here than I; whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, I knew it."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Really? You knew my name?"

"Yes," answered the bishop, "your name is my brother."

"Stop, stop, M. le Cure," exclaimed the man. "I was famished when I came in, but you are so kind that now I don't know what I am; that is all gone."

The bishop looked at him again and said:

"You have seen much suffering?"

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball and chain, the plank to sleep on, the heat, the cold, the galley's screw, the lash, the double chain for nothing, the dungeon for a word—even when sick in bed, the chain. The dogs, the dogs are happier! nineteen years! and I am forty-six, and now a yellow passport: that is all."

"Yes," answered the bishop, "you have left a place of suffering. But listen, there will be more joy in heaven over the tears of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred good men. If you are leaving that sorrowful place with hate and anger against men; you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with goodwill, gentleness, and peace, you are better than any of us."

Meantime Mme. Magloire had served up supper.

The bishop said the blessing and then served the soup himself, according to his usual custom. The man fell to eating greedily.

Suddenly the bishop said: "It seems to me something is lacking on the table."

The fact was that Mme. Magloire had set out only the three plates which were necessary. Now it was the custom of the house when the bishop had any one to supper to set all six of the silver plates on the table.

Mme. Magloire understood the remark. Without a word she went out, and a moment afterward the three plates for which the bishop had asked were shining on the cloth symmetrically arranged before each of the three diners.

After supper the bishop took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to the guest, and said to him:

"Monsieur, I will show you to your room."

The man followed him.

Just as they were passing through the bishop's room Mme. Magloire was putting up the silver in the cupboard at the head of the bed. It was the last thing she did every night before going to bed.

The bishop left his guest in the alcove before a clean, white bed. The man set down the candle-stick upon a small table.

"Come," said the bishop, "a good night's rest to you;

to-morrow morning, before you go, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thank you," said the man.

Valjean was so completely exhausted that he did not even avail himself of the clean white sheets; he blew out the candle with his nostrils, after the manner of convicts, and fell on the bed, dressed as he was, into a sound sleep.

A few moments afterward all in the little house slept.

As the cathedral clock struck two, Jean Valjean awoke.

He had slept something more than four hours. His fatigue had passed away. He was not accustomed to give many hours to repose.

He opened his eyes and looked for a moment into the obscurity about him, then he closed them to go to sleep again. Many thoughts came to him, but there was one which continually presented itself, and which drove away all others. He had noticed the six silver plates and the large ladle that Mme. Magloire had put on the table.

Those six silver plates took possession of him. There they were within a few steps. At the very moment that he passed through the middle room to reach the one he was now in, the old servant was placing them in a little cupboard at the head of the bed. He had marked that cupboard well; on the right, coming from the dining-room. They were solid, and old silver. With the big ladle,

they would bring at least 200 francs; double what he had got for nineteen years' labor.

His mind wavered a whole hour and a long one, in fluctuation and in struggle. The clock struck three. All at once he stooped down, took off his shoes and put them softly upon the mat in front of the bed, then he resumed his thinking posture and was still again.

He continued in this situation and would, perhaps, have remained there until daybreak, if the clock had not struck the quarter or the half hour. The clock seemed to say to him, 'Come along!'

He rose to his feet, hesitated for a moment longer and listened; all was still in the house; he walked straight and cautiously toward the window. On reaching the window Jean Valjean examined it. It had no bars, opened into the garden, and was fastened, according to the fashion of the country, with a little wedge only. He opened it; but as the cold, keen air rushed into the room he closed it again immediately. He looked into the garden with that absorbed look which studies rather than sees. The garden was inclosed with a white wall, quite low and readily scaled.

When he had taken this observation he turned like a man whose mind is made up, went to his alcove, took his knapsack, opened it, fumbled in it, took out something which he laid upon the bed, put his shoes into one of his pockets, tied up his bundle, swung it upon his shoulders, put on his cap, and pulled the vizor down over his eyes,

felt for his stick, and went and put it in the corner of the window, then returned to the bed, and resolutely took up the object which he had laid on it. It looked like a short iron bar, pointed at one end like a spear. It was a miner's drill.

He took the drill in his right hand, and holding his breath, with stealthy steps he moved toward the door of the next room, which was the bishop's. On reaching the door he found it unlatched. The bishop had not closed it.

Jean Valjean listened. Not a sound. He pushed the door. He pushed it lightly with the end of his finger, with the stealthy and timorous carefulness of a cat. He waited a moment and then pushed the door again more boldly. Then a third time, harder than before. He took one step and was in the room. A deep calm filled the chamber. At the further end of the room he could hear the equal and quiet breathing of the sleeping bishop. Suddenly he stopped; he was near the bed; he had reached it sooner than he thought.

At the moment when Jean Valjean paused before the bed a ray of moonlight crossing the high window, suddenly lighted up the bishop's pale face. He slept tranquilly. His entire countenance was lit up with a vague expression of content, hope, and happiness. It was more than a smile and almost a radiance.

Jean Valjean was in the shadow with the iron drill in his hand, erect, motionless, terrified at this radiant

figure. He had never seen anything comparable to it. This confidence filled him with fear. He did not remove his eyes from the old man. The only thing which was plain from his attitude and his countenance was a strange indecision. You would have said he was hesitating between two realms—that of the doomed and that of the saved. He appeared ready either to cleave this skull or to kiss this hand.

In a few minutes he raised his left hand slowly to his forehead and took off his hat; then, letting his hand fall with the same slowness, Jean Valjean resumed his contemplation, his cap in his left hand, his club in his right, and his hair bristling on his fierce-looking head.

Under this frightful gaze the bishop still slept in profoundest peace.

The crucifix above the mantel-piece was dimly visible in the moon-light, apparently extending its arms toward both, with a benediction for one and a pardon for the other.

Suddenly Jean Valjean put on his cap, then passed quickly, without looking at the bishop, along the bed, straight to the cupboard which he perceived near its head; he raised the drill to force the lock; the key was in it; he opened it; the first thing he saw was the basket of silver, he took it, crossed the room with hasty stride, careless of noise, reached the door, entered the oratory, took his stick, stepped out, put the silver into his knapsack,

threw away the basket, ran across the garden, leaped over the wall like a tiger and fled.

The next day at sunrise the bishop was walking in the garden. Mme. Magloire ran toward him quite beside herself. "Monseigneur, monseigneur," cried she, "does your greatness know where the silver basket is?"

"Yes," said the bishop.

"God be praised!" she said; "I did not know what had become of it."

The bishop had just found the basket on the flower-bed. He gave it to Mme. Magloire and said: "There it is."

"Yes," said she, "but there is nothing in it. The silver?"

"Ah!" said the bishop, "it is the silver then, that troubles you. I do not know where that is."

"Good heavens! it is stolen. The man who came last night stole it."

And in the twinkling of an eye, with all the agility of which her age was capable, Mme. Magloire ran to the oratory, went into the alcove, and came back to the bishop. "Monseigneur, the man has gone! the silver is stolen!"

Just as the bishop was rising from the table there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the bishop.

The door opened. A strange, fierce group appeared

on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were gendarmes; the fourth, Jean Valjean.

A brigadier of gendarmes, who appeared to head the group, was near the door. He advanced toward the bishop, giving a military salute. Mgr. Bienvenu approached as quickly as his great age permitted.

"Ah, there you are!" said he, looking toward Jean Valjean, "I am so glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring 200 francs. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the bishop with an expression which no tongue could describe.

"Monseigneur," said the brigadier, "then what this man said was true? We met him. He was going like a man who was running away and we arrested him in order to see. He had this silver."

"And he told you," interrupted the bishop, with a smile, "that it had been given him by a good old priest with whom he had passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here? It is all a mistake."

"If that is so," said the brigadier, "we can let him go."

"Certainly," replied the bishop.

The gendarmes released Jean Valjean, who shrank back.

"Is it true that they let me go?" he said in voice almost inarticulate, as if he were speaking in his sleep.

"Yes! you can go. Do you not understand?" said a gendarme.

"My friend," said the bishop, "before you go away here are your candlesticks; take them."

He went to the mantel-piece, took the two candlesticks and brought them to Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. He took the two candlesticks mechanically and with a wild appearance.

"Now," said the bishop, "go in peace. By the way, my friend, when you come again you need not come through the garden. You can always come in and go out by the front door. It is closed only with a latch, day or night."

Then turning to the gendarmes, he said:

"Messieurs, you can retire." The gendarmes withdrew.

Jean Valjean felt like a man who is just about to faint.

The bishop approached him and said, in a low voice:

"Forget not, never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of this promise, stood confounded. The bishop had laid much stress upon these words as he uttered them. He continued, solemnly:

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition and I give it to God!"

Jean Valjean went out of the city as if he were escaping. He made all haste to get into the open country, taking the first lanes and by-paths that offered, without noticing that he was every moment retracing his steps. He wandered thus all the morning. He had eaten nothing, but he felt no hunger. He was the prey of a multitude of new sensations. He felt somewhat angry, he knew not against whom. He could not have told whether he was touched or humiliated. There came over him, at times, a strange relenting which he struggled with and to which he opposed the hardening of his last twenty years.

At this moment a boy stepped out of the thicket without seeing Jean Valjean and tossed up a handful of sous; until this time he had skilfully caught the whole of them upon the back of his hand.

This time the forty-sou piece escaped him and rolled toward the thicket, near Jean Valjean.

Jean Valjean put his foot upon it.

The boy, however, had followed the piece with his eye, and had seen where it went.

He was not frightened, and walked straight to the man.

It was an entirely solitary place. Far as the eye could reach there was no one on the plain or in the path.

"Monsieur," said the little Savoyard, with that childish confidence which is made up of ignorance and innocence, "my piece?"

"What is your name?" said Jean Valjean.

"Petit Gervais, monsieur."

"Get out," said Jean Valjean.

"Monsieur," said the boy, "give me my piece."

Jean Valjean dropped his head and did not answer.

The child began again:

"My piece, monsieur!"

Jean Valjean's eyes remained fixed on the ground.

"My piece!" exclaimed the boy, "my white piece! my silver!"

Jean Valjean did not appear to understand. The boy took him by the collar of his blouse and shook him. At the same time he made an effort to move the big, iron-soled shoe which was placed upon his treasure.

"I want my piece! my forty-sou piece!"

The child began to cry. Jean Valjean raised his head. He still kept his seat. His look was troubled. He looked upon the boy with an air of wonder, then reached out his hand toward his stick and exclaimed in a terrible voice: "Who is there?"

"Me, monsieur," answered the boy. "Petit Gervais! me! me! give me my forty sous, if you please! Take away your foot, monsieur, if you please." Then becoming angry, small as he was, and almost threatening:

"Come, now, will you take away your foot? Why don't you take away your foot?"

"Ah! you are here yet!" said Jean Valjean, and, rising

hastily to his feet, without releasing the piece of money, he added: "You'd better take care of yourself!"

The boy looked at him in terror, then began to tremble from head to foot, and after a few seconds of stupor took to flight and ran with all his might, without daring to turn his head or utter a cry.

At a little distance, however, he stopped for want of breath, and Jean Valjean, in his reverie, heard him sobbing.

In a few minutes the boy was gone.

The sun had gone down.

The shadows were deepening around Jean Valjean. He had not eaten during the day; probably he had some fever.

He had remained standing and had not changed his attitude since the child fled. His breathing was at long and unequal intervals: His eyes were fixed on a spot ten or twelve steps before him, and seemed to be studying with profound attention the form of an old piece of blue crockery that was lying in the grass. All at once he shivered; he began to feel the cold night-air.

He pulled his cap down over his forehead, sought mechanically to fold and button his blouse around him, stepped forward and stooped to pick up his stick.

At that instant he perceived the forty-sou piece which his foot had half buried in the ground, and which glistened among the pebbles. It was like an electric shock. "What is that?" said he, between his teeth. He drew back a step or two, then stopped without the power

to withdraw his gaze from this point which his foot had covered the instant before, as if the thing that glistened there in the obscurity had been an open eye fixed upon him.

After a few minutes he sprang convulsively toward the piece of money, seized it, and, rising, looked away over the plain, straining his eyes toward all points of the horizon, standing and trembling like a frightened deer which is seeking a place of refuge.

He saw nothing. Night was falling, the plain was cold and bare, thick purple mists were rising in the glimmering twilight.

He said: "Oh!" and began to walk rapidly in the direction in which the child had gone. After some thirty steps he stopped, looked about, and saw nothing.

Then he called with all his might: "Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais!" And then he listened.

There was no answer.

The country was desolate and gloomy. On all sides was space. There was nothing about him but a shadow, in which his gaze was lost, and a silence, in which his voice was lost.

He began to walk again, then quickened his pace to a run, and from time to time stopped and called out in that terrible solitude, in a most terrible and desolate voice:

"Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais!"

But doubtless the boy was already far away.

He met a priest on horseback. He went up to him and said:

"M. le Cure, have you seen a child go by?"

"No," said the priest.

"Petit Gervais was his name."

"I have seen nobody."

He took two five-franc pieces from his bag and gave them to the priest.

"M. le Cure, this is for your poor. M. le Cure, he is a little fellow, about ten years old, I think. He went this way."

"I have not seen him."

Jean Valjean hastily took out two more five-franc pieces and gave them to the priest.

"For your poor," said he.

Then he added wildly:

"M. le Abbe, have me arrested; I am a robber."

The priest put spurs to his horse and fled in great fear.

Jean Valjean began to run again in the direction which he had first taken.

He went on in this wise for a considerable distance looking around, calling and shouting, but met nobody else. Finally, at a place where three paths met, he stopped. The moon had risen. He strained his eyes in the distance and called out once more: "Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais!" His cries died away into the mist without even awakening an echo. Again he murmured: "Petit Gervais!" but with a feeble and almost

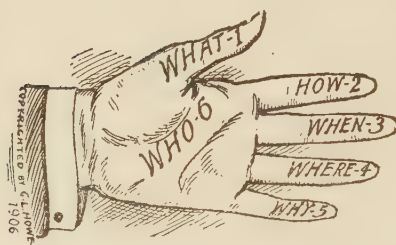
inarticulate voice. That was his last effort; his knees suddenly bent under him, as if an invisible power overwhelmed him at a blow, with the weight of his bad conscience; he fell exhausted upon a great stone, his hands clinched in his hair, and his face on his knees, and exclaimed: "What a wretch I am!"

Then his heart swelled and he burst into tears. It was the first time he had wept for nineteen years.

Jean Valjean wept long. He shed hot tears, he wept bitterly, with more weakness than a woman, with more terror than a child. He beheld his life, and it seemed to him horrible; his soul, and it seemed to him frightful. There was, however, a softened light upon that life and upon that soul. It seemed to him that he was looking upon Satan by the light of paradise.

How long did he weep thus? What did he do after weeping? Where did he go? Nobody ever knew. It is known simply that, on that very night, the stage-driver, as he passed through the bishop's street, saw, kneeling upon the pavement in the shadow, before the door of the bishop's house, a man in the attitude of prayer.

CHAPTER LXXII.



THE HEART OF BRUCE.

HERO-WORSHIP.

1 WHAT.

The first acquaintance with a great work of art has usually proved an important event in every young artist's life. When Correggio first gazed on Raphael's "Saint Cecilia," he felt within himself an awakened power, and exclaimed, "And I too am a painter!"

It is related of Thucydides that, when a boy, he burst into tears on hearing Herodotus read his history, and the impression made upon his mind was such as to determine the bent of his own genius. And Demosthenes was so fired on one occasion by the eloquence of Callistratus, that the ambition was roused within him of becoming an orator himself. Yet Demosthenes was physically weak,

had a feeble voice, indistinct articulation, and shortness of breath—defects which he was only enabled to overcome by diligent study and invincible determination.

Great men have evoked the admiration of kings, popes, and emperors. Francis de Medicis never spoke to Michael Angelo without uncovering, and Julius III made him sit by his side while a dozen cardinals were standing. Charles V made way for Titian; and one day, when the brush dropped from the painter's hand, Charles stooped and picked it up, saying, "You deserve to be served by an emperor."

Most young men of generous mind have their heroes, especially if they be book-readers. Thus Allan Cunningham, when a mason's apprentice in Nithsdale, walked all the way to Edinburgh for the sole purpose of seeing Sir Walter Scott as he passed along the street. We unconsciously admire the enthusiasm of the lad, and respect the impulse which impelled him to make the journey. It is related of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that, when a boy of ten, he thrust his hand through intervening rows of people to touch Pope, as if there were a sort of virtue in the contact. At a much later period, the painter Haydon was proud to see and to touch Reynolds when on a visit to his native place. Rogers, the poet, used to tell of his ardent desire, when a boy, to see Dr. Johnson; but when his hand was on the knocker of the house in Bolt Court, his courage failed him, and he turned away.

The courageous man is an example to the intrepid.

His influence is magnetic. He creates an epidemic of nobleness. Men follow him, even to the death.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

2-3

HOW AND WHEN.

The way to learn to be hero-worshippers is to read much heroic biography, especially the lives of those who gave all for glory and humanity. James Russell Lowell says of such:

“Many loved Truth and lavished life’s best oil,
 Amid the dust of books to find her,
 Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
 With the cast mantle she had left behind her.
 Many in said faith sought for her,
 Many with crossed hands signed for her,
 But these, our brothers, fought for her,
 At life’s dear peril wrought for her,
 So loved her that they died for her,
 Tasting the raptured fleetness
 Of her divine completeness.”

And, speaking of Col. Robert Gould Shaw, he says again:

“The high soul burns on, *to light men’s feet*
 Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.”

4

WHERE.

We may not only read of heroes, we may see them, for they are not all dead. Regard the day when you meet and talk with a great soul as a golden day in your life.

Join with others in offering worthy honor to such. Tell
to children the story of their achievements and thus
greaten their influence and fame. Cherish the days and
festivals that are sacred to heroes of the past.

5 WHY.

“Though it may be, above the plot
That hid your once imperial clay,
No greener than o’er men forgot
The unregarding grasses sway;
Though here no sweeter is the lay
Of careless bird; though you remain
Without distinction of decay—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

No, for while yet in tower or cot
Your story stirs the pulse’s play;
And men forget the sordid lot—
The sordid cares—of cities gray;
While yet they grow for homelier fray
More strong from you, as reading plain
That Life may go, if Honor stay—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again;
Whatever men have done, men may—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.”

—Austin Dobson.

6 Sir Walter Scott tells the fine story of that other brave Scotchman, Sir Robert Bruce.

"In the last year of Robert the Bruce's reign he became extremely sickly and infirm, chiefly owing to a disorder called the leprosy, which he had caught during the hardships and misfortunes of his youth, when he was so frequently obliged to hide himself in woods and morasses, without a roof to shelter him. He lived at a castle called Cardross, on the beautiful banks of the River Clyde, near to where it joins the sea; and his chief amusement was to go upon the river, and down to the sea in a ship, which he kept for his pleasure. He was no longer able to sit upon his war-horse, or to lead his army to the field.

. . . At length he became very ill, and finding that he could not recover he assembled around his bedside the nobles and counsellors in whom he most trusted. He told them, that now, being on his death-bed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, and particularly that he had, in his passion, killed Comyn with his own hand, in the church and before the altar. He said that if he had lived he had intended to go to Jerusalem, to make war upon the Saracens who held the Holy Land, as some expiation for the evil deeds he had done. But since he was about to die he requested of his dearest friend and bravest warrior, and that was the Good Lord James Douglas, that he should carry his heart to the Holy Land.

"Douglas caused a case of silver to be made, into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it around his

neck by a string of silk and gold. And he set forward for the Holy Land with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland, who, to show their value and sorrow for their brave King Robert Bruce, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem. It had been much better for Scotland if the Douglas and his companions had stayed at home to defend their own country, which was shortly afterwards in great want of their assistance.

"Neither did Douglas ever get to the end of his journey. In going to Palestine he landed in Spain, where the Saracen king, or sultan of Grenada, called Osmyn, was invading the realms of Alphonso, the Spanish king of Castile. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honor and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier, whose fame was well known through every part of the Christian world. King Alphonso easily persuaded the Scottish earl that he would do good service to the Christian cause by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Grenada, before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem. Lord Douglas and his followers went accordingly to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens, who were opposed to them. But, being ignorant of the mode of fighting among the cavalry of the East, the Scots pursued the chase too far, and the Moors, when they saw them scattered and separated from each other, turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of Allah Illah Allah! which is their shout of battle, and surrounded such of the Scottish

knights and squires as had advanced too hastily and were dispersed from each other.

"In this new skirmish Douglas saw Sir William St. Clair of Roslyn fighting desperately, surrounded by many Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres. 'Yonder worthy knight will be slain,' Douglas said, 'unless he have instant help.' With that he galloped to his rescue, but presently was himself also surrounded by many Moors. When he found the enemy press so thick round him as to leave him no chance of escaping, the earl took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it, as he would have done to the king had he been alive,—'Pass first in fight,' he said, 'as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die.' He then threw the king's heart among the enemy and, rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found lying above the silver case, as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart."

"And dead above the heart of Bruce
The heart of Douglas lay."

Among boys there is often a living leader who has been their hero and their inspiration. Such, to thousands of English boys, was Dr. Thomas Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby. See the closing chapter of "Tom Brown's School Days;" there is a splendid description of the influence that the noble master's character had on Tom

Brown even after he was dead. May I ask you to read the second time the last sentence of the chapter? Think it over, too.

“ ‘Where is he buried, Thomas?’ said he at last.

‘Under the altar in the chapel, sir,’ answered Thomas. ‘You’d like to have the key, I dare say.’

‘Thank you, Thomas—yes, I should very much.’ And the old man fumbled among his bunch, and then got up, as though he would go with him; but after a few steps stopped short, and said: ‘Perhaps you’d like to go by yourself, sir?’

Tom nodded, and the bunch of keys were handed to him with an injunction to be sure to lock the door after him, and bring them back before eight o’clock.

He walked quickly through the quadrangle and out into the close. The longing which had been upon him and driven him thus far, giving him no rest in mind or body, seemed all of a sudden not to be satisfied, but to shrivel up, and pall. ‘Why should I go on? It’s no use,’ he thought, and threw himself at full length on the turf, and looked vaguely and listlessly at all the well-known objects. There were a few of the town-boys playing cricket, their wicket pitched on the best piece in the middle of the big side ground,—a sin about equal to sacrilege in the eyes of a captain of the eleven. He was very nearly getting up to go and send them off. ‘Pshaw! they won’t remember me. They’ve more right there than I,’ he muttered. And the thought that his sceptre had de-

parted, and his mark was wearing out, came home to him for the first time, and bitterly enough. He was lying on the very spot where the fights came off; where he himself had fought six years ago his first and last battle. He conjured up the scene till he could almost hear the shouts of the ring, and East's whisper in his ear; and looking across the close to the Doctor's private door, half expected to see it open, and the tall figure in cap and gown come striding under the elm-trees toward him.

No, no! that sight could never be seen again. There was no flag flying on the round tower; the School-house windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left on earth of him whom he had honored, was lying cold and still under the chapel floor. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it once for all. New men and new methods might do for other people; let those who would, worship the rising star; he at least would be faithful to the sun which had set. And so he got up, and walked to the chapel door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his own selfish sorrow.

He passed through the vestibule and then paused for a moment to glance over the empty benches. His heart was still proud and high, and he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a sixth-form boy, and sat himself down there to collect his thoughts.

And, truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head, and fell in gorgeous colors on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit little by little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then, leaning forward with his head on his hands, groaned aloud, 'If he could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes, have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and revered him, and would, by God's help, follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away forever without knowing it all, was too much to bear. But I am sure that he does not know it all'—the thought made him start. 'May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow—as I should wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?'

He raised himself up and looked around, and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he felt himself carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how when a little boy he used to try not to look through it at the elm-trees and the rooks. And there, down below, was the very name, of the boy who sat

on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak panelling.

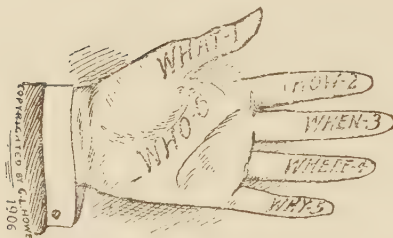
And then came the thought of all his old schoolfellows and form after form of boys, nobler and braver and purer than he, rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling, they who had honored and loved from the first the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who were gone who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father? When the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar, and, while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

Here let us leave him—where better could we leave him than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birth-right, and felt the dawning of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood—at the grave, beneath the altar, of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond?

Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls who must win their way, through hero worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious

human relationships, through the love, and tenderness, and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through the strength, and courage, and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fullness.

CHAPTER LXXIII.



HOW KNIGHTS WERE MADE LONG AGO.

CHIVALRY.

1 WHAT.

Two bits of verse may define chivalry for us. The first is by John Mervin Hull.

“True knighthood is transcendent;
Not in the arms of old,
Nor shining shields, resplendent
With heraldry and gold.
Its accolade eternal,
Unerring in its sway,
Awaits the deed supernal
In tourney of to-day.

Its torch is for the victor,
 When gain to honor yields,
And conscience leads as victor,
 To those triumphant fields;
For him who dares to enter
 The dungeon of his soul,
And in its darkest center
 Slay passion's deadly ghoul.

The true knight's soul is burning
 With noble discontent;
His eager feet are turning
 To one more steep ascent;
The joy of life he measures
 By heavy hearts made light,
Unselfish deeds the pleasures
 That make his pathway bright.

His eyes in field elysian
 May look on things unseen,
But in his daily vision
 His kindly gaze is keen;
He sees a brother weary,
 And lends a helping hand,
And when the sky is dreary
 Points out the silver band.

And so, if unavailing
 Some holy quest appears,

He sees a light unfailing,
 That shines through all the years;
 A touch immortal fills him
 With unalloyed delight;
 A voice above him thrills him
 And bids him, 'Rise, Sir Knight!'"

The second is by James Russell Lowell :

"Is true Freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And, with leathern hearts, forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true Freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And, with heart and hand, to be
 Earnest to make others free!"

2 How.

"So walked he from his birth
 In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth."

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

THE IDEAL OF KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS.

"To reverence the King, as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,

CHIVALRY.

"To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds."

CHIVALRY

"To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To love one maiden only, chaste to her,
And worship her by tears of noble deeds."



To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
To worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her. —*Alfred Lord Tennyson.*

3-4

WHEN AND WHERE.

In school days the best chance to learn chivalry is when one may stand up for another who is weaker, especially for a smaller boy or girl who is attacked by a bully.

When you read the following story, will you mind reading the last page over a second time, in which Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author, defines the times when he believes it is proper to show the chivalrous spirit?

In "Tom Brown's School Days" the author tells about a fight which was fought for chivalry. Williams, the school bully, had long been persecuting Arthur, who was a sickly young boy, Tom Brown's room mate.

"Williams was holding Arthur by the collar.

'There, you young sneak,' said he, giving Arthur a cuff on the head with his other hand, 'What made you say that—'

'Hullo!' said Tom, shouldering into the crowd, 'You drop that, Williams; you shan't touch him.'

'Who'll stop me?' said the Slogger, raising his hand again.

'I,' said Tom; and suiting the action to the word, he struck the arm which held Arthur's arm so sharply that the Slogger dropped it with a start, and turned the full current of his wrath on Tom.

'Will you fight?'

'Yes, of course.'

'Huzzah! there's going to be a fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown.'

The news ran like wildfire about, and many boys who were on their way to tea at their several houses turned back, and sought the back of the chapel, where the fights came off.

'Just run and tell East to come and back me,' said Tom, to a small School-house boy, who was off like a rocket to Harrowell's, just stopping for a moment to poke his head into the School-house hall, where the lower boys were already at tea, and singing out: 'Fight! Tom Brown and Slogger Williams.'

Up start half the boys at once, leaving bread, eggs, butter, sprats, and all the rest to take care of themselves.

The greater part of the remainder follow in a minute, after swallowing their tea, carrying their food in their hands to consume as they go. Three or four only remain, who steal the butter of the more impetuous, and make to themselves an unctuous feast.

In another minute East and Martin tear through the quadrangle, carrying a sponge, and arrive at the scene of action just as the combatants are beginning to strip.

Tom felt he had got his work cut out for him, as he stripped off his jacket, waistcoat, and braces. East tied his handkerchief round his waist, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves for him. 'Now, old boy, don't you open your mouth to say a word, or try to help yourself a bit—we'll do all that; you keep all your breath and strength for the Slogger.' Martin meanwhile folded the clothes, and put them under the chapel rails; and now Tom, with East to handle him, and Martin to give him a knee, steps out on the turf, and is ready for all that may come; and here is the Slogger too, all stripped, and thirsting for the fray.

It doesn't look a fair match at first glance; Williams is nearly two inches taller, and probably a long year older than his opponent, and he is very strongly made about the arms and shoulders—'peels well,' as the little knot of big fifth-form boys, the amateurs, say; who stand outside the ring of little boys, looking complacently on, but taking no active part in the proceedings. But down below he is not so good by any means; no spring from the loins, and feeblish, not to say shipwrecked, about his knees. Tom, on the contrary, though not half so strong in the arms, is good all over, straight, hard, and springy, from neck to ankle, better perhaps in his legs than anywhere. Besides, you can see by the clear white of his eye, and fresh bright look of his skin, that he is in tip-top training, able to do all he knows; while the Slogger looks rather sodden, as if he didn't take much exercise and ate too much sweets. The time-keeper is chosen, a large ring

made, and the two stand up opposite one another for a moment, giving us time just to make our little observations.

‘If Tom’ll only condescend to fight with his head and heels,’ as East murmurs to Martin, ‘we shall do.’

But seemingly he won’t for there he goes in, making play with both hands. Hard all, is the word; the two stand to one another like men; rally follows rally in quick succession, each fighting as if he thought to finish the whole thing out of hand. ‘Can’t last at this rate,’ say the knowing ones, while the backers of each make the air ring with their shouts and counter-shouts of encouragement, approval and defiance.

‘Take it easy; take it easy—keep away, let him come after you,’ implores East, as he wipes Tom’s face after the first round with a wet sponge, while he sits back on Martin’s knee, supported by the Madman’s long arms, which tremble a little from excitement.

‘Time’s up,’ calls the time-keeper.

‘There he goes again, hang it all!’ growled East, as his man is at it again as hard as ever. A very severe round follows, in which Tom gets out and out the worst of it, and is at last hit clean off his legs, and deposited on the grass by a right-hander from the Slogger.

Loud shouts rise from the boys of Slogger’s house and the School-house are silent and vicious, ready to pick quarrels anywhere.

Meantime East is freshening up Tom with the sponge for next round, and has set two other boys to rub his hands.

'Tom, old boy,' whispers he, 'this may be fun for you, but it's death to me. He'll hit all the fight out of you in another five minutes, and then I shall go and drown myself in the Island ditch. Feint him—use your legs! draw him about! he'll lose his wind then in no time, and you can go into him. Hit at his body too; take care of his face by and by.'

Tom felt the wisdom of the counsel, and saw already that he couldn't go in and finish the Slogger off at mere hammer and tongs, so changed his tactics completely in the third round. He now fights cautiously, getting away from and parrying the Slogger's lunging hits, instead of trying to counter, and leading his enemy a dance all round the ring after him. 'He's funk'ing—go in, Williams;' 'Catch him up;' 'Finish him off,' screamed the small boys of the Slogger party.

'Just what we want,' thinks East, chucking to himself, as he sees Williams, excited by these shouts, and thinking the game in his own hands, blowing himself in his exertions to get close quarters again, while Tom is keeping away with perfect ease.

They quarter over the ground again and again, Tom always on the defensive.

The Slogger pulls up at last for a moment, fairly blown.

'Now, then, Tom,' sings out East, dancing with delight. Tom goes in in a twinkling, and hits two heavy body-blows, and gets away again before the Slogger can catch his wind; which when he does he rushes with blind fury at Tom, and being skilfully parried and avoided, overreaches himself and falls on his face, amidst terrific cheers from the School-house boys.

'Double your two to one?' says Groove to Rattle, notebook in hand.

'Stop a bit,' says that hero, looking uncomfortably at Williams, who is puffing away on his second's knee, winded enough, but little the worse in any other way.

After another round the Slogger too seems to see that he can't go in and win right off, and has met his match or thereabouts. So he too begins to use his head, and tries to make Tom lose his patience, and come in before his time. And so the fight sways on, now one, and now the other getting a trifling pull.

Tom's face begins to look very one-sided,—there are little queer bumps on his forehead, and his mouth is bleeding; but East keeps the wet sponge going so scientifically that he comes up looking as fresh and bright as ever. Williams is only slightly marked in the face, but by the nervous movement of his elbows you can see that Tom's body-blows are telling. It is too interesting by this time for much shouting, and the whole ring is very quiet.

'All right, Tommy,' whispers East, 'hold on's the

horse that's to win. We've got the last. Keep your head, old boy.'

But where is Arthur all this time? Words cannot paint the poor little fellow's distress. He couldn't muster courage to come up to the ring, but wandered up and down from the great fives' court to the corner of the chapel rails—now trying to make up his mind to throw himself between them, and try to stop them; then thinking of running in and telling his friend Mary, whom he knew would instantly report to the Doctor. The stories he had heard of men being killed in prize fights rose up horribly before him.

Once only, when the shouts of 'Well done, Brown!' 'Huzzah for the School-house!' rose higher than ever, he ventured up to the ring, thinking the victory was won. Catching sight of Tom's face in the state I have described, all fear of consequences vanishing out of his mind, he rushed straight off to the matron's room, beseeching her to get the fight stopped, or he should die.

But it's time for us to get back to the close. What is this fierce tumult and confusion? The ring is broken, and high and angry words are being bandied about; 'It's all fair'—'It isn't'—'No hugging;' the fight is stopped. The combatants, however, sit there quietly, tended by their seconds, while their adherents wrangle in the middle. East can't help shouting challenges to two or three of the other side, though he never leaves Tom for a moment, and plies the sponges as fast as ever.

The fact is, that at the end of the last round, Tom, seeing a good opening, had closed with his opponent, and after a moment's struggle, had thrown him heavily, by the help of the fall he had learned from his village rival in the vale of the White Horse. Williams hadn't the ghost of a chance with Tom at wrestling, and the conviction broke at once on the Slogger faction that if this were allowed, their man must be licked. There was a strong feeling at the School against catching hold and throwing; but it was generally ruled all fair within certain limits; so the ring was broken, and the fight stopped.

The School-house are overruled—the fight is on again, but there is to be no throwing; and East, in high wrath, threatens to take his man away after next round (which he doesn't mean to do, by the way), when suddenly young Brooke comes through the small gate at the end of the chapel. The School-house faction rush to him. 'Oh, hurrah! now we shall get fair play.'

'Please, Brooke, come up; they won't let Tom Brown throw him.'

'Throw whom?' says Brooke, coming up to the ring. 'Oh, Williams! I see. Nonsense! of course he may throw him, if he catches him fairly above the waist.'

Now, young Brooke, you're in the sixth, you know, and you ought to stop all fights. He looks hard at both boys. 'Anything wrong?' says he to East, nodding at Tom.

'Not a bit.'

‘Not beat at all?’

‘Bless you, no! heaps of fight in him. Isn’t there, Tom?’

Tom looked at Brooke and grins. ‘How’s he?’ nodding at Williams.

‘So so; rather done, I think, since his last fall. He won’t stand above two more.’

‘Time’s up!’ The boys rise again, and face one another. Brooke can’t find it in his heart to stop them just yet; so the round goes on, the Slogger waiting for Tom, and reserving all his strength to hit him out should he come in for the wrestling dodge again; for he feels that that must be stopped, or his sponge will soon go up in the air.

And now another new-comer appears on the field, to wit, the underporter, with his long brush and great wooden receptacle for dust under his arm. He has been sweeping out the schools.

‘You’d better stop, gentlemen,’ he says; ‘the Doctor knows that Brown’s fighting—he’ll be out in a minute.’

‘You go to Bath, Bill,’ is all that that excellent servitor gets by his advice. And being a man of his hands, and a staunch upholder of the School-house, can’t help stopping to look on for a bit, and see Tom Brown, their pet craftsman, fight a round.

It is grim earnest now, and no mistake. Both boys feel this, and summon every power of head, hand, and eye to their aid. A piece of luck, on either side, a foot

slipping, a blow getting well home, or another fall may decide it. Tom works slowly round for an opening; he has all the legs and can choose his own time; the Slogger waits for the attack, and hopes to finish it by some heavy right-handed blow. As they quarter slowly over the ground, the evening sun comes out from behind a cloud, and falls full on Williams's face. Tom darts in, the heavy right-hand is delivered, but only grazes his head. A short rally at close quarters, and they close; in another moment the Slogger is thrown again heavily for the third time.

Just at this stage of the proceedings the door of the turret which leads to the Doctor's library suddenly opens, and he steps out into the close, and makes straight for the ring, in which Brown and the Slogger were both seated on their second's knees for the last time.

'The Doctor! the Doctor!' shouts one small boy who catches sight of him, and the ring melts away in a few seconds, the small boys tearing off, Tom collaring his jacket and waistcoat, and slipping through the little gate by the chapel, and round the corner to Harrowell's with his backers, as lively as need be; Williams and his backers making off not quite so fast across the close; Groove, Rattle, and the other bigger fellows trying to combine dignity and prudence in a comical manner, and walking off fast enough, they hope, not to be recognized, and not fast enough to look like running away.

Young Brooke alone remains on the ground by the

time the Doctor gets there, and touches his hat, not without a slight inward qualm.

‘Hah! Brooke. I am surprised to see you here. Don’t you know that I expect the sixth to stop fighting?’

Brooke felt much more uncomfortable than he had expected, but he was rather a favorite with the Doctor for his openness and plainness of speech; so blurted out as he walked by the Doctor’s side, who had already turned back:—

‘Yes, sir, generally. But I thought you wished us to exercise a discretion in the matter, too—not to interfere too soon.’

‘But they have been fighting this half-hour and more,’ said the Doctor.

‘Yes, sir; but neither was hurt. And they’re the sort of boys who’ll be all the better friends now, which they wouldn’t have been if they had been stopped any earlier—before it was so equal.’

‘Who was fighting with Brown?’ said the Doctor.

‘Williams, sir, of Thompson’s. He is bigger than Brown, and had the best of it at first, but not when you came up, Sir. There’s a good deal of jealousy between our house and Thompson’s, and there would have been more fights if this hadn’t been let go on, or if either of them had had much the worst of it.’

‘Well, but, Brooke,’ said the Doctor, ‘doesn’t this look a little as if you exercised your discretion by only stop-

ping a fight when the School-house boy is getting the worst of it?’

Brooke, it must be confessed, felt rather gravelled.

‘Now remember,’ added the Doctor, as he stopped at the turret door, ‘this fight is not to go on—you’ll see to that. And I expect you to stop all fights in future at once.’

‘Very well, sir,’ said young Brooke, touching his hat, and not sorry to see the turret-door close behind the Doctor’s back.

Meantime Tom and the staunchest of his adherents had reached Harrowell’s, and Sally was bustling about to get them a late tea, while Stumps had been sent off to Tew, the butcher, to get a piece of raw beef for Tom’s eye, which was to be healed off-hand, so that he might show well in the morning. He was not a bit the worse except a slight difficulty in his vision, a singing in his ears, and a sprained thumb, which he kept in a cold water bandage, while he drank lots of tea, and listened to the Babel of voices talking and speculating of nothing but the fight, and how Williams would have given in after another fall (which he didn’t in the least believe), and how on earth the Doctor could have got to know of it—such bad luck! He couldn’t help thinking to himself that he was glad he hadn’t won; he liked it better as it was, and felt very friendly to the Slogger. And then poor little Arthur crept in and sat down quietly near him, looking

at him and the raw beef with such plaintive looks that Tom at last burst out laughing.

'Don't make such eyes, young un,' said he, 'there's nothing the matter.'

'Oh, but Tom, are you much hurt? I can't bear thinking it was all for me.'

'Not a bit of it, don't flatter yourself. We were sure to have it out sooner or later.'

'Well, but you won't go on, will you? You'll promise me you won't go on?'

'Can't tell about that—all depends on the Houses. We're in the hands of our countrymen, you know. Must fight for the School-house flag, if so be.'

However, the lovers of the science were doomed to disappointment this time. Directly after locking-up, one of the night-fags knocked at Tom's door.

'Brown, young Brooke wants you in the sixth-form room.'

Up went Tom to the summons, and found the magnates sitting at their supper.

'Well, Brown,' said young Brooke, nodding to him. 'how do you feel?'

'Oh, very well, thank you; only I've sprained my thumb, I think.'

'Sure to do that in a fight. Well, you hadn't the worst of it, I could see. Where did you learn that throw?'

'Down in the country, when I was a boy.'

'Hullo! why, what are you now? Well, never mind,

you're a plucky fellow. Sit down and have some supper.' Tom obeyed, by no means loath. He ate and drank, listening to the pleasant talk, and wondering how soon he should be in the fifth, and one of that much-envied society.

As he got up to leave, Brooke said: 'You must shake hands to-morrow morning; I shall come and see that done after first lesson.'

And so he did. And Tom and the Slogger shook hands with great satisfaction and mutual respect. And for the next year or two, whenever fights were being talked of, the small boys who had been present shook their heads wisely, saying: 'Ah! but you should just have seen the fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown!'

And now, boys all, three words before we quit the subject. I have put in this chapter on fighting partly because I want to give you a true picture of what every-day school life was in my time, and not a kid-glove and go-to-meeting-coat-picture; and partly because of the cant and twaddle that's talked of boxing and fighting with fists now-a-days.

Boys will quarrel, and when they quarrel will sometimes fight. Fighting with fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels. What substitute for it is there, or ever was there, amongst any nation under the sun? What would you like to see take its place?

Learn to box, then, as you learn to play cricket and foot-ball. Not one of you will be the worse, but very much the better for learning to box well. Should you never have to use it in earnest, there is no exercise in the world so good for the temper, and for the muscles of the back and legs.

- 5 As to fighting, keep out of it if you can by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say 'Yes' or 'No' to a challenge to fight, say 'No' if you can—only take care you make it clear to yourselves why you say 'No.' It's a proof of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives. It's quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and danger. But don't say 'No' because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see."

WHEN AND WHERE.

I said that the defense of woman was one way to be chivalrous. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has a splendid story showing how a soldier's little boy proved himself a real knight and hero.

"WEE WILLIE WINKIE."

'AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN.'

- 6 His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was

the end of the christened titles. His nurse called him *Willie-Baba*, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the nurse said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

'I like you,' said he, slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. 'I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know.'

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for

some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife 'Pobs;' but nothing that the Colonel could do made the station forego the nickname and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. 'Pobs' till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened 'Corry,' and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. 'The Colonel's son' was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and, in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances, he had insisted upon having his long, yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. 'I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's,' said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called 'Corry' for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things.

Corry returned his liking with interest. Corry had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Corry had prom-

ised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled ‘sputter-brush,’ as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one, except his father—who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure—half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a ‘big girl,’ Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

‘Coppy,’ shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern’s bungalow early one morning—‘I want to see you, Coppy!’

‘Come in, young ‘un,’ returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. ‘What mischief have you been getting into now?’

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

‘I’ve been doing nothing bad,’ said he, curling himself

into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a tea-cup, and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: 'I say, Coppy, is it proper to kiss big girls?'

'By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?'

'No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't proper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?'

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce, with great craft, managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

'I saw you,' said Wee Willie Winkie, calmly. 'But ve groom didn't see. I said, "*Hut jao.*"'

'Oh, you had much sense, you young rip,' groaned poor Coppy, half-mused and half-angry. 'And how many people may you have told about it?'

'Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like.'

'Winkie,' said Coppy, enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, 'You're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I'm going to

marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father.'

'What will happen?' said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

'I shall get into trouble,' said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

'Ven I won't,' said Wee Willie Winkie, briefly. 'But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy.'

'I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it, too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys.'

'Ah!' said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. 'It's like ve sputter-brush?'

'Exactly,' said Coppy, gravely.

'But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* vat, you know.'

There was a long pause broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

'Are you fõnd of vis big girl, Coppy?'

'Awfully!' said Coppy.

'Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?'

'It's in a different way,' said Coppy. 'You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see.'

'Very well,' said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. 'If

you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell anyone. I must go now.'

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: 'You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like.'

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a 'camp-fire' at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good conduct badge, and, most sorrowful of all, two days'

confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering underlip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to **weep** bitterly in his nursery—called by him 'my quarters.' Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

'I'm under awwest,' said Wee Willie Winkie, mournfully, 'and I didn't ought to speak to you.'

Very early next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

'Where are you going?' cried Wee Willie Winkie.

'Across the river,' she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to—out of a big, blue book—the history of the princess and the goblins; a most wonderful tale of a land where the goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date, it seemed to him that the bare black-and-purple hills across the river were inhabited by goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the bad men. Even

in his own house, the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the bad men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the bad men. And there was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him, in the hush of the dawn, that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and Wee Willie Winkie went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground, in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a waler. Miss Allardyce was

far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police-post, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too hastily assumed authority, had told her overnight that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

‘Are you badly—badly hurt?’ shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. ‘You didn’t ought to be here.’

‘I don’t know,’ said Miss Allardyce, ruefully, ignoring the reproof. ‘Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?’

‘You said you was going acwoss ve wiver,’ panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. ‘And nobody—not even Coppy—must go acwoss ve

wiver, and I came after you ever so hard; but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Copsy will be angry wiv me, and—I've bwoke my awwest! I've bwoke my awwest!

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle, the girl was moved.

'Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?'

'You belonged to Copsy. Copsy told me so!' wailed Wee Willie Winkie, disconsolately. 'I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place and I've bwoke my awwest.'

'I can't move, Winkie,' said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. 'I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?'

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

'Winkie,' said Miss Allardyce, 'when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully.'

The child sat still for a little time, and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck, and setting it free with a vicious cut

of the whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

‘Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?’

‘Hush!’ said Wee Willie Winkie. ‘Vere’s a man coming—one of ve bad men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must always look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey’ll come and look for us. Vat’s why I let him go.’

Not one man, but two or three, had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sunk within him, for just in this manner were the goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie’s soul. Thus had they played in Curdie’s garden—he had seen the picture—and thus had they frightened the princess’ nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father’s grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the bad men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyces’s horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three-quarters, and said, briefly and emphatically, ‘Jao!’ The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from the natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not de-

part. Other men, with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns, crept out of the shadows of the hills, till soon Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

‘Who are you?’ said one of the men.

‘I am the Colonel Sahib’s son, and my order is that you go at once. . You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into the cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel’s son is here with her.’

‘Put our feet into the trap?’ was the laughing reply. ‘Hear this boy’s speech!’

‘Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel’s son. They will give you money.’

‘What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights,’ said a voice in the background.

These *were* the bad men—worse than the goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie’s training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his nurse, would be an infamy, greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

‘Are you going to carry us away?’ said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

'Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur*,' said the tallest of the men, 'and eat you afterward.'

'That's child's talk,' said Wee Willie Winkie. 'Men do not eat men.'

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly: 'And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?'

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his *r's* and *th's* aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: 'Oh, foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace, let them go both; for, if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breast-bone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles: and, if we touch this child, they will fire and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their god, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him.'

It was Din Mahommen, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, stand-

ing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his 'wegiment,' his own 'wegiment,' would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

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The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the color-sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. 'Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son,' he shouted.

'He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off,' blubbered a drummer-boy. 'Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' may be those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd, don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river.'

'There's sense in Mott yet,' said Devlin. 'E Company, double out to the river—sharp!'

So F Company, in its shirt sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company,

far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's bad men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

'What have I said?' shouted Din Mahommed. 'There is the warning! They are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!'

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills silently as they had appeared.

'The wegiment is coming,' said Wee Willie Winkie, confidently, to Miss Allardyce, 'and it's all wight. Don't cry!'

He needed the advice himself, for, ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

'She belonged to you, Coppy,' said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. 'I *knew* she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home.'

'You're a hero, Winkie,' said Coppy—'a splendid hero!'

'I don't know what vat means,' said Wee Willie Winkie; 'but you mustn't call me Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams.'

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood."

3

WHEN.

"THE SUMMONS TO THE YOUNG KNIGHT.

By FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Dawn in the vales, Sir Knight, dawn on the little hills,
Dawn in your listening heart that wakes to-day, and
thrills

Just for the word to prove all you would do and dare
So that the King's decree scathless and stainless fare.

Saddle and spurs, Sir Knight—it is the King that calls!
Up—let the laggard nod there in the castle halls!
Never a day like this; never a time, I trow;
Never have ages past summoned their men as now.

What of yon ruined keep? What of the dungeon gray?
What of the fears that start, barring a hero's way?
Loving thine honor best, blind to the wayside lure,
Ride, as to battle ride, keeping thy charge secure.

Spur to the hills, Sir Knight, never to faint or halt,
Heedless how pigmy Fear dallies with giant Fault;
Only to do and dare, giving thy hope free wing,
Bearing thy message safe—safe to the waiting King.”

And now you will wish to know how the knights of chivalry were made such in the brave tales of old. Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison has written a little story for the purpose of showing just how a boy grew to become a knight.

“HOW LITTLE CEDRIC BECAME A KNIGHT.

ELIZABETH HARRISON.*

A long time ago there lived a little boy whose name was Cedric. At the foot of a high hill, on the top of which stood a grand old castle, was the stone hut in which he lived. The little boy had many a time watched the strong iron gate rise slowly from the ground, as out of the courtyard of the castle would ride Sir Rollin Dubois and his faithful soldiers.

There were sometimes two or three visiting knights

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and their followers, and they were a gay sight as the sun shone on their glittering armor of steel, and glanced from their bright helmets. They looked so strong and resolute as they sat, calm and erect, in their saddles. A glance into their fine faces would have assured you that they were noble and brave, and could be trusted by everybody, from the king to the poorest peasant in the land. Their very horses seemed proud to carry them as they galloped along.

Little Cedric thought there never was anything more beautiful than these knights, as they came down the hill on some quest of adventure or errand of mercy.

One day Cedric had been playing with his pet kitten. After a good romp with her, he had thrown himself down on the soft green grass to rest, and the queer little kitten had gone out into the middle of the dusty road and curled herself up for a nice nap.

Suddenly Cedric looked up and saw five knights with all their squires and pages galloping down the road! In a moment more his eye fell upon the kitten, lying fast asleep in the middle of the highway. Fearing that the horsemen would not see her, he sprang to his feet, ran quickly forward, and gathered the soft little thing up in his arms just in time to save it from the horses' feet.

As the riders passed, one of the tall knights slackened his horse, and, smiling down upon Cedric, said, 'My little fellow, you are almost brave enough to be a knight some day.' He then galloped on to join his party, and soon the

yellow dust which they had raised from the ground settled down again.

Cedric stood looking after the horsemen until they seemed a mere speck in the distance and then disappeared altogether. He did not even notice the kitten in his arms when she put her nose up against his cheek.

At last he turned to go into the house, and as he went he said softly to himself, 'To be a knight some day!' He ate his simple supper of bread and milk in silence. His mother noticed how quiet he was, but she said nothing; for she knew that in his own good time he would tell her all that was in his heart.

That night as he undressed for bed he looked up at the stars and said, in a soft, low tone, 'Beautiful stars, do you know what a wonderful thing Sir Rollin said to me to-day? He told me that perhaps some day I might be a brave knight!' He could hardly sleep, he was so happy. The great knight had spoken to him, had praised his courage, and, best of all, had said that perhaps some day he, Cedric, might be a great knight himself!

'Could such a thing possibly come to pass?' He asked himself this question over and over again, until at last he fell asleep and dreamed that he was a large, strong man, and wore a shining armor of steel, and rode a splendid black horse, and carried a great sword, and that all the people of the country round about honored and loved him because he was one of the bravest knights in the whole land.

Just as he was dreaming that he was about to rescue a beautiful princess from an ugly giant who had shut her up in a prison, he heard his mother calling him. He opened his eyes and saw that the sky was all pink and gold with the clouds of the sunrise, and that he was only little Cedric in his attic chamber. He dressed himself quickly and climbed down the wooden ladder to the room below.

He was soon busy and happy, helping his mother feed the doves and water the cow and fetch hay for the two horses. After his father had eaten his breakfast and had gone to his work in the field, the little would-be knight and his mother washed the dishes and tidied the two small rooms. Cedric was very fond of thus helping her with the work, and she often said, 'My little boy is both son and daughter to me.' By and by she sat down to her sewing.

Then Cedric could keep his secret no longer. Going up to her, he put his arm around her neck and whispered to her the story of the knight, how he had stopped and spoken, and what he had said. 'Do you think I could ever grow up to be a knight, mother?' asked he.

His mother smiled, and then looked sober as she brushed his brown hair back from his forehead and said, 'Knights have many, many hard things to do, my son, and oftentimes their lives are in danger.'

'Yes, I know,' answered Cedric, eagerly, 'but I think,

mother, how brave they are, and how good! Do they not protect our country?’

‘Yes,’ said his mother, ‘I know all that. I could not sleep at night when our enemies are near at hand if I did not know that Sir Rollin Dubois and his brave soldiers were on the hill close by. But you are a very little boy, Cedric. Run out to your play now.’

Many times during the next few weeks little Cedric thought of the grand knights, and how one of them had smiled at him and had spoken as if he, Cedric, might some day be a great, strong knight, and ride a beautiful horse, and do brave deeds.

Weeks passed by, and the spring had changed into summer. One evening, just as the setting sun was turning all the white clouds into gold and crimson, Cedric stood in the low doorway, wondering if where the angels lived could be more beautiful than was the sky over his dear mountain home. He suddenly heard the tramp of horses’ feet, and, looking down across the plain, he saw a gay party of horsemen. Their armor flashed and shone in the light of the setting sun, and their long white plumes waved in the gentle evening breeze.

Cedric’s face lighted up with a glad smile, for he knew that it was Sir Rollin Dubois and his soldiers returning from the terrible war to which the King had sent them. They soon came near enough for Cedric to see their faces, as the heavy steel visors of their helmets were lifted so that they might breathe more freely the

soft summer air. It had been a warm day, and Cedric noticed that even the tallest knight among them looked tired, and as if he would be glad to get to the castle and lay aside, for a while at least, his heavy armor.

Just as they were passing the door in which Cedric stood, one of them stopped his horse, and leaning forward said, 'My little man, will you give me a drink of water?' Cedric ran quickly and filled a cup with fresh, cool water from the spring near by, and brought it to the knight, 'Thank you,' said the nobleman, as he handed the cup back to Cedric. 'I am very glad to be able to serve you,' said Cedric, quietly. The knight smiled, gathered up the reins of his horse, and said, 'You are as courteous as a knight, my boy.'

That evening Cedric told his mother of this second speech, and then asked, as a wistful look came over his face, 'Ah, mother dear, do you think I can ever become a knight?'

Weeks passed into months and the soft, gray snow-clouds had covered the green hills with the white mantle of winter. Whenever Cedric felt like being rude or cross, or selfish, he thought of the bright smile on the great knight's face that summer evening when he had asked for the cup of cold water, and he felt sure the smile would change into a frown if the knight should see him do a discourteous or a selfish act.

A year or two had passed, when one day something happened which Cedric never forgot. His father came

in from work and said, 'Sir Rollin Dubois wants a young lad to come to the castle to take the place of his page who has lately been promoted. Do you think, wife, that our Cedric is strong enough for such an office?'

Cedric's heart almost stopped beating while he listened for his mother's answer. She thought for a few moments, and then said slowly, as if weighing each word, 'Yes, I think he would try very hard to do his duty, and I should like to have him learn more of knighthood. Perhaps some day he too may be a knight, who knows?' she added, as she turned smilingly to the radiant face of her boy.

That very afternoon she made a bundle of his few clothes, and his father took him by the hand, and walked with him up the steep hill to the great castle gate. Cedric had never before been so near the castle, and when his father lifted the heavy iron knocker, and brought it down with two or three loud knocks, it seemed to him that his heart was knocking almost as loudly. 'Not that he was afraid, but he was stirred by the thought of going into the presence of the great and noble Sir Rollin.

The huge iron gate slowly lifted. The drawbridge was already thrown across the ditch of water which surrounded the castle, and in a few moments Cedric and his father had passed under the stone archway and were standing within the courtyard. A man took them into a large room whose walls and floors were of stone, and bade them sit down on a wooden bench which stood near

a door, saying at the same time, 'I will tell Sir Rollin that you are here.'

They had been waiting some time when a door at the other end of the room opened, and a large, well-built man, who looked so tall and straight that he reminded Cedric of a mountain pine, came forward. He was not dressed in armor, but Cedric knew at once that it was Sir Rollin Dubois. The knight talked a few moments with Cedric's father, and then, turning to Cedric, he said, 'And you think you would like to become a knight, my boy? Are you sure that you will not mind hard work, and will remember always to be true and pure, brave and unselfish?'

Cedric's smile was so bright that no answer was needed. The knight turned again to his father and said, 'Do you realize that it will take ten years or more of discipline and hard work on the part of your boy before he can hope to be promoted to a position of responsibility?' 'Yes,' said the father, quietly, 'but I think he is willing to try it.'

After a little talk, it was decided that the boy should begin his training then and there. So his father bade him good-bye, and left. Cedric was taken by an older boy up some stone stairs to a small room whose ceiling, walls, and floor were of stone. In the corner of the room lay a pile of straw, over which had been thrown a sheepskin. At one side of the room was a small table. No other furniture was in the apartment save a cedar

chest, 'which was doubtless intended to serve for both chair and wardrobe.

There was a narrow, pointed window in one side of the room through which the sunlight came. Cedric went up to the window and looked out, but it was so high that he could see only the blue sky and a soft white cloud. 'Ah,' thought Cedric to himself, 'I can at least see the stars at night and the sunlight each morning. Will they not remind me always of the good God who watches over me?'

That night his supper consisted of some coarse barley bread and a bowl of broth. Cedric, however, was used to simple food, and did not mind this part of his discipline. As he lay down upon the pile of straw and drew the sheepskin over him, he thought of his nice warm bed at home; but instantly came this other thought, 'I must learn to be hardy and strong if I am ever to do any great work in the world. So I will not mind such little discomforts as these.'

Cedric soon found that he had not only to eat coarse food and sleep on a hard bed, but that he had to practice standing very straight, running very swiftly, and managing a horse; to jump on and off while the horse was in full gallop, to throw his spear with unerring accuracy, and also that he must be prompt and ready to obey a call from Sir Rollin; that he must not only learn to do errands faithfully and quickly, but to wait patiently and

quietly oftentimes when he could not understand why he waited.

Year after year passed by, and little Cedric had grown large and tall. When he visited his home he used often to laugh at the little bed which had once held him so cosily. Not only had he grown strong and tall, but he had grown even in thoughtfulness and courtesy toward all about him.

One day Sir Rollin sent for him. 'Cedric,' said he, 'I wish you to take a message to the King. It is quite an important one, and it must reach him before to-morrow night. Get ready as quickly as you can. Take my gray horse, as he is the swiftest one in the stables, and remember that I have trusted you much by sending you upon this errand.

Cedric's heart beat wild with joy as he thought, 'At last I have proved faithful enough to be sent with a message to our great King.' He was ready in less than half an hour, and, jumping on the splendid gray charger, he went galloping down the highway. On and on he rode.

At last he entered a thick forest of pine trees. The road grew very dark and lonesome.

'What if I should meet some wild beast?' thought Cedric; but he added, half aloud, 'If I am ever to be a knight, I must learn to be brave, and face every danger.'

It was not long before he was quite sure that he heard a deep, low growl. His heart beat fast, but he rode steadily forward, and soon the growl was repeated, this time

nearer and more distinctly; and Cedric saw in the dim light a great wild boar coming toward him.

The creature's eyes were shining like fire, and his white tusks overhung his lower jaw in a fierce and forbidding fashion. Cedric knew that this must be the beast which had destroyed so many of the cattle of the neighboring peasants, but who was so strong and savage that no one had dared to go near him. He spurred his horse forward as he thought, 'If I kill this wild boar I shall already have begun to be of service to the people of my country.' So he lifted the spear which he carried at his side from its leathern socket, and raising it high in the air, hurled it swiftly at the beast, which was ready to spring upon him.

In a moment more the wild boar rolled over upon the ground dead. Cedric reached down and drew his spear from its side, and as he rode on again he thought, 'Wolves and wild boars must not stop the way of a messenger of the King. I must fear nothing if I am to be a knight.'

After a time his road lay out of the forest into the sunlight. As he approached a small village he heard a great noise as of much shouting, and soon he saw a group of boys who were evidently hooting and laughing at something in their midst. He rode up to where they were, and felt himself growing indignant as he saw an old deformed man standing in their midst, at whom they were jeering.

In a moment he sprang from his horse, and pressing through the crowd of boys he stood beside the old man. On his face was a flush of indignant anger. 'How dare you,' he exclaimed, 'laugh at or insult an old man like this?' The boys drew back frightened. Although he was really no taller than they, he seemed to tower above them. 'My!' exclaimed one of them in a whisper, 'doesn't he look like a knight as he stands there?' 'I shouldn't wonder if he were one,' said another.

Cedric turned to the old man, who was trembling in every limb. 'Where are you going?' asked he kindly. 'Only to the next village,' said the old man, 'but these boys stopped me on my way. I cannot help my deformity nor my old age. I wish I could.' The tears stood in his eyes as he spoke. 'Come,' said Cedric, gently, 'let me help you upon my horse. I, too, am going to the next village.'

When they had reached the next village, Cedric helped the old man from the horse at his own door. Then, mounting, he thought to himself, 'I am very hungry; I think I shall stop at the village inn and get a good warm supper. No,' said he, on second thought, 'I cannot stop now. I have had to travel so slowly because of the old man that I must make up for lost time.' With that he tightened the rein of his beautiful horse, and the two had soon left the village far in the distance. Cedric reached back to the leather pouch behind him and took from it a dry biscuit, which had to serve for his supper that night.

Late in the evening he reached the house at which he was to rest his horse, and he himself slept for a few hours. By dawn the next day he was up and off on his journey. As he was riding by a small stream of water he noticed a poor little fish that some thoughtless fisherman had thrown upon the bank as too insignificant to be taken home for breakfast. The tiny creature was struggling and gasping for breath as it vainly tried to get back into the water. 'Ah! you poor little thing,' thought Cedric, 'I wish I had time to put you back into the stream, but I haven't!' and so he rode on.

Then came the thought, 'A knight would take time to help anything that was suffering. If ever I am to be a knight, I must do so, too.' With this thought he turned, and was soon back again at the spot where the little fish lay. He got down off his horse, and taking the poor creature in his hand as gently as possible, he stooped down and put it into the stream of water. It swam rapidly away as if glad, beyond words, to get back into its own element. Its swiftly moving tail seemed to Cedric, as he watched it for a moment, to say, 'Thank you, Cedric, thank you, thank you!' He then jumped on his horse again and rode on.

The day grew very warm, but Cedric knew that he must not stop for his own comfort. His errand was an important one and he must reach the King's palace before night.

At last the beautiful palace came in sight, and in a few

moments Cedric had ridden into the courtyard. He gave his letter to a servant to carry to one of the squires, who gave it to a courtier, who presented it to the King; for, you must remember, a king in those days was a very great person, and only those men who had risen high in rank could approach him.

Among other things, the note contained this message: It told the King that the bearer was a young lad who had been in training for knighthood; that Sir Rollin had found him always brave and trustworthy, true and noble, kind and courteous; and that he, Sir Rollin, thought if the King wanted him in his army, he would find him worthy of the place.

The King sent for Cedric to come to him personally. Our little boy had grown into a tall youth, you know, and his frank, pure face was good to look upon. The King told him that he wished to put him in office in his army; and thus Cedric went to live in the King's household, and here he learned many things which he could not have learned at the castle of Sir Rollin Dubois.

Several years passed by, and Cedric had been intrusted with many enterprises both difficult and dangerous. At last, one day, the King sent for him to come into the throne room. There sat the King upon a beautiful throne of gold; beside him sat the Queen. Over their heads was a crimson velvet canopy. Standing about the room was a great number of courtiers and grand ladies.

As Cedric entered the room, the King said, 'Come forward!'

Cedric stepped forward and kneeled upon one knee before the throne, as was the custom in those days. The King raised his beautiful golden scepter and struck Cedric lightly upon the shoulder with it, saying, at the same time, 'Rise, Sir Cedric of Atholstane.' And Cedric knew that he was at last a knight.

In time he had a beautiful castle of his own, and splendid armor, and a beautiful black horse. The handsome horse used to prance and toss his head proudly in the air, as if he knew what a noble young knight he was carrying. After a while Cedric had a lovely wife and three sweet little children of his own; and, as he rode abroad over the country, many a time the peasants, standing in their cottage doors, would say to one another, 'There goes the brave Sir Cedric of Atholstane. God bless him! May he live long to help protect our country!' And all the people loved him."

And now we must have a brief account of the real deeds of the finest knight of the Middle Ages, the Chevalier Bayard, the knight who was "without fear and without reproach."

"The Chevalier Bayard has always been spoken of as the true and chivalrous knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Bayard was born in 1476, at the Chateau Bayard, in Dauphiny. He chose the profession of arms, and went

through the usual training of the knight before entering the service of the king. It is unnecessary to follow his history, during which he conducted himself as a true knight. His principal services were performed in Italy under Francis I; at Fornova, at Milan, at Genoa, at Padua, at Verona, at La Bastia, and at Brescia. At the siege of this latter place he led the attack. He leaped the rampart and received a terrible pike-thrust in his thigh, the spear-head remaining broken short off in his flesh. 'The town is gained,' he said, 'but I shall never enter it. I am wounded to the death.' The Duke of Nemours, learning that the first fort was taken, but that Bayard was mortally wounded, felt as much grief as if he himself had received the blow. 'Let us go, my men and comrades,' he cried, 'and avenge the death of the most accomplished knight that ever lived.' Brescia was taken, and the Venetians were driven out.

While the French went about pillaging the town, Bayard was taken up from the dead and dying, and carried on a wooden gate to the nearest dwelling. The house belonged to a gentleman who had fled, leaving his wife and two young and beautiful daughters to the care of Providence. The lady herself opened the door, and received Bayard. Though supposed to be dying, he had strength enough left to order that the soldiers were not to be permitted to pillage the house, and he undertook to indemnify them for the loss of their plunder.

The lady had Bayard carried into a fair apartment,

where she threw herself upon her knees before him, and said, 'Noble lord, I offer you this house and all that it contains; all is yours by the laws of war. I only ask you for one favor; which is, that you will preserve the lives and honor of myself and my two daughters.' Bayard, though scarcely able to speak, said, 'I do not know whether I shall recover from this wound I have received, but as long as I live neither you nor your daughters shall suffer any injury. I promise you all the respect and friendship in my power. But the most urgent need now is to procure me some help, and that quickly.'

The lady, accompanied by one of the soldiers, went in search of a surgeon. As soon as he arrived he examined the wound, which was large and deep, but happily, as he declared, not mortal. The Duke of Nemours also sent his surgeon, and what with the careful nursing and dressing of the wounds, Bayard was soon in the way of recovery. In the meantime he asked the lady where her husband was. 'I don't know,' she answered, weeping bitterly, 'whether he is dead or alive, but I believe he has taken refuge in a convent.' When they learned the place of his retreat Bayard sent two archers and the *maitre d'hotel* to bring him back to his home. He was then assured of his safety and protection, so long as the patient remained in his house.

When the surgeon assured him of his wound being healed, and that, with the help of his servant, he might easily heal the external scar by means of his ointment,

Bayard rewarded the surgeon with his usual liberality, and resolved to join the army in two days. When the gentleman and lady of the house thought of the ransom they would have to give to Bayard for his protection, they collected together all that they had. It consisted of 2,500 golden ducats in a highly ornamented steel coffer. The lady entered Bayard's room, and threw herself on her knees. The good knight forced her to rise, and would not listen to her until she was seated near him.

'My lord,' she said, 'I shall thank God all my life that it pleased Him, in the midst of the sacking of our town, to lead such a generous knight to our house; and my husband and children shall always look upon you as our tutelar angel, and shall ever remember that it is to you we owe our lives and our honor. . . . We confess we are your prisoners; the house, with all it contains, is yours by right of conquest; but you have shown us such generosity and greatness of mind that I have come to beg you to have pity on us, and to be satisfied with the little present that I have the honor to offer you.'

She presented the coffer, and showed Bayard its contents. 'How much have you here?' he said. 'My lord, there are only 2,500 ducats; but if you are not satisfied, mention the sum you wish to have, and we will try to get it.' Bayard, who thought nothing of gold or silver, immediately rejoined, 'If you were to offer me 10,000 ducats, I should not value them so much as all the kindness you have shown me since I have been with you, and

the company you have borne me, both yourself and your whole family.'

The lady again threw herself on her knees, and, with tears in her eyes, begged him to accept her present.

'I shall consider myself the most unhappy woman in the world if you refuse it.' 'As you wish it so much,' replied Bayard, 'I accept it; but I pray you send your daughters here that I may take leave of them.' Bayard divided the ducats into three lots—two of 1,000 ducats each, and one of 500. When the young girls came, they threw themselves on their knees at his feet, but he made them get up and seat themselves.

'My lord,' said the elder of them, 'you see before you two young girls who owe their lives and honor to you. We are very sorry not to be able to show our thanks otherwise than by praying to God for you all our lives, and asking Him to reward you, both in this world and the next.'

Bayard, affected almost to tears, thanked them for their help and charming society, for they had been his daily companions, and amused him by working in his room, and singing or playing to him on the lute. 'You know,' he said, 'that soldiers are not ordinarily loaded with jewels to present to young ladies. But your mother has just compelled me to accept from her the 2,500 ducats that you see there. I give you a thousand each to form part of your marriage portion, and as to the remaining

500, I intend them to be distributed among the poor convents which have suffered most from the pillage.'

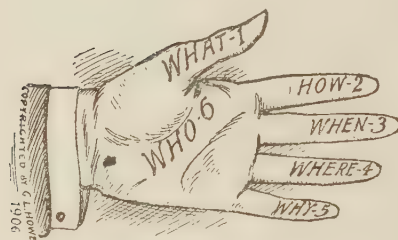
Thus the matter was settled, amid the tears and thankfulness of the whole family; and when Bayard went away he carried with him the joy and goodness and self-sacrifice of the true Christian knight.

After many battles and adventures, always conducted with loyalty and bravery, Bayard met his death-wound at Rebas, near Milan. Admiral Bonivet, a favorite of Francis I, had placed him in a most dangerous position—perhaps from jealousy. While on his post there, an arquebuse was fired upon him by the Spaniards. The stone struck Bayard across the loins, and fractured his spine. When he felt the blow, he cried, 'Oh God, I am slain!' Then he kissed the cross hilt of his sword, using it as a crucifix.

His comrades wished to withdraw him from the fray. 'No,' he said; 'I do not wish, in my last moments, to turn my back on the enemy for the first time in my life.' He ordered himself to be carried under a tree. He had still strength left in him to call out 'Charge!' 'Let me die,' he said, 'with my face to the enemy.'"

See also the story of Gareth in the chapter on "Beginning with Small Things."

CHAPTER LXXIV.



HOW KNIGHTS ARE MADE TODAY.

CHIVALRY, CONTINUED.

When King Arthur went away in the magic boat to the Isle of Avilion to be healed of his battle wounds, it was said that he would come again and establish a new and fairer kingdom.

It was a happy thought that about fourteen years ago suggested a* partial fulfillment of old King Arthur's prophecy that he would return to the world again, when some sturdy lads, descended from Anglo-Saxon stock over here in the New England across the sea, founded a new Round Table and called themselves Knights of King Arthur.*

*Used by special permission of William Byron Forbush and Frank Lincoln Masseck.

PLAYING KNIGHT.

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They, too, had a king and a Merlin counselor, though not one of "uncounted winters" like the old magician. Beside their throne was a mystic Siege Perilous to which the bravest and best of their number might be elected to sit by his peers. They had swords too, and banners, and they wore the white cross. They promised, as their ancient fathers once did, "to serve their King and their conscience and follow all that makes a man." And this they did in careful imitation of the old orders, beginning as pages dressed in shabby clothes and bearing their humility and the jokes of their superiors as best they could, serving some time as brisk and useful esquires and many of them at last, after thoughtfulness and fasting, receiving the white baldric as belted knights.

Thousands of boys, some of them already young men of achievement, are to-day enrolled in the order. The lists are still open. Even the solitary boy who cannot form a castle can be one of the order and in his own play and work and study, take, as the others have, some knightly name as his own and try to be the finest thing on earth—a Gentle Man. Sometime when there are other thousands added and the new chivalry has had time to find its quest, there will be a chivalrous kingdom of knightly-hearted men in the Great Republic and many wrongs will be righted by the hands of lads who wear a tiny white cross above their hearts.

Girls too belong to the Order. If they sign the charter or are connected in any way with a Castle, each

is called a "Lady of the Court of King Arthur." Those who may be elected by the boys to help them in their Castles, girls or women, sisters or mothers, have the title of "Lady of the Lake" and "Queens of Avilion."

The plan of the Order has the following unique features:

Each member takes the name of some ancient or modern hero, and is called by that name in the Order instead of by his own. Each member may select his own title. Thus Frank Brown becomes Sir Percival or Sir Bayard or Sir Theodore Roosevelt.

Each member may, by doing certain work or attaining certain prescribed excellence, advance through the knightly degrees of page, esquire and knight, and later be made one of the nobility.

Each member endeavors, in his character, conduct and manners, to live out the finest traits of the heroes of those days of chivalry.

This may all be done by a young person either as an individual or as a member of a Castle.

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP.

Any boy or girl upon signing his name to the charter (an illuminated copy of which is given in every copy of this book) and writing to the Reverend Frank Lincoln Messick, the King of the International Order, Potsdam, New York, that he has done so, becomes a member of the Order. The boy is a "Page," the girl is a "Lady."

Any boy who continues a member for six months and can at the end of that time give, without a book, a short account of the hero for whom he is named and who signs a simple vow, of his own wording, of purity, temperance and reverence, becomes an "esquire." He does not need to do so, but if he informs Mr. Masseck and sends him five cents he will receive a certificate to that effect.

At any time after this, whenever a boy joins a church, he thereby becomes a "knight." Mr. Masseck will also and a certificate of this, as before, if desired.

CASTLE MEMBERSHIP.

Any group of boys, with a responsible adult leader, anywhere, may form themselves into a Castle. The cost of a Charter and enrollment is ten cents, which is to be sent to Mr. Masseck. But Castles desiring to use the ritual and carry out the plans of a Castle should send for a Castle equipment, which costs \$2.00 and includes Handbook, Charter, enrollment, cards for conclaves and first, second and third degrees, and one year's subscription to WORK WITH BOYS, the organ of the Order.

A Castle has a boy king, and all the degrees and officers of an ancient court. It may have banners, swords, spears, shields and any amount of homemade paraphernalia, and it acts out in every possible way the life of an olden Castle.

A Castle may have interesting initiations, tournaments, quests, and all the features of the best boys' clubs. The Castles have been formed in hundreds of the best churches in America, for the Order is the strongest fraternity of church boys in the world.

THE NOBILITY.

Any boy can earn his way to the nobility in this Order. The corresponding titles are given to girls on the same condition.

In the Castles these honors may be conferred by the adult leader who is called the "Merlin." Individual boys and girls receive them from the international King on payment of five cents.

The rank of Baronet is given in Castles for special deeds of "brawn or brain or knightliness," by a vote of the Castle. It is also borne by anyone who attains a "Red Honor" in Mr. Seton's "Woodcraft Indians" (see Chapter VII).

The rank of the Baron is given as follows: For long service (for active membership in the Order three years), for distinguished service to the Order (to any person who founds a Castle of ten members), for victory in inter-Castle athletics, for winning one "Coupe" in any two departments or two "Grand Coups" in athletics in the "Woodcraft Indians," or for completing the first Reading Course, presented by the local Merlin or by the international King Arthur.

VISCOUNT.

The Order gives this rank: for active membership four years, for founding a Castle of twenty members, for a "Coupe" in three departments or three "Grand Coups" in athletics in the "Woodcraft Indians," for victory in inter-Castle literary or oratorical tournaments, or for completing a second Reading Course.

EARL.

The Order gives this rank: for active membership five years, for founding a Castle of thirty members, for a "Coupe" in four departments or four "Grand Coups" in Athletics in the "Woodcraft Indians," for completing a third Reading Course.

MARQUIS.

The Order gives this rank: for completing a fourth Reading Course, for achieving the Siege Perilous in a Castle thrice, for a "Coupe" in five departments or five "Coups" in athletics in the "Woodcraft Indians," to Merlins of provinces (of groups of Castles) of the Order.

DUKE.

The Order gives this rank, at its option, not for any specified effort, but for such remarkable service to the

Order, such knightly achievements, or such heroic deeds as it desires to honor. A Duke is *ex officio* a life Chancellor of the Order.

PRINCE.

The Order gives this rank: (the full title is Prince Galahad of Cærléon) not oftener than once a year and to no more than one person a year, to one who shall be adjudged to have been that year the most knightly of all the Brotherhood.

TITLES.

A Baronet may write "Bart." after his name and should be enrolled by his rank in the Castle roll. A Baron is to be spoken of as a "Lord," a Viscount as "Count," an Earl as "Earl," etc. They are spoken to as "your Lordship," if that doesn't seem too humorous. A Baron assumes the name of his Castle to add to his title. Thus, Frank Percy on joining the Knighthood chooses the title Gareth and becomes "Sir Gareth." Being raised to the Siege Perilous, he adds "Bart." Being raised to the Barony, and being a member of Castle Perth, he is "Sir Gareth, Baron of Perth." If he attains an Earldom, he is "Earl of Perth," etc. He is so enrolled in his Castle and by the Page Merlin of the Order "at Cærléon" (the seat of the Order; the word means: "Castle of the Legions)."

The badge of the Order is a white maltese cross upon

a red background. This may be made of red satin ribbon with the cross embroidered in silk or made of white celluloid. The members of the Peerage are entitled to wear special badges, made of ribbon as follows:

Baronet, gold ribbon, with one blue bar.

Baron, gold ribbon, with one red bar.

Viscount, gold ribbon, with one white bar.

Earl, gold ribbon, with two blue bars.

Marquis, gold ribbon, with two red bars.

Duke, gold ribbon, with two white bars.

National King, gold ribbon.

Prince Galahad, white ribbon.

No regalia is necessary, and none is prescribed by the Order. Not only is it desirable that the boys should make whatever is used, but it is well that it should not be expensive. The following suggestions are made: We should advocate as the first equipment, scarfs or sashes for the members to wear at Conclave. These are of cloth and a little over two yards long and six or eight inches wide. They may be all red or for the Pages of blue, for the Esquires red, for the Knights white. The material should be cheap cashmere, turkey red or other light cotton goods, costing not more than ten cents a yard. They are worn over the right shoulder and under the left arm. Upon the shoulder or breast should be fastened a large white maltese cross made from pasteboard or celluloid.

The Pages are entitled to bear spears, the Esquires

shields and the Knights swords. The spears may be a light staff and should bear at the top a bannerette containing the colors or coat of arms selected by the owner. This is to be borne in processions and kept upright at his seat at Conclave. The sword may be made from a lath whittled, with a handle affixed and covered with gilt or silver paper. The shield may be made by covering a hoop with a red cloth and placing a white cross or the Knight's name or motto upon its surface. The officers may later have robes, but at first may simply have the badges of the proper color to indicate their rank. The King's robe may be purple, the Merlin's black, the Seneschal's green, the Constable's yellow, and the Sentinel's brown. Over these robes are worn the member's scarfs or colors. Thus a red scarf worn over the purple robe would indicate that an Esquire is acting as King.

The arrangement of the Castle Hall is as follows: The chairs are placed in a circle representing the ancient Round Table. At one end, upon a platform if possible, is the King's throne, a chair of more elaborate design is the Siege Perilous, covered with red or white cloth, at its right. In front of the King, below him and in the circle, sits Merlin with Kay, his assistant, at his left. There may be a table between them. The throne should be made the central place of decoration. It may be roofed with crossed spars bound with the colors of the order. A handsome sword of some secret order can be borrowed of some father or bought by subscription. This

should lie across an open Bible in front of the throne when not carried or used by the King. It or a spear may be used in place of a gavel. The seats should be arranged in as large and perfect a circle as possible. In the centre there may be for literary meetings a round table, but at ceremonials it is well to indicate the table by a circular piece of carpet of the colors of the order.

In addition to taking the names of heroes and studying their lives, imitating the heroic age in the rituals and entering into the heroic atmosphere, many other methods may be suggested. The Castle may be encouraged to buy books of heroic biography. Great men, alive or dead, may be enrolled as honorary members. Men of achievement and noble character may be invited to address the Castle. Portraits of such men should adorn the Castle wall. A special scrap-book may be purchased, to which should be added a portrait of some hero at each meeting. The portraits of modern heroes may be taken from the newspapers and these form a record of current events. Let the roll be called by an answer from each boy of some event of the week. "The Record of Virtue Contest" is a plan of competition in which boys bring pictures of their own chosen heroes. The birthdays of the heroes for whom these are named may be recorded and celebrated. A calendar may be compiled marking each day of the year that is a birthday of a hero. Each boy may be encouraged to select a motto for himself, if possible from the words of his namesake. The Order offers its honors,

as elsewhere explained, for a Reading Course. This course may be chosen by the Merlin, but must comprise at least five books and a composition. The suggested course is as follows:

1. Theodore Roosevelt's "Hero Tales of American History."
2. Bulfinch's "Age of Chivalry."
3. Kipling's "Captains Courageous."
4. Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" or Scott's "Ivanhoe."
5. The Gospel of Luke.
6. A Composition: "The Most Heroic Deed of Which I Know."

Isn't this a fine plan? Don't you want to be in it? All you have to do is to think over carefully what it means to be a knight, then sign and report your signing to the charter, then read all you can learn about the days and ways of chivalry (Francis Nimmo Greene's "King Arthur and His Court," seventy-five cents, Ginn & Co. is the best boy's account of the story), then try to be to-day what the knights were of old, loyal, chivalrous and ready to serve.

I like to think of an American Prince arming himself for the battle of life from crown to foot, his greaves buckled on by a sweet-spirited mother while a watching sister stands near and breathes a gentle prayer. He goes forth with a mind that thinks naught unclean, a heart cheerful for every fate, a body supple and quick and

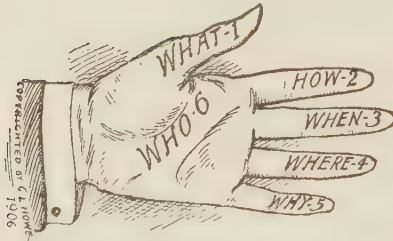
strong, a will masterful but controlled, a soul reverent and watchful. Into the fight he goes. He may be hit hard, but he never turns back, his sword fails, he grasps up one dropped by some craven's hand and wins with it. For all high causes, for all sweet womanhood holds holy, for all who are weak and helpless, his colors and his arm are at the front. He must, he will conquer. In the sign for which he fights, victory is sure.

And then the glorious comradeship of it all! To know that the other fellow far away is fighting the same battle and to dare be as brave as he! What is that song I have heard the young knights sing?

By our bright cross-hilted sword-blades,
By our flashing, heaven-bathed sword-blades,
By our circles, comrade sword-blades,
Warriors of the King we be.

Comrades, hail the Cross that leads us,
Comrades, hail the Grail that beckons,
Comrades, hail the War that waits us,
Knights of holy chivalry.

CHAPTER LXXV.



THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LOVING-KINDNESS.

1 WHAT.

Loving-kindness is that friendly feeling toward humanity which causes one to desire to do them good.

2 How.

“To give rich gifts perhaps we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.”

More than this, we may positively help other people.
It doesn't cost much to be kind.

Once there was a woman who lived in a large house in a neighborhood that had once been rich and now was poor. She was old and deaf and alone, but in her front yard she raised beautiful flowers.

Early in the morning she was always out in her garden, gathering and arranging little bouquets, which she tied up and fastened on the pickets of her fence. Each one was fastened with a pin, and all were free to those who passed.

The street was not much travelled, but many passed that way to take a flower from Mrs. Bowen's fence.

The owner of the flowers was never in sight, but behind the window shade she was happy to watch the people passing.

The watchman, the policeman, the fireman, the clerk, the shop-girl, and the day laborer were among them and seldom was one ungrateful or greedy. Men carrying dinner pails in their hands and shovels on their shoulders took the flowers and looked up to the window to say a word of thanks, and seeing no one to thank, passed on grateful.

She died unnoticed in another part of the city, but so long as she lived she brightened the one spot of earth that was her own.

3 WHEN.

"If there is a kind deed that I can do, let me do it now ; let me not neglect it nor defer it, for I may not pass this way again."

—*Charles Kingsley.*

4 WHERE.

Do I need to say where? Go forth from your door. You will not walk a dozen paces before you will meet one who will appreciate a smile or a greeting and when

you come in again there will be at least one inside to whom you ought to render the same.

5

WHY.

Men, like mirrors, turn to us the same kind of faces we turn to them. If ours be kind faces, we shall live in a world of sunshine.

The most famous of stories of loving-kindness, showing how a crusty old miser was transformed into a good neighbor and friend, is Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Here it is, in a condensed form.

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon "Change" for anything he chose to put his hand to. Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge & Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge & Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The

cold within froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

Once upon a time, of all the good days of the year, on Christmas Eve,—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal, and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep an eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

He went on to say that Christmas was a foolish and useless time.

But his nephew replied: "It is a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation!"

"You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

His nephew invited him home to Christmas, but he only growled his refusal.

A gentleman who was collecting money for Christmas gifts for the poor next called, but Scrooge told him he paid his taxes to support poorhouses and prisons for such people, and he would not give him a penny.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill used, I'll be bound."

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill used when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier the next morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge

walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town, as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff.

Scrooge went grumpily to his own dismal home.

During the evening, as he sat alone, the door knocker, the figures on the fireplace and everything in the room began in turn to take on a strange resemblance to the face of his old partner, Marley.

By and by Marley's ghost really appeared to him. There was a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise, much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's a humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it!"

His color changed, though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying

flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face, the very same. Marley, in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pig-tail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge did not believe in ghosts, but finally, much terrified, he had to grant that here was a real one.

Marley told him that he was condemned to walk the earth, carrying his chains, because in life he had lived for nothing but money. Especially was he unhappy at the glad Christmas season.

Finally he said:

"I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thankee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls One."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us."

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step he took the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open. He beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up his hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped. Then he disappeared.

When Scrooge awoke it was so dark, that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes,

when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past ten when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

Scrooge remembered of a sudden that the Ghost had promised him a visitation at one.

Finally the clock struck a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy *one*. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face-to-face with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure,—like a child; yet rather like an old man shrunk to a child's proportions. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh, green holly in its hand; and,

in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright, clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Who are you and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

In a soft and gentle voice the spirit answered, "I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise, and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that the bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

The Spirit took him to his own childhood's home, showed him the village school, and brought him face to face with the characters of his favorite childhood's stories.

Scrooge was as eager as a child and tears of happy memory ran down his face.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff; "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge, "nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying, as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the ghost and with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously towards the door.

It opened, and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and, putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever."

Then he saw himself leaving school and riding home with his dearest sister.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart.

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I will not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

Again the scene changed and he was at work in the city for old Fezziwig, who made Christmas a happy time for all the many men in his employ.

And, again, he saw a fair girl who might have been his bride, but he had already put a golden idol in her place. In her happy home she learned how he had become a miserable money grubber.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed. "I cannot bear it."

He turned upon the Ghost, and, seeing that it looked upon him with a face in which, in some strange way, there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!"

He found himself back in his own bedroom and in an instant sank into a heavy sleep.

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of one.

The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove; from every part of which bright, gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints

of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausage, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In the midst of all sat Saint Nicholas or Santa Claus himself.

"I am," said he, "the Ghost of Christmas Present."

Saint Nicholas conducted Scrooge through the streets full of Christmas merriment, until he brought him to the home of his own bookkeeper, Bob Cratchit.

Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence, and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons.

Pretty soon in walked Bob himself from church carrying his little lame boy, Tiny Tim, on his shoulder.

Then came the dinner.

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by applesauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchet said with great delight

(surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose,—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In a half minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family

drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning a half one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:—“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!” Which all the family re-echoed.

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

“Spirit,” said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, “tell me if Tiny Tim will live.”

“I see a vacant chair,” replied the Ghost, “in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die.”

“No, no,” said Scrooge. “Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared.”

Then to a coal mine village the Spirit conveyed Scrooge, where people poor but happy were celebrating Christmas.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty,

TINY TIM.

It is Merry Christmas at the home of Tiny Tim, the cripple, and as all the family are gathered at the table Tiny Tim is saying, "God bless us, every one."

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and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

At length he saw from the foldings of the Spirit's robe two children, wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"O Man! look here! Look, look, down here!" exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shriveled hand, like that of age, had pinched and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing.

"Spirit! Are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware of them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand towards the city.

A tall, dark mysterious Presence was in the room.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Soon he heard people talking of a recent death, of one man no one loved. All who were in attendance were ready to rob the very room in which his body was lying.

He almost touched a bed,—a bare, uncurtained bed, on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

It was his own body.

He lay, in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child to say he was kind to me in this or

that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Again he was in Bob Cratchit's home. They were waiting for father's home-coming.

Peter was saying, "I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:—

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble,—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees, and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He left the room, and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened and went down again quite happy.

Scrooge stood beside his own neglected grave.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me, and

pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. O Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

Then Scrooge laughed. Yes, laughed.

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for

so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

He looked out of the window and saw a boy. He told the boy to go and buy him a turkey, a big one.

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

When he got out on the street he met the gentleman who had desired a Christmas gift for the poor.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both hands, "how do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—Here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less.

A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munifi—"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thankee," said Scrooge. "I am obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to his nephew's house. What a welcome he received!

He was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there! If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge; "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again,—“and therefore, I am about to raise your salary!”

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, he

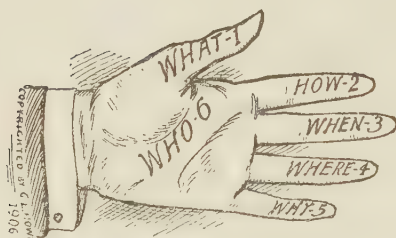
was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old City knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them. His own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits.

And it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man did.

May that be truly said of us, and all of us: And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one!

CHAPTER LXXVI.



EUGENE FIELD.

FUN.

1 WHAT.

Fun is wholesome pleasure.

2 How.

We may be glad for every pleasure that does not lessen the happiness of another, weaken our own manhood or sow a crop of ugly regrets.

3 WHEN.

"A crowd of boys can pray easier and more effectually on the run than on their knees. I have been on my knees at the side of an individual boy and have seen him develop more Christian graces than some people think it possible for a boy to possess, much less manifest, at a single time. But, my friends, he was an individual. It

is easier for a boy to be a Christian in a gymnasium than when back of a hymn-book. And the nearer you get him to God's land of clean air, fields, mountains, and water, the sooner will he open his soul to the great God whom he has met face to face and learned to love as his Father. Last week a brown-faced, thirteen-year-old little scamp sat with me on a mighty cliff in the Rockies, a thousand feet above the roaring mountain torrent. He sat in silence for several minutes and then suddenly turned his face to me with a light in his countenance such as comes only with a vision of the Eternal King, and throwing his hand on my shoulder he exclaimed: 'If God made these mountains, I'd rather be square with Him than own the earth and think I was the whole cheese.' And that declaration revealed to me a heart as strong and honest as can be found in many a matured child of the King."

—*Lilburn Merrill.*

4 WHERE.

"Make your church the center of boy life in your community. If you can't give them a club-room, lay off your work some afternoon and help the boys dig a cave in the rear end of the church lot. Did you ever crawl on your hands and knees through a passage-way leading from an unsuspected fence corner down into the bowels of the earth, and be compelled to do three right-angled-twists in the tunnel and as many four-foot 'step-offs' before you could emerge into the appalling solitude of the underground cavern? I am glad to know that a few of us

have been there. The knee exercise required in the passage is beneficial, and I have an idea that Old Testament stories never read so interesting as when you and the boys are in a cave around a boiling kettle of beans, or presumably lost in a forest and gathered about a crackling camp-fire."

—*Lilburn Merrill.*

5

WHY.

"I desire to die when I have nobody left to laugh with me."

—*Horace Walpole.*

Nobody was ever such a fun-lover and nobody ever had so much innocent fun as Eugene Field, the poet.

He was, as you know, for many years a newspaper writer, and he had a fine library of many rare books. But his library contained many queer things besides books that showed how much like a child he was in his fun. Here was a collection of bottles, there was one of bells, the ringing of which caused their handles, made in the shape of old men and women, sprites and freaks, to perform all sorts of laughable tricks, such as sticking out their tongues, shaking their heads, and what not.

He was very fond of toys of all kinds. One of his collections was of dolls and he always kept on hand a doll or two to give away to one of his little friends.

After his day's work, he would put aside his pens and papers and books, and have a romp with his children. When Daisy was about four years old, he played this

game with him. He was the big blue bear and Daisy was the little rabbit, and they would start out together on an imaginary trip. Upon one of these pretended journeys, they chanced to take a jelly cake made by one of their aunties. They found an old witch and to gain her good will so she would not hurt them, they gave her the jelly cake. She ate this and it caused her death, which broke the spell and changed them from animals into human beings again.

Once he played a strange prank on some friends of his who were invited to his house to dinner. When it was about time for the guests to come Mr. and Mrs. Field went out into the kitchen and found that the servant girl had suddenly left. This did not seem to worry Mr. Field very much, for he always thought of a way out of everything.

He said nothing about the girl's leaving, to his guests, but kept talking all the time about the new servant they had, called Camille. He told them she was a fine servant and an excellent cook.

They were called out to dinner, and when they were seated at the table Mr. Field called "Camille!" but no one answered; at that Mr. Field excused himself and went into the kitchen. The people at the table heard loud talking and scolding coming from the kitchen and felt embarrassed because they thought they had come at the wrong time.

Presently Mr. Field appeared bearing in his hands a

roast of beef on a platter. On his head was a waitress's cap, and he had on an apron. *He* was Camille. He had carried on a conversation in two tones of voice, one to mimic the supposed servant. He enjoyed this joke very much as his guests did also.

Once when Mr. Field wanted a raise of salary he dressed up three of his children as beggars and then dressed himself in rags and went down to the newspaper office, pretending they were all hungry. Again, when the newspaper proposed to give him, with the other employees, the customary gift of a Christmas turkey, Mr. Field wrote to them and told them he would prefer a suit of clothes.

Here was a fine chance for them to joke the joker, so they sent him a suit of prison clothes. Mr. Field accepted this suit of clothes and kept them at the "News" office. For a long time after this whenever any strangers came, he would put on the prison clothes, and with a coal bucket and shovel in hand, would tell them how much money that newspaper made by employing cheap convict labor.

His charming child-poems are, as you know, full of playful humour. Here are a couple of them.

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum-Tree?

'Tis a marvel of great renown!

It blooms on the shores of the Lollipop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye-Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrous sweet,
(As those who have tasted it say),
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint
canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold, ,

And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white night cap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum-Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye-Town.

A DUTCH LULLABY.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three.
“We have come to fish for the herring fish,
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we.”
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
' But never afeared are we!"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

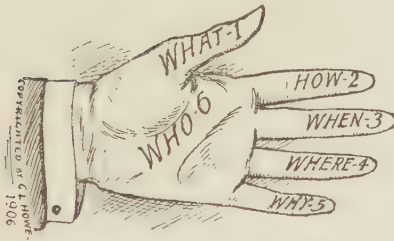
All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fisherman three,
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the wonderful things
As you rock on the misty sea ,

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

The lesson of Eugene Field's life is that it is possible to have the best kind of fun without hurting one's self or anybody else. For Eugene Fields never wrote a line that brought to his own heart shame or bitterness to another's.

CHAPTER LXXVII.



THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER.

HOSPITALITY.

1

WHAT.

To use one's home to make guests happy is hospitality

2

How.

"Hospitality shares what it has. The finest hospitality is that which welcomes you to the fireside and permits you to look upon the picture of a home life so little disturbed by your coming that you are at once made to feel yourself a part of the little symphony. Whatever your entertainment, rich or poor, remember, first of all, to give *yourself* to your guest." —*Agnes H. Morton.*

3

WHEN.

The test of hospitality is to treat an unwelcome guest as if he were a prince in disguise.

4 WHERE.

"Let the hospitality of the house with respect to the poor be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness; and I have no objection to your giving my money in charity, to the amount of forty or fifty pounds a year, when you think it well bestowed. What I mean by having no objection is, that it is my desire that it should be done. You are to consider, that neither myself nor wife is now in the way to do these good offices."

—*George Washington* to his Household Steward.

One of his biographers adds:

"Like other rich Virginians of his time, Washington kept open house. He once said that his home had become 'a well resorted tavern.' Indeed it was, for guests of all sorts and conditions were dined and wined to their hearts' content. According to the diary, it seemed to matter little whether it was a real nobleman, or a tramp 'who called himself a French Nobleman,' a sick or a wounded soldier, or 'a Farmer who came to see the new drill Plow,' all 'were desired to tarry,' to help eat the hot roasts and drink the choice wines.

"There seems to have been almost no end to the sums of money, both large and small, which Washington gave away. Through the pages of his ledger, we find hun-

dreds of items of cash paid in charity. Here are a few entries which are typical of the whole: '10 Shillings for a wounded Soldier;' 'gave a poor man \$2.00;' 'two deserving French Women, \$25;' 'a poor blind Man, \$1.50;' 'a lady in distress, \$50;' 'the poor in Alexandria, \$100;' 'Sufferers by Fire, \$300;' 'School in Kentucky, \$100.' His lavish hospitality, and his unceasing charity were a constant drain on his income. Had he not been so thorough in business, he surely would have been brought to financial ruin."

5 WHY.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

—*Saint Paul.*

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER.

6 One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage-door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. But the rude shouts of children, and the fierce barking of dogs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveller is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder,

and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger, that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will!"

These old folk, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her distaff, or making a little butter and cheese with their cow's milk, or doing one thing and another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive, and now and then a bunch of grapes, that had ripened against the cottage wall. But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their

dinners, any day, rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey, to the weary traveller who might pause before their door. They felt as if such guests had a sort of holiness, and that they ought, therefore, to treat them better and more bountifully than their own selves.

Their cottage stood on a rising ground, at some short distance from a village, which lay in a hollow valley, that was about half a mile in breadth. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures.

But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which Heaven had smiled so beneficently. They were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor, nor sympathy with the homeless.

What made the matter seem worse, if possible, was that when rich persons came in their chariots, or riding on beautiful horses, with their servants in rich liveries attending on them, nobody could be more civil and obsequious than the inhabitants of the village.

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully, when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs, at the farther extremity of the village street. There was a confused din, which

lasted a good while, and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer; until, at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travellers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off, ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers, with all their might. Once or twice, the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children, or the pack of curs, whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travellers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt, they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders towards raising their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon, on his part, went forward, and extended his hand with so hospitable an aspect that there was no need of saying what nevertheless he did say, in the heartiest tone imaginable,—

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of way, notwithstanding his weariness and trouble. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

"Ah!" observed old Philemon, with a quiet and benign smile, "Providence put me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends I can for the inhospitality of my neighbors."

"Well said, old father!" cried the traveller, laughing; "and, if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. Those children (the little rascals!) have bespattered us finely with their mudballs; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff; and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveller's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey, besides being disheartened by rough treatment at the end of it. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapt closely about him, perhaps because his under garments were shabby. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes; but, as it was now growing dusk, and as the old man's eyesight was none the sharpest, he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted. One thing, certainly, seemed queer. The traveller was so wonderfully light and active, that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground on their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light-footed, in my youth," said Philemon to the traveller. "But I always found my feet grow heavier towards nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in the wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very

skillfully executed that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of!"

By this time, Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down, and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife, Baucis, has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folk; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall, as he did so. And here happened something rather marvellous, though trifling enough, too. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle. But, in my private opinion, old Philemon's eyesight had been playing him tricks again.

Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff, by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably

deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtless it will still be the same, when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten!"

"That is more than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveller looked so stern, that Philemon was almost frightened; the more so, that, at his frown, the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But, in a moment afterwards, the stranger's face became so kindly and mild, that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this elder traveller must be no ordinary personage, although he happened now to be attired so humbly and

to be journeying on foot. Not that Philemon fancied him a prince in disguise, or any character of that sort; but rather some exceedingly wise man, who went about the world in this poor garb, despising wealth and all worldly objects, and seeking everywhere to add a mite to his wisdom.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travellers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, was extremely loquacious, and made such shrewd and witty remarks, that the good old man continually burst out a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow whom he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, as they grew familiar together, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveller. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveller's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you!" replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough!"

This remark, whether it were serious or in jest, might have caused Philemon to conceive a very great awe of the elder stranger, if, on venturing to, gaze at him, he had not beheld so much beneficence in his visage. But.

undoubtedly, here was the grandest figure that ever sat so humbly beside a cottage door. But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made, and how nice were the vegetables which he raised in his garden. He said, too, that, because they loved one another so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance, and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife to be your helpmeet. It is fit that your wish be granted."

And it seemed to Philemon, just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveller knocks at our door."

“All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame,” replied the elder stranger, kindly. “An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare, and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia.”

“A welcome you shall have,” cried Baucis, “and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides.”

“Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!” exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing, “an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life.”

“Mercy on us!” whispered Baucis to her husband. “If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!”

They all went into the cottage.

And now, my little auditors, shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide? It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story. Quicksilver’s staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well; when its master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the door steps! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the kitchen floor; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity and decorum, beside Quicksilver’s chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending

to their guests, that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travellers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderately sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher. Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week to come, if it were possible, by so doing, to provide these hungry folk a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down, the travellers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls, at a draught.

"A little more milk, kind mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting

up from the table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher, that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and seen the bottom of the pitcher, as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk, in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl,

that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table! The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff (but neither Baucis nor Philemon happened to observe this circumstance) stretched out their heads, and began to lap up the spilt milk.

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had! It seemed as if Philemon's only cow must have pastured, that day, on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world. I only wish that each of you, my beloved little souls, could have a bowl of such nice milk, at suppertime!

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice, accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet, what other loaf could it possibly be?

But, oh, the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked. Its color was that of the purest and most transparent gold; and it had the odor of a thousand flowers; but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. The wonder is, that, after alighting on a

flower-bed of so delicious fragrance and immortal bloom, they should have been content to fly down again to their hive in Philemon's garden. Never was such honey tasted. seen or smelt.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common way in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of a dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought,—that is all."

"Ah, husband," said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes, in order to see the more clearly) was of opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape

seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was entirely a mystery to her how such grapes could ever have been produced from the old stunted vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

"Very admirable grapes these!" observed Quicksilver, as he swallowed one after another, without apparently diminishing his cluster. "Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?"

"From my own vine," answered Philemon. "You may see one of its branches twisting across the window, yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones."

"I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time, old Philemon bestirred himself and took up the pitcher; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be true; but this was so very singular a case, that he wanted to see into it with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was lucky that

Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers!" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveller, in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer!"

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. The old people would gladly have talked with them a little longer, and have expressed the wonder which they felt, and their delight at finding the poor and meagre supper prove so much better and more abundant than they hoped. But the elder traveller had inspired them with such reverence, that they dared not ask him any questions. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside, and inquired how under the sun a fountain of milk could have got into an old earthen pitcher, this latter personage pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and, quite as often, stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!"

He said no more but looked so slyly in their faces, that they rather fancied he was laughing at them. The magic staff went hopping at his heels, as Quicksilver quitted the room. When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor, and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping-room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves, save these planks, which I wish had been as soft as their own hearts.

The old man and his wife were stirring, betimes, in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. Philemon hospitality entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the hearth, and, perhaps, find them a few fresh eggs, for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to accomplish a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They, therefore, persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

"Ah me! Well-a-day!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. "If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so,—that it is!" cried good old Baucis, vehemently. "And I mean

to go this very day, and tell some of them what naughty people they are!"

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

The elder traveller's brow, just then, assumed such a grave, stern, and awful grandeur, yet serene withal, that neither Baucis nor Philemon dared to speak a word. They gazed reverently into his face, as if they had been gazing at the sky.

"When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the traveller, in tones so deep that they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood!"

"And, by the by, my dear people," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts."

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley, where at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide green-margined street, with children playing in it and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which it lay, had ceased to have existence. In its stead, they beheld the broad, blue sur-

face of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim, and reflected the surrounding hills in its bosom with as tranquil an image as if it had been there ever since the creation of the world. For an instant, the lake remained perfectly smooth. Then, a little breeze sprang up, and caused the water to dance, glitter, and sparkle in the early sunbeams, and to dash, with a pleasant rippling murmur, against the hither shore.

The lake seemed so strangely familiar, that the old couple were greatly perplexed, and felt as if they could only have been dreaming about a village having lain there. But, the next moment, they remembered the vanished dwellings, and the faces and characters of the inhabitants, far too distinctly for a dream. The village had been there yesterday, and was now gone!

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveller, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; for they never softened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retained no image of the better life in their bosoms; therefore, the lake, that was of old, has spread itself forth again, to reflect the sky!"

"And for those foolish people," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile, "they are all transformed to fishes.

They needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals, and the coldest blooded beings in existence. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, he can throw in a line, and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbors!"

"Ah," cried Baucis, shuddering, "I would not, for the world, put one of them on the gridiron!"

"No," added Philemon, making a wry face, "we could never relish them!"

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveller,—“and you, kind Baucis,—you, with your scanty means, have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger, that the milk became an inexhaustible fount of nectar, and the brown loaf and the honey were ambrosia. Thus, the divinities have feasted, at your board, off the same viands that supply their banquets on Olympus. You have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted.”

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then, —I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

“Let us live together, while we live, and leave the world at the same instant, when we die! For we have always loved one another!”

“Be it so!” replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. “Now, look towards your cottage!”

They did so. But what was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble, with a wide-open portal, occupying the spot where their humble residence had so lately stood!

"There is your home," said the stranger, beneficently smiling on them both. "Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The old folk fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time, with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk-pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvelous quality of being never empty, when it was desirable to have it full. Whenever an honest, good-humoured, and free-hearted guest took a draught from this pitcher, he invariably found it the sweetest and most invigorating fluid that ever ran down his throat. But, if a cross and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his visage into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk!

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable smile overspread-

ing both their pleasant faces, to invite the guests of over-night to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after a great deal of perplexity, they espied, in front of the portal, two venerable trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet there they stood with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage overshadowing the whole front of the edifice. One was an oak, and the other a linden-tree. Their boughs—it was strange and beautiful to see—were intertwined together, and embraced one another, so that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's bosom much more than in its own.

While the guests were marvelling how these trees, that must have required at least a century to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their intermingled boughs astir. And then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two mysterious trees were speaking.

“I am old Philemon!” murmured the oak.

“I am old Baucis!” murmured the linden-tree.

But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once,—“Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon”—as if one were both and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual heart. It was plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their age, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a

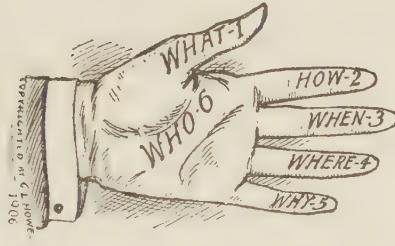
linden-tree. And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them. Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these:—

“Welcome, welcome, dear traveller, welcome!”

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty used to repose themselves, and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

And I wish, for all our sakes, that we had the pitcher here now!

CHAPTER LXXVIII.



HERVE RIEL.

SELF-FORGETFULNESS.

1 WHAT.

Self-forgetfulness is to do one's duty without listening to hear what people will say about it.

2-3 HOW AND WHEN.

This habit is well learned in school. In your regular work, and in the exhibitions, on the playground, let yours be a modest, self-forgetting independence. Remember that old family motto, "They say! What do they say? Let them say!"

4 WHERE.

The test of self-forgetfulness is to do a hard task without waiting for applause. Says Henry Drummond:

"After you have been kind, after Love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself. Love waives even self-satisfaction."

5

WHY.

The greatest men have been greatest in not knowing their own greatness. "The greatness of Stonewall Jackson," once wrote Dr. Moses Hoge, "was an unconscious greatness." The day after the battle of Manassas a crowd had gathered around the post office at Lexington awaiting with intensest interest the opening of the mail. Among them was the Rev. Dr. White, the general's pastor. The first letter was from General Jackson. 'Now we shall know all!' said his reverend friend. But he opened the letter to read:

"My Dear Pastor:

In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution to our colored Sunday school. Inclosed you will find my check for that object.

"Yours faithfully,

"THOMAS J. JACKSON."

Not a word about a conflict which electrified a nation! Not an allusion to the splendid part he had taken in it. Not a reference to himself beyond the fact that it had been a fatiguing day's service. And yet that was the day when he received the name destined to supplant that his parents gave him,—Stonewall Jackson.

When his brigade of twenty-six hundred men had for hours withstood the iron tempest that broke upon it, General Lee galloped to the fragments of his own overtasked command and shouted, "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians!" From that time Jackson's was known as the "Stonewall Brigade!"

Mr. Robert Browning has rescued from obscurity the glory of a brave peasant pilot, who did a brave deed and never felt how brave he was.

HERVE RIEL.

6 (In May, 1692, Louis XIV had a large navy and army lying off and around La Hogue, ready to invade England, drive out William III, and place James II again on the throne. On the 19th, the English fleet, under Admiral Edward Russell, encountered the French fleet, under the Count of Tourville, off Barfleur. After a fight of five hours Tourville sought the nearest shelter. Some of his ships took refuge in the Bay of La Hogue, and some in Cherbourg. The English followed, and, in the course of the next five days, destroyed most of them. About twenty of the smaller ships, however, made their escape by what Macaulay calls "a road too perilous for any courage but the courage of despair. In the double darkness of night and of a thick sea fog, they ran, with all their sails spread, through the boiling waves

and treacherous rocks of the Race of Alderney, and, by a strange good fortune, arrived without a single disaster at St. Malo." The English, having no Herve Riel on board, could not follow. Their pilots absolutely refused to run the risk.)

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the
blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
chase,

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place

"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or,
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on
board;

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE ENEMY.

Sir Philip Sidney, sorely wounded, is about to drink, but he sees a soldier of the enemy more distressed than himself. "Thy need is greater than mine," he says as he gives him the precious draught.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE ENEMY

Sir Philip Sidney, sorely wounded, is about to die, but he sees a soldier of the enemy more distressed than himself. "Thy need is greater than mine," he says, as he gives him the precious draught.



"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,

Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty
guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow
way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight,

Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them
take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and
bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

Not a minute more to wait!

"Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second,
third?

No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
fleet,

A poor coasting pilot, Herve Riel, the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries
Herve Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools.
or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the sound-
ings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Greve where the river dis-
embogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's
for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

"Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
well,

Right to Solidor past Greve.

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,

—Keel so much as grate the ground.

Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries
Herve Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried
its chief.

"Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief."

Still the north wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face,

As the big ship with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas
profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Herve Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate
Up the English come,—too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Greve.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm,
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance,
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's counte-
nance!

Out burst all with one accord,
"Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Herve Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville: "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still!
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but
a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!—

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
Aurore!"

That he asked and that he got,—nothing more,
Name and deed alike are lost;
Nor a pillar nor a post

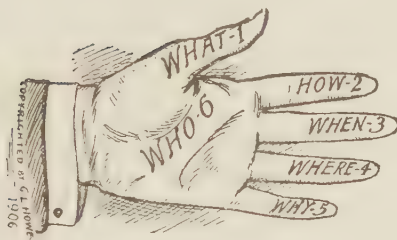
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England
bore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!

You shall look long enough ere you come to Herve Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Herve Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Herve Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the
Belle Aurore!

CHAPTER LXXIX.



ALEXANDER, THE BOY CONQUEROR.

MAGNANIMITY.

1 WHAT.

Magnanimity is Greatheartedness.

2 How.

It can be felt and shown only as one realizes and remembers the valor or the helplessness of others. It is freely bestowed—not what Mr. Beecher called “a hedgehog forgiveness, shot out like quills.”

3 WHEN.

It is shown chiefly to enemies or to those who have done us wrong.

“Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you,” said Jesus.

4 WHERE.

It is most often seen at the hour of triumph. Samuel Smiles in his "Self Help" gives the following examples:

"A fine trait of character,—truly gentle and worthy of the spirit of Bayard—was displayed by a French officer in the cavalry combat of El Bodon in Spain. He had raised his sword to strike Sir Felton Harvey, but perceiving his antagonist had only one arm, he instantly stopped, brought down his sword before Sir Felton in the usual salute, and rode past.

To this may be added a noble and gentle deed of Ney during the same Peninsular War. Charles Napier was taken prisoner at Coninna, and was desperately wounded; and his friends at home did not know whether he was alive or dead. A special messenger was sent out from England with a frigate to ascertain his fate.

Baron Clouet received the flag, and informed Ney of the arrival. "Let the prisoner see his friends," said Ney, "and tell them he is well, and well-treated." Clouet lingered, and Ney asked, smiling, "what more he wanted?" "He has an old mother, a widow, and blind."

"Has he?" Then let him go himself and tell her he is alive." As the exchange of prisoners between the countries was not then allowed, Ney knew that he risked the displeasure of the Emperor by setting the young officer at liberty; but Napoleon approved the General's act."

5 WHY.

It makes victory merciful, turns enemies into friends

and slaves into allies, and leaves gratitude and goodness in its trail.

"We win by tenderness. We conquer by forgiveness."
—*Frederick W. Robertson.*

6 Never was there a king more magnanimous than the boy-king, the great world-conqueror, Alexander. Miss Charlotte M. Yonge in the "Book of Golden Deeds" tells of some of his generous acts.

"Alexander, son of Philip and his Epirot queen Olympias, was twenty years of age when he came to the throne.

"He traced his descent from his father's side from Hercules, and by his mother's from Achilles, and throughout his boyhood he seems to have lived in a world of the old Greek poetry, sleeping with Homer's works under his pillow, and dreaming of deeds in which he should rival the fame of the victors of Troy.

"He was placed under the care of Aristotle, the great philosopher of Stagira, to whom, when Philip had written to announce Alexander's birth, he had said that he knew not whether most to rejoice at having a son, or that his son would have such a teacher as Aristotle.

"From him the young Alexander learned to think deeply, to resolve firmly, and devise plans of government; by others he was instructed in all the graceful accomplishments of the Greeks, and under his father he was trained to act promptly.

"At fourteen he tamed the noble horse Bucephalus, which no one else dared to mount; two years later he rescued his father in battle with the Scythians, and he commanded the cavalry at Cheronæa, but he was so young, at the time of his accession, that the Greeks thought they had nothing to fear from him."

His first important victory was over Darius, the renowned king of the Persians.

"Alexander treated the mother, wife, and children of Darius with great kindness and courtesy, sending an officer to assure them of his protection, and going the next morning to visit them, accompanied by his friend, Hephæstion, a young man of his own age. Alexander, though of beautiful and noble countenance, and well formed for strength and activity, was rather short in stature, and as his dress was very simple, Sisygambis mistook Hephæstion for the King of Macedon, and threw herself on the ground before him; and she was greatly confused and distressed when she discovered her error; but Alexander said, as he raised her, 'You were not deceived, for he is Alexander's other self.' He gave her the name of mother, never sat down in her presence except at her request, and showed in every point a respect and courtesy such as she had probably never before received from the Asiatic princes, who always held women in contempt."

Darius succeeded in raising another army, but the decisive battle did not take place till Alexander crossed

the Euphrates and Tigris and reached the plain of Arbela, where the Persians were drawn up to receive him. The Macedonians wished to make a night attack, but Alexander would not permit it, saying that he disdained to steal a victory, and the combat took place the next day.

"Darius was defeated and escaped to Bastria, where two satraps, in whom he had confided, treacherously seized him and made him prisoner, carrying him along with them as they fled before Alexander, until at length being closely pressed by the Greeks, they threw their darts at him, and left him lying on the ground mortally wounded.

"He was still alive when some of the Greeks came up, but died before the arrival of Alexander. The conqueror wept as he beheld the corpse of the last of a line of such great princes; he threw his own cloak over it, and sent it to Babylon, where it was buried with great magnificence.

"The wife of Darius had died a prisoner, but his mother Sisygambis still remained with her grandchildren at Babylon. Only once does Alexander seem to have hurt her feelings, and this was through ignorance of Persian customs. He showed her some robes of his sister's own weaving and embroidery, and offered to have her granddaughters instructed in the same art, at which she wept, since Persian ladies deemed such employments work fit only for slaves and captives, and Alexander

was obliged to explain how honorably the loom and needle were esteemed by his own countrywomen.

"Alexander was much attached to his own mother, Olympias, and portions of his letters to her have come down to our time. She was a proud and violent woman, who often interfered with Antipater, governor of Macedonia, and caused him to send many complaints to the king: 'Ah!' said Alexander, 'Antipater does not know that one tear of a mother will blot out ten thousand of his letters.'

"In 326 he set out for India, as the region was called round the river Indus. Here the inhabitants were warlike, and Porus, king of a portion of the country, made a brave resistance, but was at length defeated and taken prisoner. On being brought before Alexander he said he had nothing to ask, save to be treated as a king. 'That I shall do for my own sake,' said Alexander, and accordingly not only set him at liberty, but enlarged his territory.

"While returning, he besieged a little town belonging to a tribe called the Malli, and believed to be the present city of Mooltan. He was the first to scale the wall, and after four others had mounted, the ladder broke, and he was left standing on the wall, a mark for the darts of the enemy. He instantly leaped down within the wall into the midst of the Malli, and there setting his back against a fig-tree, defended himself until a barbed arrow deeply pierced his breast, and, after trying to keep up

a little longer, he sunk, fainting, on his shield. His four companions sprang down after him—two were slain, but the others held their shields over him till the rest of the army succeeded in breaking into the town and coming to the rescue.

“His wound was severe and dangerous, but he at length recovered, sailed down to the mouth of the Indus, and sent a fleet to survey the Persian Gulf, while he himself marched along the shore. The country was bare and desert, and his army suffered dreadfully from heat, thirst, and hunger, while he readily shared all their privations. A little water was once brought him on a parching day, as a great prize, but since there was not enough for all, he poured it out on the sand, lest his faithful followers should feel themselves more thirsty when they saw him drink alone.

“At last he safely arrived at Caramania, whence he returned to the more inhabited and wealthy parts of Persia, held his court with great magnificence at Susa, and then went to Babylon. Here embassies met him from every part of the known world, bringing gifts and homage.

“In the marshes into which the Euphrates had spread since its channel was altered by Cyrus, there breathed a noxious air, and a few weeks after Alexander’s arrival, he was attacked by a fever, perhaps increased by intemperance. He bore up against it as long as possible, but

a short time after expired, in the thirty-third year of his age, and the twelfth of his reign."

"This great spirit had won unusual love and his death brought untold anguish.

"More deeply than all mourned the prisoner, the aged Sisygambis, the mother of his enemy, who covered her face with a black veil, sat down in a corner of her room, refused all entreaties to speak or to eat, and expired five days after Alexander."

Other examples of greatheartedness star the pages of later history.

Sir Philip Sidney, riding back, with the mortal hurt in his broken thigh, from the fight at Zutphen, and giving the draught from his own lips to the dying man whose necessities were greater than his own, has long been our proverb for the giver of that self-denying cup of water that shall by no means lose its reward.

A tradition of an act of somewhat the same character survived in a Slesvig family, now extinct. It was during the wars that raged from 1652 to 1660, between Frederick III of Denmark, and Charles Gustavus of Sweden, that after a battle, in which the victory had remained with the Danes, a stout burgher of Flensborg was about to refresh himself, ere retiring to have his wounds dressed, with a draught of beer from a wooden bottle, when an imploring cry from a wounded Swede, lying on the field, made him turn, and, with the very words of Sidney, "Thy need is greater than mine," he

knelt down by the fallen enemy, to pour the liquor into his mouth. His requittal was a pistol-shot in the shoulder from the treacherous Swede. "Rascal," he cried, "I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return! Now I will punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle; but now you shall have only half." And drinking off half himself, he gave the rest to the Swede. The king, hearing the story, sent for the burgher, and asked him how he came to spare the life of such a rascal.

"Sire," said the honest burgher, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Thou meritest to be a noble," the king said, and created him one immediately, giving him as armorial bearings a wooden bottle pierced with an arrow!

Another glorious and generous deed, one of the first, though not the last of its sort, since our Civil War, is related in Mr. Francis Miles Fitch's stirring poem suggested, it is said, by the fact that when on Decoration Day the women of Columbus, Mississippi, placed flowers on the graves of those who fell in the war, they remembered the Union soldiers as well as the Confederates.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,

KEEP THEIR MEMORY GREEN.

"Up many a fortress wall
They charged, those boys in blue;
'Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball,
The bravest were the first to fall,
To fall for me and you."

KEEP THEIR MEMORY GREEN

"Up many a fortress wall
They charged, those boys in blue
With smoking smoke and volleyed ball
The bravest were the first to fall
Go fall for me and you."



Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;

Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

I never like to close such an important chapter as this without a near and practical example of child life to-day. Here is one.

ROSS CARSON'S COURAGE.

Shouting, laughing, pushing against each other, the boys rushed out of the school-house pell-mell.

"Look out, Ross Carson," shouted Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended alarm, "there's a spider on the pump-handle. Run, quick, it may bite you."

There was a roar of laughter at this would-be witty remark; and the eyes of a score or more of thoughtless boys were bent upon the figure of a slender, delicate-looking lad who had been one of the first to get out, and who had approached the pump for the purpose of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully as Tom's jest fell on his ear; and the hand that held the tin drinking-cup trembled perceptibly, and his lips scarcely touched the water.

"Oh, he'll stand anything rather than double up his little fist," cried Tom; and, crowding close to Ross, he deliberately knocked the books from under his arm. The slender lad's face flushed at the insult, but he said nothing. He stooped, picked the books up, and then walked on again.

He was quite aware of Tom Lane's great anxiety to pick a quarrel with him, but was determined to give him no excuse for doing so. For Ross knew that he could not with safety enter into any trial of strength with a boy so much older than himself. His lungs were weak, and the doctor had said they could bear no strain whatever. But it was hard to be called a coward, to bear insults of every description without open resentment, to feel that he was looked upon with contempt by his companions, because no taunts or sneers could induce him to fight. And he was too sensitive and shy to explain to them his reasons for not doing so, knowing well that his explanation would be greeted with ridicule and laughter. So he bore his various trials in silence, and not even his mother knew what he endured.

He did not know that this forbearance showed him possessed of true heroism; for, like most boys, he had a strong admiration for deeds of daring and saw little merit in silent endurance.

Tom Lane was the most daring boy among them all. He boasted that he had the coolest head, the strongest arm, and the greatest amount of courage of any fellow of his age in Hillsboro; and none disputed his claim. He was always ready for a fight, and generally came off victor in any contest. He had no pity for weakness, no charity for timidity, and thought all those who feared him fair game for his powers of teasing. Ross might have been fairly treated by the other scholars but for Tom,

who was never weary of exciting enmity against him, and, understanding how to magnify the veriest trifles, was ever showing him up as "the biggest coward in Hillsboro Academy."

But retribution was near at hand and Tom was to be strangely punished for his sins in respect to Ross.

A new town-hall was being built in Hillsboro; and a very high, imposing edifice it was to be, with a steeple second to none. Tom Lane heard his father, who was the contractor for the building, say that a magnificent view could be obtained from this half-completed steeple; and the next day, at the noon recess, Tom proposed to half a dozen of his young friends to go up and take a look for themselves.

"I have a pass from father," he said, "and the carpenters won't make any fuss."

The ascent to the steeple was easily made, for a narrow, winding stairs led up to it; and the boys soon attained a height that made their heads swim as they looked down, breathless, and saw how small appeared the people on the pavement below.

"A good place for a suicide," said Tom as he leaned out.

"Do be careful," said a low voice, in a tone of entreaty, and, looking around, the boys saw Ross Carson standing near. He had come up the stairs unperceived.

"How came you here, you little coward?" asked Tom, rudely.

“The carpenter gave me leave to come up,” answered Ross, quietly. “I did not know any one was up here, and I was anxious to see the view. But it is a dangerous place.”

“It’s likely you think so,” sneered Tom. “You’d find the head of a barrel a dangerous place. As for me, I’d like to see the place where I wouldn’t go! Boys, do you see that?”

He pointed to a scaffolding which had been erected about the steeple for the use of the workmen. It projected several feet, and overhung the vast chasm below.

“We see it; but what of it?” asked Louis Raymond.

“You’ll see what of it,” answered Tom. “It’s a jolly place to dance a hornpipe.” And before his companions could realize his intention, he had climbed out upon the scaffolding and was walking fearlessly about it.

The boys stared in sheer amazement at such recklessness, and begged him to be careful.

But their fears for his safety only made Tom more anxious to show his boasted courage, and he began rather a feeble imitation of a sailor’s hornpipe.

“Wouldn’t it be a long jump to the pavement?” he said.

As he spoke, he looked down; a fatal thing; for his head, which had until now been so cool and steady, began to whirl strangely. He could not remove his eyes from the awful chasm below him. It seemed to fascinate him.

The boys looked at each other in horror. They saw the terrible danger which menaced him; they knew it was only a question of moments now before he must fall and be dashed to atoms on the pavement below. He stood in a kind of stupor, looking down into the fascinating gulf, his eyes wild and staring, his face white with terror. He, too, knew the awful danger in which he stood, but he was powerless to help himself. The slightest change of position, even the raising of his eyes, and he must fall. The gulf seemed drawing him on; his brain grew more torpid with every instant, and his eyes seemed started from their sockets. Back of him, shuddered his horror-stricken comrades waiting in an agony of suspense for the fatal end of this terrible drama. Before and below him yawned the great chasm, at the bottom of which the people moving along looked like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement among the boys, and Ross Carson, with white face and set teeth, climbed quickly and noiselessly out of the steeple onto the scaffolding, and with steady step approached the boy who stood on the brink of such a fearful death.

"If he touches him Tom will fall," whispered Louis Raymond.

Low as the whisper was, Ross heard it, and half turned his head toward Louis, pausing an instant, as if to think. Then he made a quick, firm step forward, and, throwing both arms around Tom's waist, dragged him backward.

It was all over in an instant. In the face of a fearful and imminent danger, Ross saved his enemy, and slowly, carefully, for every step was peril, drew him back to the steeple, and with the help of the other boys got him inside once more, white as a corpse, it is true, and utterly unnerved, but safe.

There was little said by any one. In silence Ross helped Tom descend the winding stair, and then walked home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go to school again this afternoon," he said to his mother, "so I'll weed out your flower beds for you."

"You are pale," said Mrs. Carson. "I'm afraid you study too hard."

Ross did not answer, but threw off his coat and began to weed the beds, hoping by hard work to overcome the nervousness which had possessed him ever since leaving the new town hall.

He was still weeding a couple of hours later, when he heard the tramp of many feet, and, looking up, he saw about a dozen of his schoolmates coming in at the little wooden gate, Tom Lane first of all.

"I've come to ask your pardon, Ross Carson," said Tom, holding out his hand. "You've taught me this day what true courage is, and made me see what a cowardly sneak I've been."

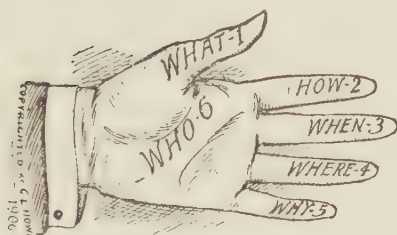
Tom's lips quivered as he made this humiliating con-

fession, and his eyes were moist with the tears which he could restrain with only the greatest effort.

Ross took the proffered hand in a warm and hearty grasp as he said: "I'd have done as much for any one, Tom. Don't make so much of it. But I'm out and out glad to be friends with you."

And friends, fast and true, they were from that time forth; and no one ever again even whispered that Ross Carson lacked courage. The story of that brave deed of his on the scaffolding about the new hall had borne testimony to his courage which was sufficiently convincing, and the people of Hillsboro were proud of their young townsman. In their eyes he was a hero. But I think the noblest thing about his brave act was that he risked his life to save that of his enemy.

CHAPTER LXXX.



DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

FRIENDSHIP.

- 1 WHAT.
 “A true friend,” Emerson said, “is one who makes us do what we can.”
- 2 How.
 “Endeavor as much as you can to keep company above you.”
 —Lord Chesterfield.
 “He who lives among wolves learns to howl.”
- 3 WHEN.
 The great friendship-making years are between ten and seventeen. During those years every boy and girl should belong to a good “gang” or crowd. By the time those years are over one should have found one chum, who shall be a life-long friend.

4 WHERE.

"Beautiful friendship, tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life."

—*Stephen Phillips.*

5 WHY.

"Tell me what company you keep and I will tell you what you are."

"No man," said Robert E. Lee, "can be so important in the world that he needs not the good will and approval of others."

Having friends means power. They used to say of Lincoln when he was a young man starting in life, "Lincoln has nothing, only plenty of friends." Being a friend means happiness. "One man alone is no man." Matthew Arnold speaks of

"The help in strife,

The thousand sweet still joys of such,
As hand in hand meet earthly life."

Dionysius, king of Syracuse, was known for his cruelty and for the number of enemies his cruelty had made. Cruelty inspires cruelty, and so Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a drawbridge that he drew up and put down with his own hands; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young

daughters shave him; but by-and-by he would not trust them with a razor, and caused them to singe off his beard with hot nut-shells.

‘Among those who came under his anger was a Pythagorean called Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

‘Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favor to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time and suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend that would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, another Pythagorean, by name, Damon, came forward and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging that, if Pythias did not return according to promise, to suffer death in his stead.

‘Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marveling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend’s truth and honor, and that if any accident had caused his delay, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

‘Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very

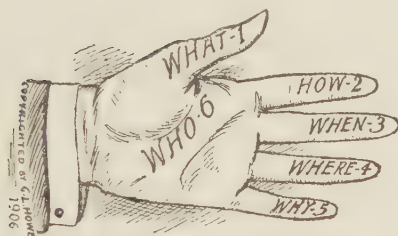
hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias's own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his sentence calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

'Even the dim hope they owned of a future state was enough to make those two brave men keep their word, and confront death for one another without quailing. Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reserved the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment-seat, he entreated,

"Oh, true friends, let me be third in your friendship."

Yet well he must have known it was a mockery that he should ever be such as they were to each other—he who had lost the very power of trusting, and constantly sacrificed others to secure his own life, whilst they counted not their lives dear to them in comparison with their truth to their word, and love to one another.

CHAPTER LXXXI.



THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

LOVE.

1

WHAT.

"The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients:—

Patience. "Love suffereth long."

Kindness. "And is kind."

Generosity. "Love envieth not."

Humility. "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Courtesy. "Doth not behave itself unseemly."

Unselfishness. "Seeketh not her own."

Good Temper. "Is not easily provoked."

Guilelessness. "Thinketh no evil."

Sincerity. "Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

"In these few words we have what one might call the Spectrum of Love, the analysis of Love. Will you observe what its elements are? Will you notice that they have common names? That they are virtues which we hear about every day, that they are things which can be practiced by every man in every place in life; and how, by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues, the supreme thing is made up." —*Henry Drummond*.

2

How.

"Life is not a holiday, but an education. And the one eternal lesson for us all is how better we can love. What makes a man a good cricketer? Practice. What makes a man a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice. What makes a man a good linguist, a good stenographer? Practice. What makes a man a good man? Practice. Nothing else.

"It is practice that is having its work in making you patient, and humble, and generous, and unselfish, and kind, and courteous. Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the still too shapeless image within you. It is growing more beautiful, though you see it not, and every touch of temptation may add to its perfection. Therefore keep in the midst of life. Do not isolate yourself. Be among men, and among things, and among troubles, and difficulties, and obstacles.

"The greatest thing," says some one, "man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children."

—*Henry Drummond*.

3-4 WHEN AND WHERE.

"Love is a thing to walk with hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray,
From Beauty's law of plainness and content."

—James Russell Lowell.

5 WHY.

"Love never faileth."

—Saint Paul.

The following story of war-time illustrates the victorious love of a sister, the unselfish love of a friend, the fatherly love of the great President.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS.

"I thought, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. The dear boy slept only a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second; he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep

when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said; only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful."

"I should be ashamed, father!" Bennie said, "when I am a man, to think that I never used this great right arm"—and he held it out so proudly before me—"for my country when it needed it! Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow!"

"Go then, my boy," I said, "and God keep you!" God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom had sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allen, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:

LINCOLN SIGNING A SOLDIER BOY'S PARDON.

"Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life too precious to be lost."

LINCOLN SIGNING A SOLDIER BOY'S PARDON

"Go home my child, and tell that father of yours, who could pardon his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life too precious to be lost."



"Dear Father: When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now that it is no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired, too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently.

"I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—given to me by circumstances—'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me, not at all as if he wishes me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for His poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him in a better, better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart.

"Amen," he said solemnly, "Amen."

"To-night in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop waiting for me. But I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "Back stoop" opened softly and a little figure glided out, and went down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed

rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to heaven and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it. In due time they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant, cheerful

tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is he?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost by his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him. He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

‘Blossom heard this order given: “SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE.”

The President then turned to the girl and said:

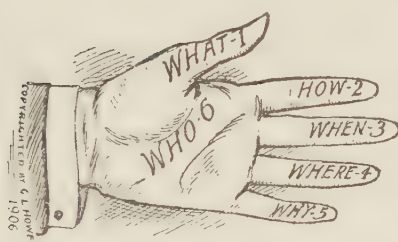
“Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country’s sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you.”

“God bless you, sir,” said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President’s private room, and a strap fastened “upon the shoulder.” Mr. Lincoln then said: “The soldier that could carry a sick comrade’s baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country.” Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and as farmer Owen’s hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, “The Lord be praised!”

THE LARGEST LIFE

CHAPTER LXXXII.



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

BENEFICENCE.

1

WHAT.

“Active goodness, kindness or charity.”

Webster's International Dictionary.

2

How.

“The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need:
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.”

—James Russell Lowell.

3 WHEN.

"I must do all the good I can
To all the people that I can,
In all the ways that I can,
And as long as ever I can.
I need not wait till I am a man,
But begin just now, as soon as I can,
To say all the kind words that I know,
And do kind deeds wherever I go.
So working, and growing, as fast as I can,
In time I'll be a useful and noble man."

4 WHERE.

Thoughtful giving to those really in need at some cost to one's self—this is the way to show beneficence.

5 WHY.

"What do we live for if not to make life less difficult to each other?" —*George Eliot.*

Considering not the largeness of the sums of money he gave, but the largeness of heart of the giver and the variety of the interests to which he turned his long and useful life, the most beneficent man of the nineteenth century was the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury.

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" asked a gentleman in Australia who had been much interested in observing some young and industrious emigrants. "You never seem to get into trouble. Who are you?"

“O, we are Lord Ashley’s boys,” he replied.

“Lord Ashley’s boys!”

“Yes, from the Ragged School.”

The gentleman turned away, wondering how Lord Ashley, of whom he had heard, had managed to influence lads in Australia from a “Ragged School,” of which he never heard. He resolved to find out something of the school and of the benefactor who could send such lads into the wide world so well-grounded in practical virtue and manliness. He made inquiries, and the results of those inquiries were such as to cause wonder and amazement.

Though born of noble blood, he received as a boy little attention from his parents, who were fashionable people.

They were careless of his boyish aims, and paid no attention to his religious training. When he returned home for the holidays, he was sorry. Unlike the lads of the present day, he had no pleasing anticipations of home and holidays. He was afraid of his parents and afraid of school. Can we picture the lad amid such surroundings and not pity him? Left to the mercy of hirelings, he often went supperless to bed, and lay awake, half-starved and shivering with cold, uncared for and alone.

The event that led him to devote his life to others occurred when he was a boy.

He was at Harrow at the time, says his biographer, Mr. Hodder, and between fourteen and fifteen years of age. One day, strolling down the well-known hill, he encountered a noisy, merry set of people carrying a coffin, in which the body of some unfortunate friend was enclosed. There were no mourners—no one cared. The men staggered about, bumping the poor remains, and finally let the coffin fall.

“Rattle his bones over the stones,
It is only a pauper whom nobody knows.”

Only a pauper, truly!—but yet once a man with a soul to be saved—and here were a number of intoxicated men all swearing and blaspheming over the coffin, around the dust of which no service would be held, and no prayers uttered.

It was a sad and sickening spectacle. Nobody's business? No. But that day young Ashley made his mind up. It should in future be his business to prevent such scandals—to help the poor to self-respect, to succour the friendless and forsaken. His line was determined on then and there. Seventy years afterwards Lord Shaftesbury, then a very aged man, indicated the scene in which his momentous decision was taken to Dr. Butler, son of his old tutor, when he inquired by what means the Earl had been induced to choose such a career.

“Within ten yards of this spot,” said the aged noble-

man, "I made my selection, and resolved to make the cause of the poor my own."

The evil condition of the Lunatic Asylums was the first of the social monstrosities which Lord Ashley set himself to crush. In these more enlightened days we have discovered that the way to cure our patients, or to treat the hopelessly insane, is not by brutality and torture. But in 1828, and previously, a lunatic man or woman was regarded by many as a fair subject for attack as a mad dog. Chained up, flogged, half-drowned in wells which were suddenly unmasked—actually chained inside wells as the water gradually rose to their chins; revolving chairs and daily horrors of other kinds were common punishments. It is not astonishing that weak individuals succumbed altogether in brain and body under such treatment; we can only wonder and ask ourselves what manner of men they were who wrought and permitted such deeds, or consigned their friends and relatives to an existence far worse than death.

It was on this unpleasant subject he made his first speech in the Commons. The effect did not satisfy him: it was "far from glorious," he says, "but my first effort has been for the advancement of human happiness." That was the key-note which was audible throughout all the harmony of his life in after years.

It may appear remarkable to some readers that Lord Ashley, so nervous, so diffident, so dependent on others, as in many ways he was, ventured to throw himself into

the sea of debate; but his thoroughness when any such work had to be done, the determination which won his degree at Oxford, came to his aid. The Bill providing for proper certificates of the insanity of private patients and the appointment of Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy, was passed in July, 1828.

Lord Ashley was one of the first Commissioners; in the next year he was appointed Chairman, and for fifty-seven years he continued in that office.

It was at this juncture that Lord Ashley was appealed to to take up the cause of the working classes. We have shown that Lord Ashley was possessed of many social advantages; he now held a post in the government; and the political ball was at his feet. Should he give up his whole advancement and descend to the highways and hedges of existence—the rough paths and the thorny ways of life?

It was characteristic of him to seek advice; but though urged by his friends whom he consulted, he did not immediately act on their advice. He weighed the chances in his mind. He could not serve the rich and poor, for the roads diverged here, and drew farther apart in the distance. But though he looked forward, he also looked back; he remembered the old days, and the unhappiness and misery he had manfully bound himself to relieve. The Harrow days returned to him, but the conditions were greatly altered. Then he was an almost neglected, morbid, sensitive lad, with a great pitifulness and sympathy in his sometimes miserable days. Now he was a

politician, a man of mark, a friend of the great ones of the earth, blessed with means sufficient, with a devoted wife and an heir to his estates, a home in which comfort and true happiness were to be found, leisure sufficient, reading, home joys, study—all, at his pleasure, enjoyable. On the other hand lay much trouble and anxiety—absence from home and society; for Lord Ashley never did anything by halves. What should he do?

He went to his wife, and placed the case in her hands. Her noble and unselfish answer was—

“It is your duty—the consequences we must leave.

“Go forward—to victory!”

This was his watch-word. His decision was made.

Now we must tell the story of the “Climbing Boys”—the little sweeps in whom Lord Ashley was, amongst other little sufferers, greatly interested. To the younger generation of readers the idea of boys climbing up into chimneys and sweeping away the accumulated soot is a very strange one. The fact that any human being should be compelled to clamber into a flue is now happily unknown. But at the time of which we write, and for more than a hundred years previously, the utter misery and degradation of the chimney sweeps had been canvassed, and yet no one had troubled himself publicly to remedy the evil. Children were kidnapped for this nefarious purpose, sold by inhuman parents; and it is related that Lord Ashley, deeply moved, bargained with the master of a wretched apprentice to release him. The man stood

out, but the philanthropist sought the child's father, and by an offer of gratuitous education succeeded in prevailing upon the parent to take his child away from such degrading employment.

The tortures to which these children were exposed were dreadful. Sometimes fires were lighted to force them to climb up. Many were murdered in this and kindred ways. Disease and death were busy, but the public and insurance companies were slow to move. Naked children were sent up the flues, naked they reposed on the heaps of soot; can any one wonder at the diseases which supervened?

Against this monstrous evil did Lord Ashley contend successfully. In the House and out of it he never ceased to uplift his voice against the evil, and to ascertain all he could of the system. He succeeded. He continued his efforts, too, on behalf of the factory children and those in mines and collieries.

While pressing forward the Colliery Bill, other important measures were by no means neglected. Lord Ashley went on a tour to visit the factories, and to elicit the opinions of the operatives who were ground down by the mill-owners. The following anecdote will illustrate the one-sided condition of things.

A young woman, employed in a mill at Stockport, was caught one day by the machinery, whirled round, and dashed down in a mangled condition, but not killed. She had not finished her week's work when this terrible

accident almost deprived her of life, and yet her employers deducted from her wages eighteenpence, the value of the unworked time which she did not "put in." Is it creditable? Scarcely, but it is true; and Lord Ashley, with righteous anger, brought an action against the mill-owners, and recovered one hundred pounds damages for the girl, and six times that sum in costs, a total far in excess of the sum requisite to protect the operatives, by "boxing off" the machinery.

This usefulness, far from appealing to the Government, determined them to shelve the interfering Ashley by appointing him to some office in the Queen's household, where he would be out of mischief; but they found him "impracticable," notwithstanding that the plea of necessity because of his *high moral character*, and therefore his fitness to be in the household, was strongly advanced. The value of this reasoning was made plain, when, on his decided refusal, a notorious nobleman, who had declared that his own character was too bad for such a place, was appointed in Lord Ashley's stead!

Lord Ashley was free again to continue his philanthropic schemes.

In this year he strongly *supported an emigration scheme*, by which some of the young "Arabs" he had rescued in the City might be afforded an opportunity to better their condition in other lands.

With his usual thoroughness, he devoted himself to the investigation, and set forth the means whereby he hoped to rescue the numerous waifs and strays of the

Great City. This people,—this class, was estimated to number thirty thousand—a “naked, lawless horde,” unkempt, habituated to crime and to the punishments of crime, half naked, wholly ignorant, many of them orphans, homeless, hopeless, deserted.

He now suggested that the Government should take a thousand children of both sexes every year, and send them to Australia at the public expense. He left the details to Government, which made the experiment, and successfully. The young people snatched from vice and vicious surroundings were selected, and Lord Ashley saw them off, wishing them personally good-speed.

His addresses on these occasions were what one would have expected—tender, touching and practical; and we have already read the testimony from a perfect stranger of the great success which was attained by “Lord Ashley’s boys.” They did not forget their benefactor; there are many letters to prove that they were grateful for the help and the position they had received and acquired.

There are anecdotes in connection with this period of Lord Ashley’s labours which will carry conviction to the reader more quickly than any description. The lads— young pickpockets most of them—had no fear of, and certainly no shame in, being convicted of larceny. Although they attended the Ragged Schools, they continued to ply their very questionable calling in the daytime. After a long absence, the master of the school would recognize a lad, and address him:

“My boy, where have you been?”

“Very sorry, sir, I couldn’t come before; but I’ve had three weeks in Bridewell!”

Yet another, illustrative of the mingling of education and “business”—as the children interpreted “business.”

One Sunday a detachment of lads came and sat down to their lessons; but as the clock struck eight they all, with one exception, left. The master seized the laggard by the arm, and questioned him as to his destination, and the defection of his companions.

“You must remain,” he added. “The lesson is not over.”

“We must go to business,” replied the lad, as he sought to free himself.

“What business?” inquired the master.

“Why, don’t you see it’s eight o’clock. We must go and catch them as they come out of the chapels!”

Their Sunday business was evident enough, but there were traces of compunction and a kind of honour which caused them to return property stolen inadvertently from a teacher. For instance, a missionary on one occasion was robbed by a lad who failed to recognize him. But when he saw his victim in the light he perceived he had robbed his teacher, a missionary. The pickpocket ran back—

“Holloa, is it you, Mr. ————?, I didn’t know you in your new coat. Here’s your handkerchief.”

“We must either steal or die,” said a thief to Lord

Ashley, when the question of reformation was put to the burglars. "How are we to live?" The missionary who was present urged prayer upon them as a solace. The reply was:—"My Lord and gentlemen of the jury—prayer is very good, but it won't fill an empty stomach."

From the garret and the gutter to the royal presence-chamber was a transition of easy and frequent occurrence with Lord Ashley, who left East London to dine at Windsor on friendly terms, or to appear at a royal concert. Such different phases of life are rarely presented to any man, but Lord Ashley was in no degree a courtier, nor did he lose sight of the poor while he conversed with the prince.

One day a lady called upon him, and related a piteous tale of a Polish refugee, who had managed to reach this country in a most destitute condition. The lady was unwilling to beg from him, but she told the tale nevertheless.

Lord Ashley confessed he had no money available—yet the case was pressing. Suddenly he exclaimed. "Wait! I remember I have a five-pound note in the library—it's my 'nest egg.' " He hurried away, and returning with the money, placed it in the lady's hand.

That he was very poor at this time is evident, and many devices had to be tried to raise the money he wanted.

Upon the death of his father Lord Ashley succeeded to the title and became the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury.

So far Lord Shaftesbury and Lady Shaftesbury—who kept his zeal at work, and ably seconded him as far as possible—had received little or no acknowledgment of their bravery and philanthropy. But in 1860 some very handsome testimonials were presented to them. The first was to the Earl by the teachers in the Ragged Schools, and consisted of an oil-painting, accompanied by a book, in which were the autographs of 1,700 of the subscribers. This was extremely gratifying; but not the least pleasing testimony was conveyed in the volume of signatures, which contained the names of men of every grade in society and in business who had interested themselves in the Ragged School movement. Some were wealthy, but the majority were people of limited means, who gave for love what, perhaps, they could ill spare. Such was their gratitude, such the influence of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who, in reply to the address, said that he “would rather be President of the Ragged School Union than have the command of armies or wield the destiny of Empires.”

“Where will a letter find you?” he was asked one day. “If you address to me in Grosvenor Square, and put ‘K. G. and Coster’ on the letter it will surely reach me.”

“K. G.” stands for “Knight of the Garter,” one of the highest decorations that can be given by the king.

This anecdote alone will show how closely he identified himself with these people. It was in 1868 when he volunteered to become the President of the Golden

Lane Mission to Costermongers, and till his death this society seems to have had a special attraction for him. In fact, he called himself a "coster," mixed with his "mates," purchased a donkey and a barrow, and became a member of the Barrow and Donkey Club. By these and other means he quickly gained the confidence and the respect of the men, and bestirred himself on their behalf; and at one of the meetings, when the Earl volunteered to assist them, bidding them write if they wanted his help, the question, "Where shall we write to?" elicited the reply, the substance of which is given above.

At a public meeting in his honour one day he received an unexpected present, a handsome donkey, gaily bedizened with ribbons, to his lordship. Lord Shaftesbury, who had a keen sense of fun, vacated the chair in favour of the new comer, and with his arm around the donkey's neck, made a most pathetic yet manly speech, in the course of which he remarked—"When I have passed away from this life, I desire to have no more said of me than that I have done my duty, as this poor donkey has done his, with patience and un murmuring resignation."

Then, with a touch of humour, he added, as the donkey was led away—

"I trust the reporters will state that the donkey having vacated the chair, the place was taken by Lord Shaftesbury."

Lord Shaftesbury was now nearly eighty years old.

To the last he assisted, in and out of Parliament, in the

discussion of pressing questions, such as the Bill for the Protection of Young Girls, and other necessary measures. Then arises the lament, "I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it."

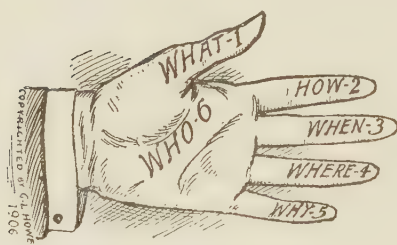
Of his funeral in Westminster Abbey it was said that never had been brought together at one time, in one place, and with one accord, so many workers for the common good, impelled by a deep and tender sympathy in a common loss. For no other man in England, or in the world, could such an assembly have been gathered together.

A touching incident is recorded in connection with the funeral. As the hearse was going away a poor man, in tattered clothes, and with a fragment of crape upon his arm, turned to a bystander and said in a choking voice, "Our Earl's gone! God A'mighty knows he loved us, and we loved him. We shan't see his likes again!"

The Duke of Argyle said in 1855, "My Lords, the special reforms of the last century have not been mainly due to the Liberal party: they have been due mainly to the influence, character and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury." And Mr. Gladstone said, "The safety of our country is not in law or legislators, but in Christian gentlemen like Lord Shaftesbury."

His motto, the motto of his family, is "Love; Serve;" and surely no man more than acted up to its principles and "bore so well without reproach, the grand old name of gentleman."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.



THE STORY OF POMIUK.

HELPFULNESS.

1 WHAT.

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me.
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

2 How. —G. Linnaeus Banks.

"He did things so kindly;
It seemed his heart's delight

To make poor people happy,
From morning until night.

"He always seemed at leisure
For every one who came;
However tired or busy,
They found HIM just the same!"
—*Doctor Wilfred Grenfell's Motto.*

3-4 WHEN AND WHERE.

"Begin with a generous heart. Think how you can serve others. Then shall you find resources to grow. Do the utmost with what you have and it shall go far enough."
—*Octavius B. Frothingham.*

5 WHY.

By helpfulness we pay to the men of the present a part of the untold debt we owe to the men of the past. We pass their kindness on. John Ruskin adds to this: "Human beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care, which all of us owe to Providence."

I know no sweeter or stranger story of the way one helpfulness dovetailed into another than the true story of Pomiuk.*

Pomiuk (Po-me-ook) was the child of Kaiouchouak, chief of North Labrador, and Anniortama, his wife.

*Used in this book by special permission, from "Pomiuk," by William Byron Forbush, published by the Pilgrim Press, Boston.

Would you know where he lived better if I told you it was Tumelosoak, Tessyuyak, Nachvak Bay?

Pomiuk had a happy boyhood. When he was a baby he was carried naked in a bag on his mother's back, where his black, twinkling eyes saw everything that was going on and where he was very cosy and warm, unless his mother should chance to run or bend over suddenly, when he would be flung forward into the snow, a very much astonished papoose.

As soon as he was big enough to chew raw walrus, his mother made him a little seal skin like her own, for women wear trousers in Eskimo-land. Woolen was unknown and for a piece of red calico Queen Anniortama would have bartered her choicest furs.

When he was old enough Pomiuk's father began his education. Not by taking him to school. A school had never been heard of near Nachvak Bay. So instead of using a slate-pencil, Pomiuk's first tool was a needle for repairing nets, then an oar, then a hook and line, and lastly the net itself, a boat and possibly a gun. During this time he was taught to manage dogs, to steer komatiks or dog sleds, to set traps and snares and to hunt for seals.

Such was the busy, happy boyhood of Pomiuk. He had never heard of the United States and he had never seen a white boy in his life.

Here a new character appears in the story.

Once upon a time a Massachusetts boy, for the benefit

of his health, broken in school, took a summer trip to Labrador, on a Newburyport fishing schooner, accompanied by three or four other New England students. They remained on their vessel in the landlocked harbour of Salmon Bay in the Straits of Belle Isle, enjoyed the novel experiences of ocean travel and a sojourn on that wild coast, and returned in the fall to their homes. The connection of this excursion with the present story will soon appear.

This was almost fifty years ago.

The Massachusetts boy returned home to resume his studies and afterward to go into business. But he could not forget these needy people of the North.

So our chance excursionist of a few years before, now twenty-one years old, went again to Newburyport and sailed away on a fishing schooner, with a box of Bibles and another of reading-books, to the Labrador coast.

For seven years in all, our friend of the health excursion, reinforced in due time by a Massachusetts wife, labored on the coast. His health failed after enduring the hardships and rigorous climate of such a coast, and he came back to America in time to minister to the sick and dying soldiers in the last winter of our Civil War.

But what has all this to do with "Pomiuk?" I will tell you. In the spring of 1892 this former missionary received a letter one day from one of his chums who had gone with him on that first summer excursion to the North, and who had now become a successful business

man on the Pacific Coast. This man wrote that a company had been organized to exhibit at the World's Fair (which was to be given the next year at Chicago) an Eskimo village and Labrador trading-post. He asked our friend to give him all the information he could as to the best way to go and secure a company of Eskimo people to come over with their dogs and sledges and furs to the great Exposition. Of course he was glad to accommodate his old comrade and so he took considerable trouble to forward charts and books about the Labrador coast to the company on the Pacific and arranged for the chartering of a Halifax schooner to take the expedition to the far North as soon as the ice should break up.

A few months later, in the month of October, fifty-seven men and women, of stunted stature, with swarthy skin, flat noses, straight black hair and rounded cheeks, suggestive of blubber, could be seen lolling on the decks of the steamer schooner *Everlina*, in Boston harbor. These were the Labrador people who were going to inhabit the Eskimo village at the World's Fair. Their trip to Boston had been uneventful, except for the difficulty of providing satisfactory food for the Eskimo. They would not eat cooked articles of any sort, and soon became tired of the sun-dried seal meat, venison and fish with which the ship's larder had been plentifully supplied. In this emergency one of the English-speaking Eskimo suggested trailing lines for fish, and soon the whole company made a catch, which they ate raw. At Port

Hawkesbury they had put in for provisions; a barrel of cabbages had been bought and opened on the deck; within fifteen minutes every bit of the contents of that barrel had disappeared, the Artic passengers having eaten all parts of the vegetable. Some apples were offered them, but they did not like them. Raw potatoes and raw turnips were eaten with relish.

This party consisted of twelve families, among whom were twenty-nine women and nineteen children. As the Exposition was not formally opened until the next spring, the Eskimo were exhibited in Chicago during the winter.

The next autumn our friend, whom many children know as "Mr. Martin," went to the World's Fair, and of course one of the first places he visited was the Eskimo village. Here he took a ride on a komatik, pulled by Labrador dogs. As there was no snow in Chicago, it was drawn on a narrow gauge railroad. He also rode on a kayak on the lagoon. He was specially interested in a little boy found in one of the cabins, confined to his bunk from hip disease, whose name was Pomiuk, but who—for advertising purposes—was called "Prince" Pomiuk by the managers of the village, because his father was a chief in North Labrador. He had learned a little English and Mr. Martin got him to laughing by imitating dog driving and telling him of one of his experiences with children in an Indian mitchwaup (wigwam), when he was in Labrador.

When Mr. Martin said good-bye to Pomiuk, he

promised to send him his photograph. During the autumn he heard from the little boy once or twice, and learned that he was getting better and that he had started safely for his Labrador home. The Exposition people had arranged that the Eskimo should be conducted safely back to Labrador, and as the previous season had been a poor one for fishing, it is probable that most of them had found their novel experience in America profitable as well as interesting.

A great many American children saw Pomiuk and were attracted to him because he was the liveliest and merriest of all the Eskimo children. Before his injury Pomiuk had distinguished himself above all the other children by his skill with the dog-whip. The white visitors would place a small coin on the ground as a target and the first Eskimo who would hit it at thirty feet with the whiplash won it. Pomiuk always hit it first. Mr. Martin has been for a number of years the editor of a children's page (called the "Corner?") in one of our American religious weeklies. Of course he reported the Eskimo village and Pomiuk to his readers, some of whom in a later visit to the Fair mentioned Mr. Martin's name to Pomiuk and were much pleased to see his smile of recognition. "You come Boston?" "Yes." "You know Martin?" "Yes." "Hello!"

The Eskimo moved slowly north and part of the next winter Pomiuk stayed at Ramah, a Moravian settlement,

where the kind care of the missionaries probably saved his life.

Somehow Mr. Martin could not forget the little boy and so a year later—in the spring of 1895—he sent him a letter. Of course he did not know where, on that desolate coast, the boy, even if alive, would be. There were no dog sledge mails nor even fishing schooners or trading vessels that went so far north. So he sent his letter at a venture in charge of the Hudson Bay Company, to Montreal, addressing it in care of their post at Nachvak, the former home of the boy. The boy's guardian might be hunting walrus a hundred miles away and might never receive it. They forwarded it by a schooner, leaving Quebec with supplies for the Labrador posts two months later. This letter continued in its long journey until many months after. It was at last left at the Hudson Bay station at the end of a long, deep ford, among the high mountains of northern Labrador. There had lived for twenty years Mr. Ford, the fur trader, the northernmost white man, with his wife, two boys and a girl, far from any other house or home. He took care of the letter, although he thought it of little importance. Not long after Kupah went by in his skin boat, with his wife and children, to trade seal skins and to go up the river to catch trout. He had Pomiuk with him. They camped on a bleak shore called Tessyuyak, at the foot of the black crags called the Tongaks or Devil mountains. Mr. Ford probably did not know that Pomiuk was now so neglected

that he did not even have clothing. The Eskimo have little sympathy for pain and suffering. His hip trouble was so serious, too, that he would not have dared to treat him. He believed his death was near. The letter which brought kind wishes had not been opened or read. Pomiuk, fatherless, motherless, friendless, seemed left to die.

But all this time a friend unknown to him, guided by God, was seeking him.

Doctor Wilfred Grenfell was born on the banks of the Dee, where it empties into the Irish sea, on the west coast of England, his family coming from Devonshire, where for generations back they had been a line of those old sea-dogs who fought with Spain upon the sea. When he was a boy, his kinsman, Charles Kingsley, the boy's hero, who wrote *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* took him on his knee and called him a "real Saxon." He is related by marriage to Max Muller and James A. Froude. He lived so near the ocean when he was a boy that in heavy storms the waves would dash up over the sea wall against his house. He was fond of the water from his earliest childhood. When he was quite young his brother and he built a boat in the nursery—a long curious looking craft, painted red, which they called "Reptile"—in which they spent many happy hours and sometimes nights on the neighboring sea. At Oxford he was a crack athlete. He had a life of worldly success and social prominence before him. He had been confirmed

in the English church, but the event had not meant a great deal to him. One evening when he was a medical student he dropped into the Tabernacle in East London, where Mr. Moody was speaking. That great, generous personality impressed him. "I hadn't anything like that!" he has stated as his confession after hearing this address.

His family was of a race of fighters and sailors,—a near kinsman is a general of British forces to-day,—and so it was natural that he should be a sailor and a fighter for Christ. He was also studying medicine under Sir Andrew Clarke, that great-hearted surgeon, of whom you have read in Ian Maclaren's story, who took Lily Grant to his home when she was dying. These two brave Christian physicians determined his life's work. The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen "whose patron was good Queen Victoria and whose patron now is her gracious Majesty, Alexandra," was about to add to its work of mercy in the North Seas a mission to Labrador. The little steamer *Alert* was fitted out and Doctor Grenfell, whose membership in the London Cruising Club had made him a "certificated master mariner," was put in command.

In August of the same year in which Mr. Martin wrote his letter, the little mission steamer sailed farther north than it had ever ventured before along a coast that had never been charted since Captain Cook's voyage of a century ago. They crept along the tremendous preci-

pices which rise 3,000 feet, stopping occasionally at a little inlet, where they would find a Moravian mission or a few huts of the Eskimo.

Finally they came to the lonely hut of Mr. Ford, the fur company's agent, the only white man on that coast. He showed the Doctor the only place down that long cleft in the mountains where a ship could anchor, so deep was the water on every side. Mr. Ford told them that the Eskimo were all away hunting, with the exception of one Kupah, whose reindeer-skin tent was farther up the bay, where he and his family were troutng.

"They have a dying boy up there also," he added, "though it is not their child."

"Good-night," said Dr. Grenfell; "we won't fail to search for him in the morning."

Let me tell the rest of the story in Dr. Grenfell's own words:

"At daylight the little jolly-boat was ready once more and soon, after a sharp pull, we were searching with our glasses the edges of the inlet from a high promontory jutting out into the bay. Small as the tupik was, we made it out, pitched on the bare rounded stones close to the mouth of a torrent rushing from the hills. What a speck it looked! Off again at once, and soon we have drawn aside the flag which forms the door, and, peering in, see sitting on skins spread over the raised heap at the end, an Eskimo woman with two little girls, while on the cold ground lay a naked boy of about eleven years, an

old reindeer-skin thrown over him, his long jet black hair cut, the way they always do, in a fringe across his forehead, and his face drawn with pain and neglect. It was Pomiuk. Poor little fellow! His thigh was broken and diseased as well. What could we do in our short visit to a place so far from anywhere? Only one thing; take him away with us. Could that be done?

"Mr. Ford told them that we were medicine men, and wished to make the boy well. He was not their boy. He could be of no use to them now, because he could not hunt. Would they give the boy to us?

"*'Ajaunamat,'* said Kupah, shrugging his shoulders; which meant we could do as we liked.

"So we improvised a stretcher and at once carried him to Mr. Ford's house. Here, under chloroform, to ease him of his pain, we washed the poor child, cleansed and dressed his wound—and having left behind his only covering, the dirty old reindeer-skin, we put on him some clean linen and carried him to the Sir Donald. Here we laid him in the cabin on a great white skin of a polar bear, as he was not accustomed to a bed, and indeed there were no beds aboard.

"But I must not forget one possession he had. It was the only thing in the world he possessed—a letter from a gentleman in Boston, named Mr. Martin, who had seen Pomiuk at the World's Fair, and had tried to tell him of his Saviour. The letter had, after long journeyings reached this port by the company's vessel, Erik,

on her voyage to Hudson Bay, and was lying there till Kupah should come with his catch of trout and salmon. Now the letter was handed to me; so we opened it and Mr. Ford in Eskimo told Pomiuk what it said."

It was an impressive moment when Dr. Grenfell opened the letter which was to connect the two friends of Pomiuk as helpers of him and of each other for life. Up to this time they had never heard of each other.

"Who is this Mr. Martin?" asked the Doctor of Pomiuk, through his interpreter. "Do you know him?"

Pomiuk's face lit up with an expression of tenderness unusual to any Eskimo.

"Yes," he answered, "me even love him."

Of course Doctor Grenfell answered Mr. Martin's letter to Pomiuk at once, telling him the whole story. He added:

"Now that the dirt, the worst of the pain and the fear of being touched have passed off, we find him a bright, happy and delightful little fellow. We shall keep him. From your letter, sir, I judge you to be a praying man. If so, you may care to pray a blessing on this little out-cast. I will, if you care, send you a photograph of the boy which I took, but I do not know at present whether this will ever reach you."

The letter came safely to Mr. Martin, and from his reply, still preserved by Dr. Grenfell, the following is taken:

"I am filled with joy and gratitude that God should have so graciously brought it about that you should rescue my dear boy Pomiuk from his sorry condition and certain fate. It is like 'the lovingkindness of God toward the children of men.' I am sure it is of Him, and He will 'surely bring it to pass.' Now, I beg you to give Pomiuk my kind love, and tell him that I am glad God has taken care of him and brought him to your ship. Furthermore, I wish to have a finger in your good work. I am myself a poor man, but I am editor of a children's department in *The Congregationalist* and have before told the story of the boy. Our children will help support him."

Mr. Martin now told the "Corner" children the marvelous sequel to Pomiuk's story and asked if they would send money so that he might be cared for. "He belongs to us," said Mr. Martin; "let us take care of him."

And so, as long as he lived, Mr. Martin and his child-friends took care of Pomiuk.

A good Moravian missionary had, late in the fall, come to the hospital where Pomiuk lay, bringing with him another poor Eskimo who had been accidentally shot through the elbow joint. The sea froze as soon as he arrived and so he also had to stay near the little hospital in the woods, until sledge traveling should permit his return to his station. After talking to Pomiuk about the Saviour, he had baptized him and according to the beautiful Moravian custom, as the sign of his new life in Jesus

Christ, given him the new name of "Gabriel," the name of the angel of comfort in the New Testament.

While so many American boys and girls had become so interested in Pomiuk and all were much encouraged to know how strong he was getting, it was a very sad shock for them to read in *The Congregationalist* on the 25th of November, 1897, that little Pomiuk was dead. One of the Doctor's colleagues sent the following letter.

"Battle Harbor Hospital, Labrador.

"Dear Mr. Martin:—I am very sorry I must be the conveyor of sad news to you. Gabriel passed away from our midst September 29th, at 9 P. M. The shock was one hardly to be realized. On the Friday previous he was out on the veranda, running his fingers over an autoharp, a present from a Moravian missionary, which had just arrived. Little did we think that within a few days his harp would be of richer tone and the chords of unbroken melody! He complained of headache when he came in on Friday.

"The same night he developed a little fever, not unusual for his hip disease, but after treatment felt much better, though not entirely well. On Sunday he had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Ford and their boys from Nachvak, his former home, and although his head was aching, seemed delighted to see them again and make inquiries about his mother. For the next two days he had the usual aching of muscles and limbs in influenza, which has been through the settlement and hospital. On

Wednesday morning he developed meningitis and became unconscious, fits occurring frequently until he passed quietly and peacefully home. He left no message, because of his unconsciousness, but on Sunday night, when I took prayers in the ward, he asked for his familiar hymn to be sung:

“Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
In this world of darkness we must shine,
You in your small corner, I in mine.”

“Shine he did. His unselfishness and amiable disposition made everyone love him, and his memory will be fresh in many hearts for years to come.

“In a sheltered hollow in the little mission graveyard, where others weary and worn had been laid after all their pain and sorrow were over, they laid the little body of the brave prince and put on his resting-place the new name by which he is known in heaven—‘Gabriel,’ which means ‘man of God.’ That night the mysterious aurora hung in the far north, its banners gleaming like the festival illuminations of a royal city. The Eskimo watch it with awe and call it ‘the dead at play.’ But to the sad, yet faithful, Christian eyes that looked upon it, it was the shining symbol of the joy in the City of God on High that another young soldier of Jesus Christ had won his way home to his King, the Good Shepherd.”

At once Mr. Martin decided that Gabriel's cot should be kept filled and he asked his young friends if they would send their money for the little bed, which was hereafter to be called the "Gabriel-Pomiuk Memorial Cot." People always learn to love that to which they give, so you will be glad to know that the money has been sent every year since then, and that the little cot has been constantly filled.

I think now I have told you the story up to the present, but as you see it is not yet finished, and perhaps it never will be. Doctor Grenfell is still going up and down the Labrador coast, making sick people well and little children happy, using sometimes his newest ship, the Queen Alexandra, named for the beautiful queen by her express permission,—a brother to the friendless and a father to the orphan, and living the brave life of an English Viking. Mr. Martin keeps on helping his old parishioners and their children.

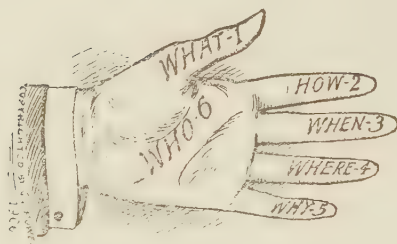
And the children, too, they are still busy in helping, and we hope even after these children are American men and women, that the Memorial Cot will still be filled with those who suffer, by the generous hands of other American children still to be born, and that memorial of the little Labrador "prince," who was so brave and happy and generous in his sufferings, will never be forgotten.

Each year Doctor Grenfell goes north to show the children of the cold that kindness is Christlikeness. I remain here to try to do the same, and you, reader, fare

you, west or east or south, will you join hands also and circle the world with kindness too?

For "this fable teaches," as the story-books would say, that a single deed of thoughtful kindness goes on and on through the years and no one can tell how far it will go or to what benedictions it may attain.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.



THE RISING IN 1776.

HELPFUL EXAMPLE.

1 WHAT.

"The good character is diffusive in his influence. 'I was common clay till roses were planted in me,' says some aromatic earth in the Eastern fable. Like begets like, and good makes good. 'It is astonishing,' says Canon Moseley, 'how much good goodness makes.'"

—*Samuel Smiles.*

The world may not know me, but it shall feel me.

2 How.

One is not to think of setting an example. That would make one self-conscious, and conceited. All that is necessary is to do exactly what is right—that is example enough. Sometimes at faculty meeting at Indiana

University a professor will say, "Now, I suggest, as a matter of policy —" Then President William Lowe Bryan interrupts by saying, "We do not do things as a matter of policy, here. We do them right the first time and then they don't have to be done again." The result is that the whole atmosphere of the University is one of candor and genuineness.

3-4

WHEN AND HOW.

It is usually when we least expect it that our good example takes effect. In Peter's time, we are told, people brought the sick and laid them so that the shadow of Peter, when he passed by unconscious, might overshadow some of them. Thus sometimes the passing shadow of a man brings healing.

5

WHY.

Think truly and thy thought
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and thy word
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read has put into stirring stanzas the story of how the bold speech and action of a Connecticut minister brought a whole company of volunteer soldiers into the army of Washington.

THE RISING IN 1776.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot's arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet, with loitering tread,
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught:
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,

Where all the happy people walk,
 Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom,
 And every maid, with simple art
 Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
 Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
 He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might;
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease,
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay! not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers

That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—

The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
It's long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was "War! War! War!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I."

What influence the dauntless courage of a mere lad had is related in the following story:

He was only a drummer boy and it was only a little thing he had begun to do, beating a drum. But he won the battle of Marengo.

Just as the day was lost at Marengo, Desaix came sweeping across the field with his cavalry, and halted near the eminence where stood Napoleon. In the corps was a drummer boy, a gamin from the streets of Paris, who had followed the victorious eagles of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Austria.

As the columns halted Napoleon shouted to him, "Beat a retreat."

The boy did not stir.

"Gamin, beat a retreat."

The boy grasped his drumsticks and stepped forward. "Sire, I don't know how. Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge: Oh, I can beat a charge that would make the dead fall in line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids once, and I beat it at Mt. Tabor, and I beat it again at the Bridge of Lodi. Oh, may I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix. "We are beaten, what shall we do?"

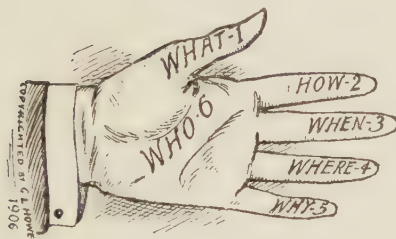
"Do? Beat them! There is time to win a victory yet. Up! Gamin! the charge! The old charge of Mt. Tabor and Lodi!"

In a moment the corps, behind the sword of Desaix, and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austria.

When the smoke cleared away the gamin was seen in front of the line, still beating the stirring onset, over the dead and wounded, over the breast works and ditches, as he led the way to victory.

To-day men point to Marengo with wonderment. They praise the great commander's power of foresight. But they forgot that Napoleon failed, and that a street boy of Paris put to shame the child of destiny.

CHAPTER LXXXV.



THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

PATRIOTISM.

1 WHAT.

Who are the patriots in America? No doubt many would answer at once, "The patriots are the men who fight for their country; the men who stood with Warren on Bunker Hill, and with Sumter and Marion and Morgan in the Carolinas; the men who made Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown; the sailors who fought alongside of Paul Jones; the sailors on the good ship *Constitution*; all the soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for duty in the time of the Civil War."

"Yes," some would say, "the men who rode with Custer on the plains of the far West, Dewey and his men at Manila, Roosevelt and Hobson at Santiago,—

*From "The Young Citizen," by Charles F. Dole, published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Used by special permission.

all these were patriots. They were the same kind of patriots as the famous Spartans, who died ages ago at the pass of Thermopylæ over in Greece, of whom the orators and poets have spoken and sung ever since."

There is something wrong in thinking that patriots must be soldiers and sailors. What shall we say of the women who do not fight? What shall we call Martha Washington, who had to stay at home while her husband was at Valley Forge? What shall we call the thousands of women who sent their brothers and sons to help the cause of liberty? Were not these women as good patriots as their husbands and brothers? Indeed the women often had the hardest time. They had to carry on the farms, while the men were away; they suffered from anxiety and loneliness. For many a brave woman it would have been easier to die herself, than to send her boy away to die with wounds or with fever. We must surely call all brave women patriots who love their country well enough to let their husbands and sons go to war for the sake of the flag.

We must not forget a multitude of men who, even in the War of the Revolution and in the great Civil War, were never soldiers or sailors, and yet were patriots. There was Benjamin Franklin, for instance. He did not fight, but who loved America better than he? If it had not been for his services at the French king's court, no one knows how many weary years the War of Independence might have lasted.

There was Samuel Adams,—who ever heard of his fighting a battle? But he was as brave and sturdy a patriot as any soldier could be. There was Washington's friend, Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, who helped get money to pay the soldiers.

Where, indeed, in the time of war would all the wheat and beef come from to feed the army, and the clothing to keep the men warm, if there were no patriots hard at work on their farms and in their shops? Who shall say that the men at home do not love their country as well as the men who fight in the field? Why is it not good patriotism to work for the country and pay taxes cheerfully for the needs of the government?

We must not forget another set of good patriots in the times of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. They were the patriot children who were not yet old enough to fight for their country, but who were, nevertheless, perfectly willing to do so if they had been wanted. These patriot boys and girls, all the way from Portland to Savannah, rushed out, you may be sure, whenever a horseman came riding into the village bearing news of the war. They helped their mothers and sisters while their fathers were away. They were full of gladness, too, when at last the long war was over, and by and by they told to their children the stories that their fathers had told to them,—about the troublous and dreadful years of the war, and the heavy cost that had purchased our liberties.

Were there no patriot boys and girls also on the side that was beaten in the Revolution? Were none of the men patriots who believed it their duty to go into exile rather than to fight against their mother country? Suppose a man is mistaken, or is on the losing side, cannot he still be a patriot, if he truly loves his country? Surely the courage and chivalry of such men as General Lee and Stonewall Jackson, as well as the heroism and good temper of true men in the North, now help us all to respect one another as fellow-citizens of a common nation. Let us never forget that men may be earnest patriots, even when we do not happen to agree with them. Who is wise enough or good enough never to make a mistake?

We are on the right track now to find out who patriots are. It was quite a mistake to suppose that patriots must be fighters, or that they must live in a time of war. Through all the history of our country, from the Declaration of Independence to the present year, we have lived most of the time without war. Most of the time we have had only a few soldiers, and we have had very little for them to do. The fact is, we are not a fighting people. Why should any one want to go to war, and burn towns and kill men? That is what barbarous people do, but we in America mean to live like civilized men. We do not believe in fighting, unless duty compels us to fight. Who knows but that they are right who say there is *always* a nobler way than to fight?

Do you think now that the millions of Americans who

have lived in the times when there was no war, were not just as good patriots as ever lived or fought? To be a patriot is to love one's country; it is to be ready and willing, if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew. We think that the seaman should be willing to die, but we do not wish him to die. We wish him to be skillful enough to keep clear of the dangerous ledges, and to live, and to bring his ship safely into port, voyage after voyage. So we do not wish the good citizens to die for their country, but to be just and fair and wise, and to treat the people of other nations as their friends, and so to live nobly for their country. We think that Washington and Grant were as true patriots when the country was at peace as when it was at war.

Yes! To love our country, to work so as to make it strong and rich, to support its government, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into its treasury, to treat our fellow-citizens as we like to be treated ourselves,—this is to be good American patriots.

“Ah!” some one may say, “did not the men and women have to be braver in the war times than in time of peace?” Let us stamp that as false. What a terrible thing it would be to be brave, if bravery requires of us to hurt and kill! Is it not brave to try to save life? Thousands of brave men are risking their lives every day to help men and to save us all from harm. Brave doctors and nurses go where deadly disease is, and are not

afraid to help save the sick. Brave students are trying perilous experiments, so as to find out better knowledge for us all. Brave engineers on thousands of locomotives are not afraid of sudden death if they can save their passengers from harmful accidents. Brave sailors are always facing the sea and the storm. Brave firemen stand ready to die to bring little children safely out of burning buildings. Brave boys every summer risk their lives to save their comrades from drowning. Brave fellows hold in check maddened horses and prevent them from running away with women and children. Brave women risk their own lives daily for the sake of others.

Wherever we see a brave man, or woman, or child, there we look for a patriot. Whoever is brave to help others will be brave also for the sake of his country. Never forget it; it is better to be brave to help men than it is to be brave to harm them.

We wish no victories but those of peace; no territory except our own, and no sovereignty except sovereignty over ourselves, which we deem independence. The smallest and weakest member of the family of nations is entitled to the respect of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guarantee of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire rights, privileges or powers we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, expand our trade and grow in wealth and wisdom, but our conception of the

true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all our friends to common prosperity and to growth that we may all become greater and stronger together. —*Elihu Root*.

This nation has a banner too; and whenever it has streamed abroad, men have seen daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men have rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and no fierce eagle; they see the symbols of light. It is the Banner of Dawn; it means *Liberty*.

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner; they were men that had taken their lives in their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions—

for what? For the doctrine, and for the personal fact, of liberty,—for the right of all men to liberty.

If any one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him,—it means just what Concord and Lexington meant; what Bunker Hill meant; which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known,—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

The history of this banner is all on the side of liberty. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York and in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation. And when the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history. How divine its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once, in all the earth made to stoop to despotism!

Accept it, then, in its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand *in* the government, *on* the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and for the sake of its meaning, be true to your country's flag.

Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissues of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and, looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

TO THEE, O COUNTRY.

BY ANNA EICHBERG.

To thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy power and praises sing.

Upon thy mighty, faithful heart
We lay our burdens down.
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love,
For thee with fervor deep we pray
To Him who dwells above.

O God, preserve our Fatherland!
Let Peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdoms stretch
From north to southmost sea.

2 How.

By learning, first what love of country means.

"The best his hand can teach him he shall see,
And trace the footsteps where his fathers trod;

See all the beauty that the world can show
And how it is that freedom makes men free
And how such freemen love and serve their God."
—*Edward Everett Hale.*

3 WHEN.

"Remember, we are one country now. Dismiss from your minds all sectional feeling. Bring up your children to be, above all, Americans." —*Robert E. Lee.*

4 WHERE.

"No government can long endure unless its citizens are willing to make some sacrifices for it."
—*William J. Bryan.*

(b) In Death—

As Nathan Hale ascended the cart which was his scaffold, he said:

"You are shedding the blood of the innocent; if I had ten thousand lives I would lay them down in defense of my injured, bleeding country. I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

"This is a fine death for a soldier," said a British officer, sneeringly.

"Sir," replied Hale, lifting his cap, "there is no death which would not be rendered noble in such a glorious cause."

(c) In Life—

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our

power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

(d) At Home—

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,

And bravely speaks the cheering word
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

(e) In help for the stranger.

On the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, whose torch is the first light seen by the immigrant as he beholds New York harbor, are engraved these noble words from the pen of Emma Lazarus:

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land,
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles; from her beacon-hand

Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore;
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

5

WHY.

Our country was bought with a great price, the price
of blood freely and lovingly shed. He is an ingrate who
will not offer her a brave, true life, and, if need be, a
brave, willing death.

This, Horace Greeley said, is the first poem called out
by the Civil War. It is by Will H. Thompson. It tells
the story of love of country, north and south, and breathes
the noblest prophecy of glorious days for the nation yet
to be.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

6

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the crowd some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry,

With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs,
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah! how the withering tempest blew
Across the front of Pettigrew;
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo.

A thousand fell where Kempner led,
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In binding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armisted.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history).

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled flag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who's shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet;
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet.

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost,
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud,
The death cry of a nation lost.

The brave went down, without disgrace,
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wak'd,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face.

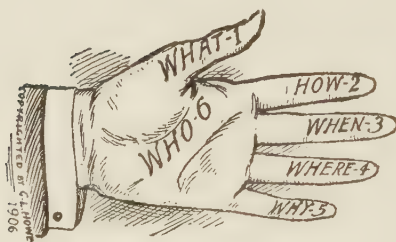
They fell, who lifted up a hand,
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland.

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives; He forged the iron will,
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns; he built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still.

Fold up the banner! Smelt the gun!
Love rules, her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.



THE SHINING HAND.

ASPIRATION.

1

WHAT.

"We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are." —*Phillip Brooks.*

"Whom not having seen we love." —*Saint Paul.*

"Do not let your ideals get shopworn. A man with no vision is a poor thing."

—*Le Baron Russell Briggs.*

"Will it surprise you to be told that your dreams are the most important things in your life? If they are worth nothing, what are you, the dreamer, worth, since they represent your highest life? They are the reflection of your heart's desire." —*Hugh Black.*

"There is a vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, tenderness,
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its care."

—*Robert Browning.*

2 How.

"Whatsoever things are true; whatsoever things are honest; whatsoever things are just; whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things."

—*Saint Paul.*

3 WHEN.

If one does his daily work for the sake of God and of love for men, the work, no matter how mean, will be beautiful.

A story is told of the old days when the monks used to shut themselves away from the world, until they passed "from out a silent cell into the silent ground." Among them was Anselm, who spent all his time in lovingly copying the holy books on parchment, hoping at length to find his own name in the Book of Life.

For many years he wrought, but one day at the vesper-chime "he bent him o'er the half-writ prayer, kissed Jesus's name and died."

They laid him in the chapel near a window, where the sunlight blaze flashed over the simple stone that covered him and touched his name with a pencil of light like his own.

The years went by, his brethren also died and by and

by even his name was trodden from the stone, and he was forgotten.

Then they lifted the pavement again to make a grave for the Abbot who had just died. They found no crumbling bones, nor even any human dust, but in a shining space, a warm right hand; a hand not stiff, like a dead man's, but seeming to hold an unseen hand within its living grasp. Before the monks could turn away their dazzled gaze, so the legend closes, the hand rose, as with a sound of wings, and went through the sunlight into Heaven.

4

WHERE.

THE CITY SPLENDID.

King of the city splendid,
Eternal in the height,
May all our country's cities
Be holy in thy sight;
Cleansed from the deeds of darkness—
Cities of light.

To thee may all thy servants
Fast in obedience stand,
They, in the fight with evil
Strengthened by thy right hand;
Their holy lives the bright'ning
Stars of our land.

The wealthy who forget thee,
Drownsed in pride's dream, awake,
'Gainst sins of sense and spirit
Unceasing war to make;
And brother's place by poorest
Daringly take.

Inspire the sons of labor,
That honest toil may be
Their token, in life's hardness,
Of loyalty to thee,
That thou may'st in their hand work
Love's heart work see.

Thou 'gainst the race for riches
In anger spak'st of old;
Rebuke the greed now hast'ning,
By methods keen and cold,
To wring from helpless workers
The curse of gold.

Teach love to cheer lorn children
That know not childhood's mirth,
Wronged of their rights—no green fields
In their scant reach of earth;
To hope's large sunshine give them
A second birth.

Lord, end the spell of passion,
Break thou the drunkard's lure;
Thou are the one Physician
The human heart to cure,
And will renew, the foulest
Life make pure.

Give joy to all the joyless,
Song's voice to sorrows dumb;
May light invade with blessing
Each dark and deathly slum,
Into earth's realms of horrors
Thy kingdom come!

Forgive our heedless harshness,
Our readiness to blame;
Our prodigals recover,
Our sisterhood of shame;
Be known as in days olden
Thy saving name.

Soon may our country's cities,
O Lord, Thy glory wear,
Each place of toil a temple,
Each house a home of prayer,
Each city's name of beauty,
The Lord is there!

—G. T. Coster.

THE DAYS THAT ARE TO BE.

Come hither, lads, and hearken, for a tale there is
to tell

Of the wonderful days o-' coming, when all shall be
better than well.

Men in that time o-' coming shall work and have no
fear

For to-morrow's lack of earning and the hunger wolf
a-near.

I tell you this for a wonder, that no man shall then be
glad

Of his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch at the work
he had.

O strange, new, wonderful justice, but for whom shall
we gather the gain?

For ourselves and for each of our fellows, and no hand
shall labour in vain.

Then all Mine and Thine shall be Ours, and no more
shall any man crave

For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend
for a slave.

And what wealth shall then be left us when none shall
gather gold

To buy his friends in the market, and pitch and pine
the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city, and the little house on
the hill,
And the waters and the woodland beauty, and the poppy
fields we till.

And the homes of ancient stories, the tombs of the mighty
dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels, and the poet's
teeming head.

And the painter's hand of wonder; and the marvellous
fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music—all those that do and
know.

For these shall be ours and all men's nor shall any lack
a share
Of the toil and the gain of living in the days when the
world grows fair. —*William Morris.*

5 WHY.

"Perhaps the longing to be so helps make the soul
immortal." —*James Russell Lowell.*

"So live that your afterself—the man you ought
to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away

in the twenties, the thirties of the Twentieth Century, he is awaiting his turn. His body, his soul, his brain are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, boy of the Twentieth Century, let him come as a man among men in his time, or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had a chance to touch it? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?"*

—*David Starr Jordan.*

Here are some thoughtful, helpful words by the Rev. Dr. A. L. Phillips, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, a great friend of young people, on

A BOY AND HIS IDEALS.

- 6 A boy isn't a boy unless he is being somebody. Imitation is as natural to him as breathing. You do not have to teach him to imitate. He will do it of his own accord, perhaps unconsciously. It is not a sign of corrupt nature that he should imitate. It is a sign of such

*From the "Call of the Twentieth Century," published by the American Unitarian Association. Used by special permission.

nature that he so easily does imitate what is bad and loves to do so. This desire to be like somebody or to do something that he has seen somebody do, is close kin to his imagination. His imagination draws a picture, and he at once begins to fill it in with himself. With very young children this imagination is more or less fancy. The imagination depends upon what is already in the mind for the new images it makes. When a child calls a fallen feather a "hen's leaf," it must have had some idea of both a hen and a leaf. The imagination fancifully brought them into relation. As age and intelligence increase this fancy gives way to another form of imagination, which is imitative. During my boyhood, I heard that Alexander the Great had a wonderfully beautiful horse named Bucephalus. Many a good ride did I have, mounted on a stick-horse of the same name, as proud as ever the great warrior was. Indeed, I was alternately Alexander and the horse, for I whinnied and cavorted and ran, and pranced, all the while riding the stick. Oh, what fun it was! I bear on my face to-day a scar gotten in the Civil War. Just as that dreadful conflict closed my brothers and I were playing war. One of my brothers had a fort made of sand and stones, of which he was very boastful. He bragged on it to me as I sat in contemptuous unbelief near by. He proudly fired a stone at his own fort to show its strength. The bomb shell burst and cut my face. We were really

soldiers and that was a real fort, and he threw a real bomb shell, and I gave out a real yell.

Passing up from about seven years towards youth reason begins to develop more and more. The child forms new combinations out of the facts and thoughts in his or her mind. He forms new plans for doing his old duties, or she lays new plans for her visit to her friend. New pranks are planned carefully for teacher or friend. New devices are seen constantly, sometimes useless, often ingenious and practical. In boys especially the passion for hunting gives wide scope to this form of imagination. What man is there among us who does not remember his first crude attempts to make a trap for birds, or a "rabbit gun," to put in the fence corner, where the rabbits had gnawed the rail to help him pass freely from place to place? I do not remember ever catching but one poor rabbit, but that did not dampen my desire to make new devices. I know one boy who has filled one end of the basement of his father's house with wire, and nippers, and old carbons, and batteries and jars, and various nameless "things," related in his imagination with electricity. Out of all this electric travail there has come an electric buzzer in the kitchen, connected with a button upstairs for his mother's convenience in calling the cook.

For practical purposes, the young folk around us get their material from which to make ideals, from life and from books. A lad or a lass looks into mother's

or father's face, and sees there the likeness to which he or she wants to conform. The most pervasive and present fact in a child's life is its mother's presence. There is a sort of necessity that a child should love to be like mother. The same is true of the father, though in a somewhat different degree.

Of but little less power is the life of a teacher in helping a child form his or her ideals. In teachers' presence are spent every day five hours, every week twenty-five hours, every month, one-hundred hours, every year nine-hundred hours. Of a child's waking hours for three-fourths of a year it spends about one-third of thirty-three per cent. with the teacher. In America the overwhelming majority of teachers of children and youths are women, most of them young single women. Whatever the ultimate American type may be, it is certain to have a female teacher's image and superscription upon it.

The most persistent influence before our young folk, next to parents and teachers, is that of companions. Indeed, it is often stronger than either, and sometimes than both combined. What a boy's partner or girl's confidante says about this and that affects him or her at once strongly. When they form a social group, sometimes called a "gang," the law of the group is to a large extent the law of each member of the group.

Perhaps the best illustration of the gang instinct is to be found in the games of youth. He will do anything

for his team, toil without limit, forego the most cherished pleasures, even starve himself under the name of dieting, in order that his team may win. He presses mind as well as body into service. He will elaborate the most intricate plays, spend sleepless hours in detecting defects in his team, and planning how to remedy them. One-half the energy spent on Euclid would make him a prizeman. The powers of eloquence have been exhausted in describing the power of love. Love of fellow ranks with love of women in intensity and devotion.

The youth's conscience serves the gang. Should loyalty to them demand falsehood, theft, cruelty, even violence at times, he will acquiesce, nay, will even rejoice in violating all that he has been taught to hold sacred. To such extremes will that spirit, which later appears as unquenchable patriotism, go.

A youth or child has little tendency to criticism. It grows up with the later years of adolescence. The characters which they read of are real, living people, who speak and move and act and rejoice and weep and fight. They take a place in their lives at once, either for weal or woe, for a long or a short time. While they are in association, the book-character sends up into the heart that bends above its real influences. These books are not simply giving the young mind the materials from which ideals may be formed, but are actually presenting those ideals, full grown and living. Perhaps in all secular literature there is no character that has been so

admired by millions of boys and girls as Robinson Crusoe. From the old adventurer there has stolen up into unnumbered thousands of open hearts lessons of self-dependence and kindness that will never be forgotten. One of the glories of this unique book is that its translators have been boys and girls, and the pages have been written on their own hearts. Stand at your bookcase. Guard sacredly and strongly what goes in there. Question them as to what effects the books are producing. Keep the ideal which they hold up from spot and wrinkle.

Perhaps most boys and girls have more than one idea at a time. One may stand for courage, another for cunning. Here is one that embodies all beauty, and there is the personification of grace. In this man chivalry wished to relieve oppression and wrong; in that woman, unselfish service lives and moves. This is as it should be, undoubtedly. The mind has not yet, perhaps, reached the point where these different types can be combined into one. What we must be always doing is to hold up the right kind every time. By and by they will be combined into one type, with one person embodying all in one. I once watched a lady friend of mine, who was skillful with her paints and brush, put a branch of crabapple blossom on a card. There were the beautiful blossoms, pink and white, and so fragrant, perfect. In order to reproduce them, she had to combine her colors—white, red, brown, green—each perfect of its kind. She worked rapidly, and I saw the picture grow. She

kept her eyes on the model. By and by, the picture was complete. In some such way our boys and girls combine the elements into an ideal.

We need not search far, nor look long, for in Jesus Christ all the elements of perfect manhood, each itself perfect, are blended, making the one supremely perfect ideal in all conceivable respects. In him every virtue shines in perfection forever, and in him all virtues meet, making the manhood before which all the world falls in worship, and towards which all good souls aspire with deep and holy longings. In the Bible alone we can find numerous types for study and many for imitation. But they all point in their incompleteness to Christ. We take our great heroes and study them, but we cannot stop with them; we dare not. We must keep Jesus in full view of each boy and each girl and of all together. Let nothing dim the picture of His beauty and glory. Set Him apart and alone. Teach the young folk to long for His image to be stamped upon them. Do not wait. The boy or girl may slip from under your care. Stamp them now. Teach them to look up to Him. Is your boy looking for a man without fear? Point him to Jesus driving the greedy Jews from the temple with small cords. Is he looking for an instance of power, greater than the rushing, roaring wind? Put him in the boat with Jesus on Lake Galilee with his disciples. Is your girl looking for gentleness? Let her push into His presence as he takes the little children into His arms to bless

and caress them. Are all looking for the most amazing instance of unselfish service? Take them to the foot of the cross and let them see Jesus there.

Provide in your work for the boys and girls definite times for talking about heroes, with the distinct purpose of impressing an ideal upon their minds. For this purpose Bible characters are fine indeed. Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Samuel, David, Josiah, Jeremiah, Nehemiah, and in the New Testament, Peter, John, Paul. Go into literature in general, hunt out the great souls, and in brief sketches impress some one thing from each life.

Be sure that these heroes and watch-words have some direct leading to Jesus. A new help in the matter of making Jesus a real live ideal for boys and girls is to be found in "The Boys' Life of Christ," by Dr. W. B. Forbush, published by Funk & Wagnalls, at \$1.25 net. It is an attempt by this great leader of work for boys to tell the story of Christ's life so that it will at once seize upon the attention and hold the interest. It is well illustrated. There is an attempt to put Jesus' thought into good, modern, idiomatic English. I cannot too strongly recommend the book. Whoever reads it must see the Lord.

In connection with this subject of ideals, the following little poem from Bishop George W. Doane, may be laid to heart carefully. Would it not be well for some of

the older boys and girls to memorize it? At least read it aloud.

LIFE SCULPTURE.

Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel-dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel-vision!

Sculptors of life are we as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us;
Waiting the hour, when, at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us;
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives—that angel-vision.

PENITENCE.

- Maltbie D. Babcock.

4 WHERE.

"Repentance means a new attitude toward the future as well as the past." —*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

5 WHY.

"There is little hope for our growth in virtue, unless we make up our minds frankly to admit the truth about ourselves. No man can afford to play ostrich. To acknowledge our mistakes means victory. When we pull up a weed we leave a clean place for a flower."

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

- 6 "The Cloister and the Hearth" by Charles Reade is regarded as the greatest historical novel ever written. It tells the story of a youth of Holland named Gerard, who in the days just after the invention of printing fled to Rome as a writer of manuscript. His young wife, Margaret, was left behind. One day he received a letter written him by a cruel enemy telling him the false story that she had suddenly died. After a year of sad, wild dissipation he came to himself and was made a Dominican monk and wandered back to Holland, where, as a hermit living in a cave, he determined to expiate his sins by tormenting his body.

Margaret, who was well and had become the mother of a beautiful little boy while he was gone, learned where he was and secured for him a place as vicar of Gouda and resolved to woo him out of his dark home to serve God among men.

The story that follows shows that the best penitence is not tears and sighs, but doing good to God's people.

Gerard, whose name as a monk was Clement, had quieted his stormy heart by carving holy mottoes on the wall of his cell.

The story continues :

Soothed a little, a very little, by the sweet and pious words he was raising all around him, and weighed down with watching and working night and day, Clement one morning sank prostrate with fatigue; and a deep sleep overpowered him for many hours.

Awakening quietly, he heard a little cheep; he opened his eyes and lo! upon his breviary, which was on a low stool near his feet, ruffling all his feathers with a single pull, and smoothing them as suddenly, and cocking his bill this way and that with a vast display of cunning purely imaginary, perched a robin-redbreast.

Clement held his breath.

He half closed his eyes lest they should frighten the airy guest.

Down came robin on the floor.

When there he went through his pantomime and then pim, pim, pim, with three stiff little hops, like a ball of worsted on vertical wires, he was on the hermit's bare foot. On this eminence he swelled, and contracted again, with ebb and flow of feathers; but Clement lost this, for he quite closed his eyes and scarce drew his breath for fear of frightening and losing his visitor. He was con-

tent to feel the minute claw on his foot. He could but just feel it, and that by help of knowing it was there.

Presently a little flirt with two little wings, and the feathered busybody was on the breviary again.

Then Clement determined to try to feed this pretty little fidget without frightening it away. But it was very difficult. He had a piece of bread within reach, but how get at it? I think he was five minutes creeping his hand up to that bread, and when there he must not move his arm.

He slyly got a crumb between a finger and thumb, and shot it as boys do marbles, keeping the hand quite still.

Cockrobin saw it fall near him, and did sagacity, but moved not.

When another followed, and then another, he popped down and caught up one of the crumbs, but, not quite understanding this mystery, fled with it, for more security to an eminence; to-wit, the hermit's knee.

And so the game proceeded till a much larger fragment than usual rolled along.

Here was a prize. Cockrobin pounced on it, bore it aloft, and fled so swiftly into the world with it, the cave resounded with the buffeted air.

"Now, bless thee, sweet bird," sighed the stricken solitary; "thy wings are music, and thou a feathered ray camest to light my darkened soul." ' .

And from that to his orisons, and then to his tools with a little bit of courage.

And so the days rolled on; and the weather got colder, and Clement's heart got warmer, and despondency was rolling away; and by and by, somehow or another, it was gone. He had outlived it.

It had come like a cloud, and it went like one.

And presently all was reversed; his cell seemed illuminated with joy. His work pleased him; his prayers were full of unction, his psalms of praise. Hosts of little birds followed their crimson leader, and flying from snow, and a parish full of Cains, made friends one after another with Abel, fast friends. And one keen frosty night as he sang the praises of God to his tuneful psaltery, and his hollow cave rang forth the holy psalmody upon the night, as if that cave itself was Tubal's sounding shell, or David's harp, he heard a clear whine, not unmelodious; it became louder and less in tune. He peeped through the chinks of his rude door, and there sat a great red wolf moaning melodiously with his nose high in the air.

Clement was rejoiced. "My sins are going," he cried, "and the creatures of God are owning me one after another." And in a burst of enthusiasm he struck up the laud:

"Praise Him all ye creatures of His!"

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

One night, a beautiful, clear, frosty night, he came back to his cell, after a short rest. The stars were wonderful. Heaven seemed a thousand times larger as well as brighter than earth, and to look with a thousand eyes instead of one.

"O, wonderful," he cried, "that there should be men who do crimes by night; and others scarce less mad, who live for this little world, and not for that great and glorious one, which nightly, to all eyes not blinded by custom, reveals its glowing glories.

"Thank God I am a hermit."

And in this mood he came to his cell door.

He paused at it; it was closed.

"Why, methought I left it open," said he. "The wind. There is not a breath of wind. What means this?"

He stood with his hand upon the rugged door. He looked through one of the great chinks, for it was much smaller in places than the aperture it pretended to close, and saw his little oil wick burning just where he had left it.

"How is it with me," he sighed, "when I start and tremble with nothing? Either I did shut it, or the fiend hath shut it after me to disturb my happy soul. Retro Sathanas!"

And he entered his cave rapidly, and began with somewhat nervous expedition to light one of his largest

tapers. While he was lighting it there was a soft sigh in the cave.

He started and dropped the candle just as it was lighting, and it went out.

He stooped for it hurriedly and lighted it, listening intently. When it was lighted he shaded it with his hand from behind, and threw the faint light all around the cell.

In the farthest corner the outline of the wall seemed broken.

He took a step towards the place with his heart beating.

The candle at the same time getting brighter, he saw it was the figure of a woman.

Another step with his knees knocking together.

It was Margaret Brandt.

Her attitude was one to excite pity rather than terror, in eyes not blinded by a preconceived notion. Her bosom was fluttering like a bird, and the red and white coming and going in her cheeks, and she had her hand against the wall by the instinct of timid things, she trembled so; and the marvellous mixed gaze of love and pious awe, and pity, and tender memories, those purple eyes cast on the emaciated and glaring hermit, was an event in nature.

"Aha!" he cried. "Thou art come at last in flesh and blood; come to me as thou camest to holy Anthony. But I am aware of thee; I thought thy wiles were not ex-

hausted. I am armed." With this he snatched up his small cruefix and held it out at her, astonished, and the candle in the other hand, both crucifix and candle shaking violently, "Exorcizo te."

"Ah, no!" cried she, piteously; and put out two pretty deprecating palms. "Alas, work me no ill! It is Margaret."

"Liar!" shouted the hermit. "Margaret was fair, but not so supernatural fair as thou. Thou didst shrink at that sacred name, thou subtle hypocrite. In Nomine Dei exorcizo vos."

"Ah, Jesu!" gasped Margaret, in extremity of terror, "Curse me not! I will go home. I thought I might come. For very manhood be—Latin me not! O Gerard, is it thus you and I meet after all—after all?"

And she cowered almost to her knees, and sobbed with superstitious fear and wounded affection.

He might perhaps have doubted still whether this distressed creature, all woman and nature, was not at all art and fiend. But her spontaneous appeal to that sacred name dissolved his chimera, and let him see with his eyes and hear with his ears.

He uttered a cry of self-reproach, and tried to raise her; but what with fasts, what with the overpowering emotion of a long solitude so broken, he could not. "What," he gasped, shaking over her, "and is it thou? And have I met thee with hard words?" Alas!" And

they both choked with emotion, and could not speak for awhile.

"I heed it not so much," said Margaret, bravely, struggling with her tears; "you took me for another; for a devil; oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!"

"Forgive me, sweet soul!" And, as soon as he could speak more than a word at a time, he said: "I have been much beset by the Evil One since I came here."

Margaret looked round with a shudder. "Like enow. Then O take my hand, and let me lead thee from this foul place."

He gazed at her with astonishment.

"What, dearest, my cell, and go into the world again? Is it for that thou hast come to me?" said he, sadly and reproachfully.

"Ay, Gerard. I am come to take thee to thy pretty vicarage; art vicar of Gouda, thanks to Heaven and thy good brother Gils; and mother and I have made it so neat for thee, Gerard. 'Tis well enow in winter, I promise thee. But bide a bit till the hawthorne bloom, and anon thy walls put on their kirtle of brave roses and sweet woodbine. Have we forgotten thee, and the foolish things thou lovest? And, dear Gerard, thy mother is waiting, and 'tis late for her to be out of her bed; prithee; prithee; come! And the moment we are out of this foul hole I'll show thee a treasure thou hast gotten, and knowest naught on't, or sure hadst never fled

from us. Alas! what is to do? What have I ignorantly said, to be regarded thus?"

For he had drawn himself all up into a heap, and was looking at her with a strange gaze of fear and suspicion blended.

"Unhappy girl," said he, deeply agitated, "would you have me risk my soul and yours for a miserable vicarage and the flowers that grow on it? But this is not thy doing; the bowelless fiend sends thee, poor simple girl, to me with this bait. But, O cunning fiend, I will unmask thee even to this thine instrument, and she shall see thee, and abhor thee as I do. Margaret, my lost love, why am I here? Because I love thee."

"O no, Gerard, you love me not, or you would not have hidden from me; there was no need."

"Let there be no deceit between us twain, that have loved so true, and after this night shall meet no more on earth."

"Now God forbid," said she.

He made to the door, and had actually opened it and got half way out, when she darted after and caught him by the arm.

"Nay, then another must speak for me. I thought to reward thee for yielding to me; but, unkind that thou art, I need his help, I find; turn then this way one moment."

"Nay, nay."

"But I say ay! And then turn thy back on us and thou canst."

She somewhat relaxed her grasp, thinking he would never deny her so small a favor. But at this he saw his opportunity and seized it.

"Fly, Clement, fly," he almost shrieked, and, his religious enthusiasm giving him for a moment his old strength, he burst wildly away from her, and after a few steps bounded over the little stream and ran beside it, but, finding he was not followed, stopped, and looked back.

She was lying on her face, with her hands spread out.

Yes, without meaning it, he had thrown her down and hurt her.

When he saw that, he groaned and turned back a step; but, suddenly, by another impulse, flung himself into the icy water instead.

"There, kill my body!" he cried, "but save my soul!"

Presently he arose slowly and took off his wet clothes, and, moaning all the time at the pain he had caused her he loved, put on the old hermit's cilice of bristles, and over that his breastplate.

He had never worn either of these before, doubting himself worthy to don the arms of that tried soldier. But now he must give himself every aid; the bristles might distract his earthly remorse by bodily pain, and there might be holy virtue in the breastplate.

Then he kneeled down and prayed God humbly to release him that very night from the burden of flesh. Then he lighted all his candles, and recited his psalter doggedly; each word seemed to come like a lump of lead from a leaden heart, and to fall leaden to the ground; and in this mechanical office every now and then he moaned with all his soul. In the midst of which he suddenly observed a little bundle in the corner, he had not seen before in the feeble light, and at one end something like gold spun into silk.

He went to see what it could be; and he had no sooner viewed it closer than he threw up his hands with rapture. "It is a seraph," he whispered. "A lovely seraph. Heaven has witnessed my bitter trial and approves my cruelty; and this flower of the skies is sent to cheer me, fainting under my burden."

He fell on his knees, and gazed with ecstasy on its golden hair, and its tender skin and cheeks like a peach.

"Let me feast my sad eyes on thee ere thou leavest me for thine ever-blessed abode, and my cell darkens again at thy parting as it did at hers."

With all this the hermit disturbed the lovely visitor. He opened wide two eyes the color of heaven; and, seeing a strange figure kneeling over him, he cried piteously: "Mum-ma! Mum-ma!" And the tears began to run down his little cheeks.

Perhaps, after all, Clement, who for more than six months had not looked on a human face divine, estimated

childish beauty more justly than we can; and in truth, this fair northern child, with its long golden hair, was far more angelic than any of our imagined angels. But now the spell was broken.

Yet not unhappily. Clement, it may be remembered, was fond of children, and true monastic life fosters the sentiment. The innocent distress on the cherubic face, the tears that ran so smoothly from those transparent violets, his eyes, and his pretty dismal cry for his only friend, his mother, went through the hermit's heart. He employed all his gentleness and all his art to soothe him, and, as the little soul was wonderfully intelligent for his age, presently succeeded so far that he ceased to cry out, and wonder took the place of fear, while in silence, broken only in little gulps, he scanned with great tearful eyes this strange figure that looked so wild, but spoke so kindly, and wore armor, and did not kill little boys, and coaxed them. Clement was equally perplexed to know how this little human flower came to lie sparkling and blooming in his gloomy cave.

"Now, bless thee, bless thee, sweet innocent; I would not change thee for e'en a cherub in heaven."

"At's pooty," replied the infant, ignoring contemptuously, after the manner of infants, all remarks that did not interest him.

"What is pretty here, my love, besides thee?"

"Ookum-gars," said the boy, pointing to the Hermit's breastplate.

"There are prettier things here than that," said Clement, "there are little birds; lovest thou birds?"

"Nay. Ay. En um ittle, ery ittle? Not ike torks. Hate torks—um bigger an baby."

He then confided, in very broken language, that the storks with their great flapping wings scared him, and were a great trouble and worry to him, darkening his existence more or less.

"Ay, but my birds are very little and good, and O, so pretty!"

"Den I ikes 'm," said the child, authoritatively. "I ont my mammy."

"Alas, sweet dove! I doubt I shall have to fill her place as best I may. Hast thou no daddy as well as mammy, sweet one?"

Now not only was this conversation from first to last, the relative ages, situations, and all circumstances of the parties considered, as strange a one as ever took place between two mortal creatures, but at or within a second or two of the hermit's last question, to turn the strange into the marvellous, came an unseen witness, to whom very word that passed carried ten times the force it did to either of the speakers.

Since, therefore, it is with her eyes you must now see, and hear with her ears, I go back a step for her.

Margaret, when she ran past Gerard, was almost mad. She was in that state of mind in which affectionate mothers have been known to kill their children, some-

times along with themselves, sometimes alone, which last is certainly maniacal.

But ere long she was flying back towards the hermitage as noiselessly as a lapwing. Arrived near it, she crouched, and there was something truly serpentine in the gliding, flexible, noiseless movements by which she reached the very door, and there she found a chink and listened. And often it cost her a struggle not to burst in upon them, but, warned by defeat, she was cautious, and resolute to let well alone. And after a while slowly and noiselessly she reared her head, like a snake its crest, to where she saw the broadest chink of all, and looked with all her eyes and soul, as well as listened.

The little boy then, being asked whether he had no daddy, at first shook his head, and would say nothing; but, being pressed, he suddenly seemed to remember something, and said he: "Dad-da ill man; run away and leave poor mum-ma."

She who heard this winced. It was as new to her as to Clement. Some interfering foolish woman had gone and said this to the boy, and now it came into Gerard's very face. His answer surprised her; he burst out: "The villain, the monster! He must be born without bowels to desert thee, sweet one. Ah! he little knows the joy he hath turned his back on. Well, my little dove, I must be father and mother to thee, since the one runs away, and t'other abandons thee to my care. Now to-morrow I shall ask the good people that bring me my

THE MONK AND THE BABY.

The Monk Gerard finds the child which Margaret has left in his cave to teach him that true penitence is not in sack-cloth but in doing good to others.

THE MONK AND THE BABY.

The Monk Gerard finds the child which Margaret has left
in his care to teach him that true penitence is not in each
cloth out in doing good to others.



food to fetch some nice eggs and milk for thee as well; for bread is good enough for poor old-good-for-nothing me, but not for thee. And I shall teach thee to read."

"I can yead, I can yead."

"Ay verily, so young? all the better; we will read good books together, and I shall show thee the way to heaven. Heaven is a beautiful place, a thousand times fairer and better than earth, and there be little cherubs like thyself, in white, glad to welcome thee and love thee. Wouldst like to go to heaven one day?"

"Ay, along wi'—my mammy."

"What, not without her then?"

"Nay. I ont my mammy. Where is my mammy?"

(O, what it cost poor Margaret not to burst in and clasp him to her heart!)

"Well, fret not, sweetheart, mayhap she will come when thou art asleep. Wilt thou be good now and sleep?"

"I not eepy. Ikes to talk."

"Well, talk we then; tell me thy pretty name."

"Baby!" And he opened his eyes with amazement at this great hulking creature's ignorance.

"Hast none other?"

"Nay."

"What shall I do to pleasure thee, baby? Shall I tell thee a story?"

"I ikes tories," said the boy, clapping his hands.

"Or sing thee a song?"

"I ikes tongs," and he became excited.

"Choose then, a song or a story."

"Ting I a tong. Nay, tell I a tory. Nay, ting a tong. Nay—" And the corners of his little mouth turned down and he had half a mind to weep because he could not have both, and could not tell which to forego. Suddenly his little face cleared: "Ting I a tory," said he.

"Sing thee a story, baby? Well, after all, why not? And wilt thou sit o' my knees and hear it?"

"Yea."

"Then I must e'en doff this breastplate. It is too hard for thy soft cheek. So. And now I must doff this bristly ciclice; they would prick thy tender skin, perhaps make it bleed, as they have me, see. So. And now I put my best pelisse, in honor of thy worshipful visit. See how soft and warm it is; bless the good soul that sent it; and now I sit me down; so. And I take thee on my left knee, and put my arm under thy little head; so. And then the psaltery and play a little tune; so, not too loud."

"I ikes that."

"I am right glad on't. Now list the story."

He chanted a child's story in a sort of recitative, singing a little moral refrain now and then. The boy listened with rapture.

"I ikes oo," said he. "Ot is you? Is oo a man?"

"Ay, little heart, and a great sinner to boot."

"I ikes great tingers. Ting one other tory."

“Story No. 2 was chanted.

“I ubbs oo,” cried the child, impetuously. “Ot caft is oo?”

“I am a hermit, love.”

“I ubbs vermins. Ting other one.”

But, during this final performance, Nature suddenly held out her leaden sceptre over the youthful eyelids. “I is not eepy,” whispered he, very faintly, and succumbed.

Clement laid down his psaltery softly and began to rock his new treasure in his arms, and to crone over him a little lullaby well known in Tergou, with which his own mother had often set him off.

And the child sank into a profound sleep upon his arm. And he stopped croning and gazed on him with infinite tenderness, yet sadness; for at that moment he could not help thinking what might have been but for a piece of paper with a lie in it.

He sighed deeply.

The next moment the moonlight burst into his cell, and with it, and in it, and almost as swift as it, Margaret Brandt was down at his knee with a timorous hand upon his shoulder.

“Gerard, you do not reject us. You cannot.”

The startled hermit glared from his nursling to Margaret, and from her to him, in amazement, equalled only by his agitation at her so unexpected return. The child lay asleep on his left arm, and she was at his right knee; no longer the pale, scared, panting girl he had over-

powered so easily an hour or two ago, but an imperial beauty, with blushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and lips sweetly parted in triumph, and her whole face radiant with a look he could not quite read; for he had never yet seen it on her—maternal pride.

He stared and stared from the child to her, in throbbing amazement.

"Us?" he gasped at last. And still his wonder-stricken eyes turned to and fro.

Margaret was surprised in her turn. It was an age of impressions, not facts. "What," she cried, "doth not a father know his own child? And a man of God, too? Fie, Gerard, to pretend! Nay, thou art too wise, too good, not to have—why, I watched thee, and e'en now look at you twain! 'Tis thine own flesh and blood thou holdest to thine heart."

Clement trembled. "What words are these?" he stammered; "this angel mine?"

"Whose else? since he is mine?"

Clement turned on the sleeping child, with a look beyond the power of the pen to describe and trembled all over, as his eyes seemed to absorb the little love.

Margaret's eyes followed his. "He is not a bit like me," said she, proudly: "But O at whiles he is thy very image in little; and see this golden hair. Thine was the very color at his age; ask mother else. And see this mole on his little finger; now look at thine own; there! 'Twas thy mother let me weet thou wast marked

so before him; and O, Gerard, 'twas this our child found thee for me; for by that little mark on thy finger I knew thee for his father, when I watched above thy window and saw thee feed the birds." Here she seized the child's hand and kissed it eagerly, and got half of it into her mouth, Heaven knows how. "Ah! bless thee, thou didst find thy poor daddy for her, and now thou hast made us friends again after our little quarrel; the first, the last. Wast very cruel to me, but now, my poor Gerard, and I forgive thee, for loving of thy child."

"Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!" sobbed Clement, choking.

And lowered by fasts, and unnerved by solitude, the once strong man was hysterical and nearly fainting.

Margaret was alarmed, but, having experience, her pity was greater than her fear. "Nay, take not on so," she murmured soothingly, and put a gentle hand upon his brow. "Be brave! So, so. Dear heart, thou art not the first man that hath gone abroad and come back richer by a little lovely self than he went forth. Being a man of God, take courage, and say he sends thee this to comfort thee for what thou hast lost in me, and that is not so very much, my lamb; for sure the better part of love shall ne'er cool here to thee, though it may in thine, and ought, being a priest, and parson of Gouda."

With great difficulty Margaret at length persuaded him to visit the vicarage where his beloved mother was awaiting him.

A candle was burning in the vicar's parlor. "She is waking still," whispered Margaret.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" said Clement, and stopped to look at it.

"What in Heaven's name?"

"That little candle, seen through the window at night. Look, and it be not like some fair star of size prodigious; it delighteth and warmeth the heart of those outside."

"Come, I'll show thee something better," said Margaret, and led him on tiptoe to the window.

They looked in, and there was Catherine kneeling on the hassock, with her "hours" before her.

"Folk can pray out of a cave," whispered Margaret. "Ay, and hit heaven with their prayers. For 'tis for a sight of thee she prayeth; and thou art here. Now, Gerard, be prepared; she is not the woman you knew her; her children's troubles have greatly broken the brisk, light-hearted soul. And I see she has been weeping e'en now; she will have given thee up, being so late."

"Let me get to her," said Clement, hastily, trembling all over.

"That door! I will bide here."

When Gerard was gone to the door, Margaret, fearing the sudden surprise, gave one sharp tap at the window, and cried, "Mother!" in a loud, expressive voice that Catherine read at once. She clasped her hands together and had half risen from her kneeling posture, when the door burst open and Clement flung himself

wildly on his knees at her knees, with his arms out to embrace her. She uttered a cry such as only a mother could. "Ah! my darling, my darling!" And clung sobbing round his neck. And true it was she saw neither a hermit, a priest nor a monk, but just her child, lost, and despaired of, and in her arms. And after a little while Margaret came in, with wet eyes and cheeks, and a holy calm of affection settled by degrees on these sore troubled ones. And they sat all three together, hand in hand, murmuring sweet and loving converse; and he who sat in the middle, drank, right and left, their true affection and their humble but genuine wisdom, and was forced to eat a good nourishing meal and at daybreak was packed off to a snowy bed, and by and by awoke, as from a hideous dream, friar and hermit no more, Clement no more, but Gerard Eliassœn, parson of Gouda.

Reader, did you ever stand by the sea-shore after a storm, when the wind happened to have gone down suddenly? The waves cannot cease with their cause; indeed, they seem at first to the ear to lash the sounding shore more fiercely than while the wind blew. Still we are conscious that inevitable calm has begun, and it is now but rocking them to sleep. So it is with those true and tempest-tossed lovers from that eventful night when they went hand in hand beneath the stars from Gouda hermitage to his mother's home.

After a few months Clement, finding that Margaret was restless, called her one day into his paddock. Here

he had tamed leverets and partridges, and little birds and hares, and roe-deer. He found a squirrel with a broken leg; he set it with infinite difficulty and patience; and during the cure showed it repositories of acorns, nuts, chestnuts, etc. And this squirrel got well and went off, but visiting him in hard weather, and brought a mate, and next year little squirrels were found to have imbibed their parents' sentiments; and all of these animals each generation was tamer than the last. This set the good parson thinking, and gave him the true clew to the great successes of mediæval hermits in taming wild animals.

He kept the key of this paddock, and never let any man but himself enter it; nor would he even let little Gerard go there without him or Margaret. "Children are all little Cains," said he.

In this oasis then he spoke to Margaret, and said: "Dear Margaret, I have thought more than ever of thee of late, and I have asked myself why I am content, and thou unhappy."

"Because thou art better, wiser, holier, than I; that is all," said Margaret promptly.

"Our lives tell another tale," said Gerard, thoughtfully. "I know thy goodness and thy wisdom too well to reason thus perversely. Also I know that I love thee as dear as thou, I think, lovest me. Yet I am happier than thou. Why is this so?"

"Dear Gerard, I am as happy as a woman can hope to be this side of the grave."

“Not so happy as I. Now for the reason. First, then, I am a priest, and this, the one great trial, and disappointment God giveth me along with so many joys, why, I share it with a multitude. For, alas! I am not the only priest by thousands that must never hope for entire earthly happiness. Here, then thy lot is harder than mine.”

“But Gerard, I have my child to love. Thou canst fill the heart with him as his mother can. So you may set this against you.”

“And I have te’en him from thee; it was cruel; but he would have broken thy heart one day if I had not. Well, then, sweet one, I come to where the shoe pinches, methinks. I have my parish, and it keeps my heart in a glow from morn till night. There is scarce an emotion that my folk stir not up in me many times a day. Often their sorrows make me weep, sometimes their perversity kindles a little wrath, and their absurdity makes me laugh, and sometimes their flashes of unexpected goodness do set me all of a glow, and I could hug ’em.

“Meantime thou, poor soul, sittest with heart—”

“Of lead, Gerard, of very lead.”

“See, now, how unkind thy lot compared with mine. Now how if thou couldst be persuaded to warm thyself at the fire that warmeth me.”

“Ah, if I could?”

“Hast but to will it. Come among my folk. Take in thine hand the alms I set aside, and give it with kind

words; hear their sorrows; they shall show you life is full of troubles and as thou sayest truly, no man or woman without their thorn this side the grave. Indoors I have a map of Gouda parish. Not to o'erburden thee at first, I will put twenty housen under thee with their folk. What sayest thou? But for thy wisdom I had died a dirty maniac, and ne'er seen Gouda manse, nor pious peace. Wilt profit in return by what little wisdom I have to soften her lot to whom I do owe all?"

Margaret assented warmly; and a happy thing it was for the little district assigned to her; it was as if an angel had descended on them. Her fingers were never tired of knitting; or cutting for them, her heart of sympathizing with them. And that heart expanded and waved its drooping wings; and the glow of good and gentle deeds began to spread over it; and she was rewarded in another way, by being brought into more contact with Gerard.

Thus they worked, calmly and busily side by side for many years, until at length, Margaret, stricken by the plague, died in Clement's loving care.

Ere she died, he said to her:

"Dearest lamb of all my fold, for whose soul I must answer, oh think not now of mortal love, but of His who died for thee on the tree. O let thy last look be heavenwards, thy last word a word of prayer."

She turned a look of gratitude and obedience on

him. "What saint?" she murmured; meaning, doubtless, what saint she should invoke as an intercessor.

"He to whom the saints themselves do pray."

She turned on him one more sweet look of love and submission, and put her pretty hands together in prayer like a child.

"Jesu!"

This blessed word was her last. She lay with her eyes heavenward, and her hands put together.

Gerard prayed fervently for her passing spirit. And when he had prayed a long time with his head averted not to see her last breath, all seemed unnaturally still. He turned his head fearfully.

It was so.

She was gone.

Nothing left him now but the earthly shell of as constant, pure, and loving a spirit as ever adorned the earth.

And so it was that in a few days more Gerard lay a-dying in a frame of mind so holy and happy, that more than one aged saint was there to garner his dying words.

The two monks that watched with him till matins related that all through the night he broke out from time to time in pious exclamations, and praises and thanksgiving; only once they said he wandered, and thought he saw her walking in green meadows with other spirits clad in white and beckoning him; and they all smiled and beckoned him. And both these monks said

(but it might have been fancy) that just before dawn there came three light taps against the wall, one after another, very slow; and the dying man heard them and said, "I come, love, I come."

This much is certain, that Gerard did utter these words and prepare for his departure, having uttered them. He sent for all the monks who at that hour were keeping vigil. They came and hovered like gentle spirits round him with holy words. Some prayed in silence for him, with their faces touching the ground, others tenderly supported his head. But when one of them said something about his self-denial and charity, he stopped him and addressing them all said: "My dear brethren, take note that he who here dies so happy holds not these newfangled doctrines of man's merit. O what a miserable hour were this to me an if I did! Nay, but I hold with the apostles, and their pupils in the Church, the ancient fathers, that we are justified, not by our own wisdom, or piety, or the works we have done in holiness of heart, but by faith."

Then there was a silence, and the monks looked at one another significantly.

"Please you sweep the floor," said the dying Christian, in a voice to which all its clearness and force seemed supernaturally restored.

They instantly obeyed, not without a sentiment of awe and curiosity.

"Make me a great cross with wood ashes."

They strewed the ashes in form of a great cross upon the floor.

"Now lay me down on it, for so will I die."

And they took him gently from his bed, and laid him on the cross of wood ashes.

"Shall we spread out thine arms, dear brother?"

"Now God forbid! Am I worthy of that?"

He lay silent, but with his eyes raised in ecstasy.

Presently he spoke half to them, half to himself. "O," he said, with a subdued but concentrated rapture. "I feel it buoyant. It lifts me floating in the sky whence my merits had sunk me like lead."

Day broke; and displayed his face cast upward in silent rapture, and his hands together; like Margaret's.

And just about the hour she died he spoke his last word in this world.

"Jesu."

And even with that word he fell asleep.

The yellow-haired laddie, Gerard Gerardson, belongs not to fiction, but to History. She has recorded his birth in other terms than mine. Over the tailor's house in the Brede Kirk Street she has inscribed:—

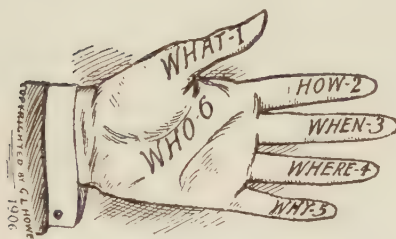
Hæc est parva domus natus qua magnus Erasmus:

and she has written half a dozen lives of him. But there is something more left for her yet to do. She has no more comprehended "magnus Erasmus," than any other pygmy comprehends a giant, or partisan a judge.

First scholar and divine of his epoch, he was also the heaven-born dramatist of his century. Some of the best scenes in this new book are from his pen, and illumine the pages where they come; for the words of a genius so high as his are not born to die at each shower of intelligence.

Time pours upon their students, they prove their immortal race; they revive, they spring from the dust of great libraries; they bud, they flower, they fruit, they seed, from generation to generation, and from age to age.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.



SI WETHERBEE'S THANKSGIVING.

THANKFULNESS.

1 WHAT.

Thankfulness is the grateful acceptance and generous use of our benefits.

2 How.

At the Boston Farm School for poor and orphan boys they have the interesting custom of asking each of the boys to write out their reasons for feeling thankful. That is a good idea. A good way to be thankful is first to be thoughtful. You may like to read some of the letters from these boys, all of whom have so much less to be thankful for than you have.

I am thankful that I can get an education and a place

to sleep and something to eat. At first I was kind of homesick, but now I am not so much. I am thankful that I have a place to stay so as to give my mother a chance to save up some money, so when I grow up we can have a little home of our own; that is what my mother wants.

—*Matthew H. Paul.*

I am thankful that I have so many opportunities to be an honest, faithful and industrious man.

—*Allan H. Brown.*

I am thankful we have a Thanksgiving Day. I am thankful I have a good mother and father and that I have a kind guardian. I am thankful we have a kind Superintendent and a good home. I am thankful the United States is growing so powerful. I am thankful we have so many holidays and such kind managers. And I will be still more thankful if I grow up to be a good man.

—*Ernest N. Jorgensen.*

I am thankful for the good mother I have. I am thankful that I am thankful for a great many things. I am thankful the Managers give their time and money for us. I am thankful I know something about poultry, school, milking, blacksmithing, agriculture, etc. I am thankful I have graduated from the L. T. L. and know what effects the evil cigarette has upon the brain and body.

—*Ralph O. Anderson.*

I am thankful for what Mr. Bradley has done for me. I am thankful that he lets me take his gun and get

some birds for the collection. I am thankful that he lets me go shooting ducks. I am thankful I can go round the island and study the habits of the birds that come here, and keep my health. I am thankful I can make things to sell and earn enough money to buy a gun of my own. I am thankful Mr. Bradley lets me help kill the birds that drive the good birds away and those that destroy the crops. I am so thankful for what Mr. Bradley has done for me that I cannot express it strong enough.

—*Robert McKay.*

I am thankful for the Visiting Days we had and the nice Thanksgiving dinner we are going to have and the education I am getting and the shoes and clothing I get. And I am thankful I am near the water and have the cottages, and thankful for the bundles my mother sends me and that I am well and strong. I am thankful for vacation and thankful for Christmas.

—*Alfred W. Jacobs.*

I am thankful I am not traveling alone through this world. I am thankful that my sisters and I have been preserved another year. I am thankful that it isn't impossible to rise in the grade system. I am thankful that I am progressing along the branch of industry that interests me most. I am thankful to those who are spending time to make a better boy and man of me than I otherwise would be. I am thankful that the Farm School has had so few deaths. I am thankful that (if

nothing serious happens) I will be a citizen of that great Nation which thinks enough of the Lord to set apart a day in which to thank and praise Him for His many blessings.

—*William J. Flynn.*

I am thankful for a kind mother who has always been kind to me and I am thankful that she is living. I am thankful for my clothes and the food that the kind superintendent provides me. I am thankful that my friends are good to me and that I am strong and well. I am thankful for the good education that my teachers are giving me and that I am up as high as I am in school. I am thankful that Thanksgiving Day is here again, and that we have a good and honest President, and I am thankful that this is a civilized nation and that it is situated in a suitable place on the land.

—*Willard H. Rowell.*

I am thankful that I am not so bad as some people think I am and that I have nothing worse than a cold; that I have a chance to go to school; that I have so many friends; that I am not bodily injured; that I have done no others a wrong purposely; that I have been saved from last Thanksgiving Day to this.

Another writes: I am thankful for my home. I am thankful for the turkey and sweet potatoes. I am thankful that I can go to school. I am thankful that I am not a girl. I am thankful that I am in Sloyd. I am thankful I can have some fun. I am thankful that I don't

get checked any more than I do. I am thankful that I can read and write.

3-4

WHEN AND WHERE.

This poem appeared some years ago in the Independent.

I knew a man and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner—
Grumble Corner in Cross-patch town—
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parent's discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was not a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough;
Or else he hadn't had half enough.

No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care,
And the ugly frown that he used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head,
"But it is, and it isn't, Mr. Horner,
Who lived so long on Grumble Corner."

I met him next day; and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up and stocks were down,
But a smile, somehow, had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to have changed you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old time drawl:
"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner,

"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street!"

Now, every day, as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
What can, O Lord, to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all."

—*Christopher Wordsworth.*

SI WETHERBEE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH.

It was a cold day down in the henyard. The sudden frosts of early November seemed to have crippled the energies of the entire feathered community. A few

young and undaunted spirits were strutting stiffly and delicately up and down the pen, stopping every now and then to look doubtfully at a tiny stream of water which had trickled down into the yard from outside and then frozen. The bold white Leghorn which in summer time would gaily mount the old cow's back and there teeter to and fro in delightful terror was this day the most disconsolate of all. She had taken refuge with the sager and sedater ladies of the woman's board in her nest, whence with all the rest she turned a slant and pessimistic eye toward the outer world. The usually industrious cochin chinas had postponed the hour of egg-laying as long as possible for fear the result of their labors would be frozen and form an uncomfortable pillow beneath them, and now that their morning task was completed regarded it with anxious suspicion, totally alien to their usual jubilant rejoicings. The brindled cow was sending out profuse clouds of steam from her tranquil nostrils and in deference to the weather had not risen to make her usual toilet. Her auburn tail smote the floor with rhythmic intervals, but otherwise she gave no sign. The pigs, having with unconscious forethought accumulated enough internal heat for the day of need, were as lively as ever, and talked among themselves just like a free-hearted company of Dutch bartenders. This was the situation when Si Wetherbee came down the walk just as the sun lifted his shoulder over the hill, to milk.

"Well, well, Redtop," he said cheerily to the cow, "havin' yer early mornin' smoke, be ye? Ah, ladies, excuse me," turning to his hens and taking off his hat politely. "Excuse me for intrudin'. The porter told me yer sleepin'-car berths was vacated at 5:45. Go on makin' yer twilight, never mind me." With this he threw a corn cob over into the pig pen and went in to milk. "I hate to disturb you, my dear," he said gently to the old cow, as he drew up the milk stool, "and I'm espectin' my young lady any minute and she's ordered hot malted milk immejitly on her arrival."

Soon was heard the musical hum of the milk streams against the sides of the pail, intermitted with an occasional scrape of Brindle's uneasy foot and the hum of Si Wetherbee's religious but inharmonious melodies. He had just concluded a verse evidently directed toward the hen roosts which concluded with something about

"Where Plymouth Rock settin's n'er break up,"—

when the outer door flew open, and a quick breeze, a ray of sunshine, a piece of the morning and a little girl all rushed in together.

"Is it too late, Uncle Si?" she said breathlessly.

"No, Betsey, the first hymn's jes' been givin' out. Sid down on the poolpit stairs and rest yourself. What in tunkit ye been doin' to your little nose and face? You ain't paintin' it be you?"

"I guess Satan blowed on it. Papa says^a he did on old Josh Lewis' nose."

"How is your pappy this mornin', comfortable and able to hev his bed made?"

"He's got out his book with the little wiggles in it and he says, 'There little girl, wun away. Papa is very busy wiv his exxygeesies this mornin'.' So I com'd over here."

"So that's what the elder's up to, is it? We're in for a dose of higher criticism with German cross references next Sunday sure. I thought I had him cured of that. I guess I'll have to take him off huntin' again up Moose River. Now, Betsey, run and git your little cup and you can have your hot sody right out of the 'lectric fountain."

The little plaid skirt and sturdy feet flew out and back again quicker than I can tell it. The voice which spoke next was somewhat choked with food.

"Auntie guv me some cookies," it announced, "to eat wiv it."

"'Stonishin'! stonishin'!" said Si in apparent amazement. "Both onexpected and wasteful."

As the child supped her milk, some of the hens began to rouse from their lethargy and gather murmuringly around in search of stray crumbs. Si Wetherbee leaned over from his milking stool and caught them up unceremoniously in turn for examination.

"Susan, you're a well meanin' fowl, but nervous. Nervousness makes some people long-lived. I guess you're good for another winter. Tommy, you're too good to live long. An' you had fair warnin' too. Ah, Mary Jane, I guess I'll have to invite you to my Thanksgiving dinner along o'Betsey here."

"Oh! Uncle Si, are you going to invite me to your house to Thanksgivin' dinner? Goody! I'll come," cried the small girl joyously while the hens scattered in distress.

"My Lordy! Nothin' like hens and women to take a hint is there? Well, Betsey, I didn't callate to invite you to dinner, seein's I couldn't deprive you of eaten' your first Thanksgivin' with your bran new leetle brother, but I should be very happy for the pleasure of your company immejitly after, to spend the day and stay as long as you feel disposed."

"What, an' go home in the moonlight on your back?" she asked in anxious delight.

"Ef the police don't ketch us, we will."

"I'm goin' right over to tell my mama. Does Aunt Janey know about me comin'?"

"Wull, I guess she sort o' suspicions it. I declare I musn't be wastin' this precious time. I might be readin' my Bible or sewin' on my trousers' buttons all this while. Well, good-day, ladies," he concluded, bowing once more to the solemn row of anxious-looking

heads in the loft. "I'd advise you to keep your heads inside the car winders this mornin' or they'll get friz off."

So the two fast friends betook their way up to the house, hand in hand. After the little girl had flown home to proclaim her invitation, Silas sat down behind the stove and pulled off his boots, leaned his chair back, took down the yellow almanac, which he studied assiduously for a time. Aunt Jane had done her breakfast dishes and cleaned up her kitchen long before, and now was seated in the sunshine by the window, sewing up a long seam.

Pretty soon Silas said with a sigh of relief,

"Wall, I see Christmas is comin' the 25th of December this year."

Aunt Jane was not easily surprised and said nothing.

"And Thanksgivin' is due the last Thursday in the month."

"Was ye lookin' for anything different, Silas?" asked his wife with a slow smile.

"I do' know's I was, an' I do' know *as* I was," said Silas. "Times are so fast nowadays we ol' foks hev to be on the move to keep from bein' run over an' I'm lookin' any time to see Christmas shifted over inter February."

"Be we goin' to make Thanksgivin' this year?" asked Aunt Jane, changing the subject.

"I don't wonder you ask," responded Silas. "Them two dozen mince pies I put away to freeze alongside of

the cranberry jell make me think you'd forgot all about it."

"Well," said Aunt Jane with an indulgent smile, "who was you thinkin' of invitin'?"

"They ain't much poverty against us this year," Silas answered thoughtfully. "Deacon Snow said the offerin' at the harvest concert would make it so't every family in Weatherford would set down to turkey a week from Thursday."

There was silence in the kitchen for a time.

The tall clock in the front room ticked solemnly on, clucked its admonitory signal and struck the hour of nine. The gray cat came out from under the stove and stretched and yawned and looked at her handsome tail with regret that her kittenish days were over. The water trickled with a pleasant sound from the barrel in the sink and the melting ice splattered against the window panes. Finally Aunt Jane could stand it no longer.

"Silas, speak up. Ye haint said aye, yes or no for half an hour. Be ye thinkin' or be ye jes' numb?"

Silas came back slowly from the far distant land to which his thoughts had been rambling with a smile and a start.

"Jes' so, jes' so," he said hastily. "I've been thinkin' about the ol' Thanksgivin' days when the chil'run was young, when John and Silas was little fellers with red cheeks and copper-toed boots and our own little Betsy

was playin' with her kittens in front of the stove. Them was great times, Janey, the best sence the firs' Christmas. An' now to think that John's in Chicago an' Silas in Tacoma and our Betsey a teachin' the little colored fellers down in Georgy. They're all doin' well, but we're gittin' to be ol' folks, me 'specially," he added hastily, "and they're all too far away for a home comin' to Thanksgivin'!"

Aunt Jane's needle sparkled with a tear and Silas went on morè briskly. "They'll all be havin' Thanksgivin' with their own little families this year. So it seemed to me that sence there ain't any poor amongst us but what is pervided for, p'raps our duty this year would be to offer a Thanksgivin' dinner to somebody that ain't poor but haint got no folks or no home."

Aunt Jane nodded her head in assent.

"And so," he concluded abruptly, "I thought I would ask young Theodore Sanderson."

Aunt Jane sat up suddenly and said with surprised emphasis, "Why, Silas G. Wetherbee, what be you a thinking of? Be you aout or lackin'? I won't hev that young whippersnapper in my house."

Silas waited for the storm to subside. Then he said gently.

"I know what you're thinkin'. He is proud and got money and thinks he knows it all. But he haint got no home—to call any home, and he haint makin' friends that's to his advantage, an' I feel to believe we'd be doin'

him a favor if we give him an invite. You know we thought a great sight of his father, the ginrul, and his mother, Mis' Sanderson."

"Yes, but he ain't got a mite of his father's character or his mother's sense. He's just an insolent puppy and thinks because he owns the mill he is duke of Weatherford. He wouldn't come ef you asked him, so ye needn't worry."

"It wouldn't do no harm to try. We'd show our good will an' it wouldn't cost us nothin'."

After a moment Aunt Jane said, with a triumphant gleam in her eye:

"Well, Si, you jus' ask him, yes, you jus' *ask* him, an' when you git back home remember his language and tell me jus' what he said."

Silas was a bit crestfallen at this and began to feel that perhaps his wife's view of the matter was correct. But he was not one to let go the plow handle after taking hold, and that very afternoon he went over to the mill.

The truth was Theodore Sanderson had not commended himself to the people of Weatherford. He was that anomaly of nature, an only child, and had received a foreign and not an American education. He lacked the courtliness of his distinguished father and the gentle sympathy of his mother, and when after their death he came to Weatherford to run the mill, he made no effort to conceal his contempt for the manners and ways of his rural neighbors. He lived alone in the great white

house with the Grecian portico that crowned Linden Hill, and his companions were a wild group of college friends who came out once a month to hold carnival at Linden Hall.

Silas made his way through the noise of the outer workrooms into the stillness of the office. He did not receive a very effusive greeting. But he was not to be frightened into forgetting his errand. Though doubtful of success he pressed his case boldly.

"Mr. Sanderson, I won't take your vallable time, but my wife and I, in memory of old times, would be glad to have you take dinner at our place Thanksgivin' day this year."

The young man thanked him coldly, but made no further response. Si went on hurriedly:

"There is a lady friend of ours, very pretty an' very charmin', we think, goin' to spend the afternoon with us, and we thought you might be able to make it pleasant for her."

The young man's face visibly brightened. Evidently this was the right chord to strike.

"I thank you again, Mr. Wetherbee, and I shall be very glad to come. At what hour did you say?"

"Two o'clock is the time sot, Mr. Sanderson, and we'll all be glad to see you."

As Silas went down the hill he smiled to himself. He smiled more when he told his wife of his success. That

sagacious woman only said "Humpf!" and looked him earnestly in the face.

"Si," she said, "you've been doin' somethin' or you're plannin' somethin' you're ashamed of. Don't you play any of your're shinnin'gins on me. I'll pervide the dinner and I'll look for the young man, though I honestly hope he won't come. But you be keerful and prize the trewth in your intercourse with your company, rememberin' that the eyes of the world is upon us and we're being read like a book at all times."

Silas promised humbly to bear all these things in mind. But as he went out to throw hay down to the horse he shook his head doubtfully.

"Ef the real stuff is in him," he said at length, "all will go well, an' ef it ain't he'll have a mighty well-cooked dinner to congratulate his stomach on, anyhow."

Thanksgiving day came with warmth and brightness. Promptly at two o'clock Theodore Sanderson arrived, after a careful and elaborate toilet which we can hardly suppose was intended to impress Mrs. Wetherbee only. It was an awful good dinner. The turkey was as sweet as nuts, and although the viands were served with somewhat miscellaneous proximity, even the guest was brought to a condition of replete and exhausted gratitude. But after dinner conversation lagged somewhat between Mr. Wetherbee and Mr. Sanderson, and as Silas left him in somewhat relief to seek the refuge of the

henyard for a moment. "I hadn't ought to ha' done it. I declar' it was rash!"

Theodore Sanderson was looking nervously through the family album for the third time, while the regular tick of Mrs. Wetherbee's dishes fell from her sturdy hands in the kitchen. He yawned openly and studied the ceiling and looked at his watch. He felt like having a nap.

Just then the front hall door opened and there walked in quietly the sunniest-looking little lady you ever saw. She was dressed all in flowing white and pink, just as the little children and other angels ought to be. Her hair which had been smoothly combed had blown apart in the wind, and was over her eyes somewhat, and she looked the most delicious, soft and winsome bit of tiny life you ever wanted to have nestled up to you.

She paused in the middle of the room with her finger at her lips and said softly:

"Why! why! why-ee!"

"Is you," she said somewhat scornfully, "the little boy Uncle Si asked me to come over and play with this afternoon? Why, you is all growed up!"

"Are you the young lady I was asked to entertain this afternoon? Why, you have grown very little, it seems to me."

Miss Margaret Hapgood stood in some perplexity. Finally she said with a sigh:

"Well, I s'pose I might as well beseat myself. I shall have to have a little talk wiv Uncle Si afterward, but I am goin' to be very behaveful now, 'cause you are his company, and I must entertain you. Do you know any games?"

Finding that his own talents were to be called into use, instead of those of others, as usual, Mr. Sanderson rallied his energies.

"Why, yes, I used to know some games. I don't think I know any little girls' games, but did you ever play stick-knife?"

"What, wiv a really jack-knife?" she cried joyously leaping down from her chair. "My papa won't get me any jack-knife because I am not a boy, and my little brother is so small—only ten months—that he can't have any knife for years and years."

"I think we shall have to ask Mrs. Wetherbee if we can play on her kitchen floor," said Mr. Sanderson, slipping a pretty pearl-handled knife into her hand.

"Mrs. Wetherbee, may we have the use of a corner of your clean kitchen floor?" was the question that nearly stunned Aunt Jane a moment later.

"You'll have to unbutton vis knife, Mr. Man," said Margaret in calm unconsciousness of anything unusual.

When Si Wetherbee, after prolonging the operation of feeding his hens to the latest possible moment, returned through his kitchen his amazement was too deep for utterance. The elegant youth and the dainty little

child were busy whacking up the knife and scoring on a piece of shingle out of the wood box. He beckoned Aunt Jane into the pantry.

"Has his vittles gone to his head or his heart?" he whispered hoarsely.

Aunt Jane pushed him silently into the flour barrel and came out.

And so it went on. The richness of a little child's nature is a constant amazement even to a father, but to this youth who had been brought up away from all other childhood it was a revelation. He was as happy as a boy and as openly ungainly and ridiculous as a calf in a pasture all the afternoon, until Aunt Jane's heart opened to him and she longed to embrace him like a son.

They played games and popped corn and told stories. Mr. Sanderson told tales of giants and fairies and all the nearly forgotten lore of his long lost boyhood, and Margaret told stories too, of south sea savages and "cocandikes" and "wiggerwams" and "all vat sort o' fing." Uncle Silas was almost jealous to see himself thus put aside.

But by and by it came time for a sleepy girl to go home. It was moonlight as she had prophesied; the snow falling lightly through it made the light a soft haze. The two men strove valiantly for the honor of carrying the guest home, but Margaret was loyal to her old friend, and Mr. Sanderson could only carry the umbrella in the queen's train.

"Good night, Uncle Silas," she said dreamingly at the bright open door of her home. "Fank you for a happy day. Good night, Mr. Sanderson, fank you for vis pretty knife. I fink you are jus' as good as any little boy."

And Mr. Sanderson declares he never had a more grateful complaint.

A few moments later Mr. Sanderson at Uncle Silas' door was saying good night too. "Thank you both for a happy Thanksgiving. I shall be a nobler man and a better neighbor for it."

"He did have the right stuff after all," said Uncle Si convincingly, as he turned in.

"He is a very proper young man and very pretty behaved," acknowledged Aunt Jane handsomely.

Before they went to bed Uncle Si and Aunt Jane always had family prayers in the "settin' room."

"Where sh'll I read to-night?" asked Mr. Wetherbee as he took down the big Bible and drew out the brown silk bookmark made from his wife's wedding dress.

"Find a comfortin' chapter in the Psalms, Silas. I've got to do over all my blackberry preserves to-morrow. I find they're spilin'."

"How would the thutty-fourth do?"

"Yes, read that. That's a good chapter," replied Aunt Jane in her slow, peaceful accent. ,

So Silas read, beginning with "I will bless the Lord at all times," and clear unto "None that trust in him shall be desolate," Aunt Jane nodding a pleasant assent at all the comforting passages, and they were many.

Then they sang that rock-foundation hymn, beginning:

"God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress prevail."

Aunt Jane from her rocking easy chair "settin'" the tune and Silas following at a respectful distance with weird original variations.

Then they went to God in prayer.

"O Shepherd of Israel," he prayed in the stately forms of the old Puritan household priest, "Thou that ledest Joseph like a flock, we thank Thee that we're still on prayin' grounds and pleadin' terms, the spared monuments of Thy mercy. We are exalted to heaven in point of privilege. Thou hast been with us w'en we were in the defenceless arms of sleep and durin' the day and all the year Thou art still aleadin' us. We've done the things we ought not to do and lef' undone the things we ought t' 'a'done. Forgive us and guide us. Help us not to ask Thee for more until we've been more grateful for what we've got."

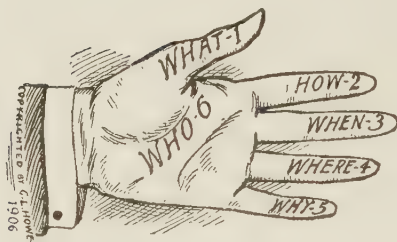
Mindful of his seafaring life he asked, as every night, "Remember in this stormy season them that goes down

to the sea in ships. Take hold of their frail barks, give the winds and the waves charge of them, put thine everlasting arms under them and bring them to their desired haven. Remember our dear children far away to-night, and may each one of them serve God in that station of life to which it hath pleased God to call him. Bless our church and people and remember our pastor. Stay up his hands as he goes in an' out amongst us, and let him not be sparin' nor fearful in breakin' unto us the Bread of Life. Bless his family.

"And now, Lord, for some of the days is gittin shorter and we're drawin' nigh home, make us up and doin' while the days lasts. Bless all we try to do good to, especially this young man that's be'n with us to-day. Make us ever mindful that we've got to give an account of the deeds done in the body. And when the last call comes grant that we may both go home together. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Having thus drawn near Heaven they kissed each other, and another Thanksgiving day was over.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.



MR. VALIANT FOR TRUTH.

CONSECRATION.

1

WHAT.

“Just as I am,” Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,

I would serve Thee with all my might;
Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For Truth and Righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take the victor's crown
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

2 How.

"I would be to the Eternal what his own hand is to a
man."

—*The Theologica Germanica.*

"A creed is a rod, and a crown is of night,
But this thing is God, to be man with thy might,
To give straight in the strength of thy spirit,
And live out thy life as the light."

—*A. C. Swinburne.*

Says Doctor Frank T. Bayley, in his "Ten Minutes' Talk to Children," used in this book by special permission:

I once heard a story of Mendelssohn which interested me. He visited a great church in Germany which they call a cathedral, where there is a great organ. The organist was there, but he did not know Mendelssohn. So when the great musician asked if he might play the organ, he refused him. But when Mendelssohn begged for the privilege, it was finally granted. Then he sat at the keys and the great organ poured out such glorious music as the old organist had never heard. He wondered who this strange visitor could be, that made the organ sing and shout. When he asked his name and found that he was the great master of music, Mendelssohn, he wept. "To think of it!" he said, "that I had almost forbid Mendelssohn to touch my organ!" For he knew that Mendelssohn was the greatest musician in Germany.

There is another organ, my dear children, more wonderful, more splendid than any cathedral organ. There is no organ in the world that can make such music. God himself made this organ. It is his. Sometimes He comes to it and wants to bring out its music. But the one who has charge of it does not know the great builder, God; and he says, No!

One of these greatest of organs is your own heart, my dear boy or girl. God made it for himself. It is full

HOW THEY PAID THE CHURCH DEBT.

The people had not learned to give, but when this little one gave all she had the rest took hold and the debt was easily paid.

HOW THEY PAID THE CHURCH DEBT.

The people had not learned to give, but when this little
one gave all she had the rest took hold and the debt was easily
paid.



of music which only He can bring out. If you will let Him sit at the keyboard He will make such music in your heart as will make the world glad as it listens.

Would it not be a pity to shut God, the Master of Music, away from His organ?

A man is to consecrate what he has and not what he has not. The story is told of an acrobat who wanted to give something to the Virgin and, as he could do nothing else, he performed some of his most skillful leaping before her image, and she blessed him for his consecrated jumping. Reprobus wanted to serve Christ, but he would not fast, for he feared it would weaken his gigantic strength and he could not learn to pray. So he was permitted to use his strength to carry passengers across a broad, swift stream on his back. One night he bore a child across.

But all at once the winds blew, the waves rose and there was a roaring in his ears, as if the great ocean were let loose; the weight on his shoulders bore him down more and more, until he feared he should sink. But he held firmly to his stout staff, and at last reached the other bank, and placed his burden safely on the ground.

"What have I borne?" cried Offero. "It could not have been heavier if it had been the whole world."

Then the child answered:—

"Thou didst wish to serve me and I have chosen thee as my servant. Thou hast borne, not the whole world, but the king of the whole world, on thy shoulders.

He had carried Christ across the stream. So he is called now Saint Christopher ("Christ"—"Offero"—I bear.)

3 WHEN.

SWEETBRIAR LIVES.

BY WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH.

The garden has many roses,
But only one is there
Whose leaves as well as its petals
Exhale a fragrance rare.
The hero is like the rose bloom,
But, beside him, lowlier strives
The life with the everyday fragrance;
Such are the sweetbriar lives.

Some of the garden's roses
Die with the dying year,
But the sweetbriar keeps on growing
And is here when the spring is here.
And some lives, thank God, perennial,
Close to the house-door grow
And spring would be winter without them,
For their hearts bring the spring, you know.

Some worship the hothouse roses;
Gold buys their velvet blooms.

They nod on the bosom of Beauty,
They scent the stateliest rooms.
But the sweetbriar goes not to market,
In the crowd it asks no part,
Yet a man may love the sweetbriar
And wear it on his heart. •

4

WHERE.

John Bunyan in the Pilgrim's Progress has a splendid portrait of a consecrated man, out among men in the battles of life, winning his way and leaving a glorious memory behind him.

Then they went on; and just at the place where Little-faith was robbed, there stood a man with his sword drawn, and his face all bloody. Then said Mr. Great-heart, "What art thou?" The man made answer saying, "I am one whose name is Valiant-for-truth. I am a Pilgrim and am going to the Celestial City. Now as I was on my way, there were three men did beset me, and propounded unto me these three things: 1. Whether I would become one of them. 2. Or go back from whence I came. 3. Or die upon the place. To the first, I answered, I had been a true man a long season, and therefore it could not be expected that I now should cast in my lot with thieves.

Then they demanded what I would say to the second. So I told them that the place from whence I came, had I not found incommmodity there, I had not forsaken it at

all; but finding it altogether unsuitable for me, and very unprofitable for me, I forsook it for this way.

Then they asked me what I said to the third. And I told them my life cost more dear far, than that I should lightly give it away. Besides, you have nothing to do thus to put things to my choice; wherefore at your peril be it, if you meddle.

Then these three, to-wit: Wild-head, Inconsiderate, and Pragmatic, drew upon me, and I also drew upon them.

So we fell to it, one against three, for the space of above three hours. They have left upon me, as you see, some of the marks of their valour, and have also carried away with them some of mine. They are but just now gone. I suppose they might, as the saying is, hear your horse dash, and so they betook them to flight.

GREATHEART. But here are great odds, three against one.

VALIANT. It is true; but little or more are nothing to him that has the truth on his side. "Though an host should encamp against me," said one, "my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

Besides, saith he, I have read in some records, that one man has fought an army. And how many did Samson slay with the jaw-bone of an ass!

Then said the guide, "Why did you not cry out, that some might have come in for your succour?"

VALIANT. So I did, to my King, who, I knew, could hear, and afford invisible help, and that was sufficient for me.

Then said Greatheart to Mr. Valiant-for-truth, "Thou hast worthily behaved thyself. Let me see thy sword." So he showed it to him. When he had taken it in his hand, and looked thereon a while, he said, "Ha! It is a right Jerusalem blade."

VALIANT. It is so. Let a man have one of these blades, with a hand to yield it and skill to use it, and he may venture upon an angel with it. He need not fear its holding, if he can but tell how to lay on. Its edges will never be blunt. It will cut flesh and bones, and soul, and spirit, and all.

GREATHEART. But you fought a great while. I wonder you were not weary.

VALIANT. I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand: and when they were joined together, as if a sword grew out of my arm, and when the blood ran through my fingers, then I fought with most courage.

GREATHEART. Thou hast done well. Thou hast "resisted unto blood, striving against sin." Thou shalt abide by us, come in and go out with us, for we are thy companions.

Then they took him and washed his wounds, and gave him of what they had to refresh him; and so they went on together. Now, as they went on, because Mr. Greatheart was delighted in him, for he loved one

greatly that he had found to be a man of his hands, and because there were with his company them that were feeble and weak, therefore he questioned with him about many things; first, what countryman he was.

VALIANT. I am of Darkland; for there I was born, and there my father and mother are still.

"Darkland," said the guide; "doth not lie upon the same coast with the City of Destruction?"

VALIANT. Yes, it doth. Now that which caused me to come on pilgrimage was this: We had one Mr. Tell-true come into our parts, and he told about what Christian had done, that went from the City of Destruction; namely, how he had forsaken his wife and children, and had betaken himself to a pilgrim's life. It was also confidently reported how he had killed a serpent that did come out to resist him in his journey, and how he got through to whither he intended. It was also told what welcome he had at all his Lord's lodgings, especially when he came to the gates of the Celestial City, "for there," said the man, "he was received with sound of trumpet, by a company of Shining Ones." He told it also, how all the bells in the city did ring for joy at his reception; and what golden garments he was clothed with, with many other things that now I shall forbear to relate. In a word, that man so told the story of Christian and his travels, that my heart fell into a burning haste to be gone after him. Nor could father or

mother stay me! So I got from them, and am come thus far on my way.

GREATHEART. You came in at the gate, did you not?

VALIANT. Yes, yes; for the same man also told us that all would be nothing, if we did not begin to enter this way at the gate.

"Look you," said the guide to Christiana, "the pilgrimage of your husband, and what he has gotten thereby, is spread abroad far and near."

VALIANT. Why, is this Christian's wife?

GREATHEART. Yes, that it is; and these are also her four sons.

VALIANT. What! and going on pilgrimage too?

GREATHEART. Yes, verily; they are following after.

VALIANT. It gladdens me at heart. Good man! how joyful will he be when he shall see them that would not go with him, yet to enter after him in at the gates into the city.

GREATHEART. Without doubt it will be a comfort to him; for, next to the joy of seeing himself there, it will be a joy to meet there his wife and children.

VALIANT. Have you any more things to ask me about my beginning—to come on pilgrimage?

GREATHEART. Yes. Were your father and mother willing that you should become a pilgrim?

VALIANT. Oh no! They used all means imaginable to persuade me to stay at home.

GREATHEART. Why, what could they say against it?

VALIANT. They said it was an idle life; and if I myself were not inclined to sloth and laziness, I would never countenance a pilgrim's condition.

GREATHEART. And what did they say else?

VALIANT. Why, they told me that it was a dangerous way; yea, "the most dangerous way in the world," said they, "is that which the pilgrims go."

GREATHEART. Did they show wherein this way is so dangerous?

VALIANT. Yes; and that in many particulars.

GREATHEART. Name some of them.

VALIANT. They told me of the Slough of Despond, where Christian was well-nigh smothered. They told me that there were archers standing ready in Beelzebub's Castle, to shoot them that should knock at the wicket-gate for entrance. They told me also of the wood and dark mountains; of the Hill Difficulty; of the lions; and also of the three giants, Bloodyman, Maul, and Slay-good. They said, moreover, that there was a foul fiend haunted the valley of Humiliation, and that Christian was by him almost bereft of life. "Besides," said they, "you must go over the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the hobgoblins are; where the light is darkness; where the way is full of snares, pits, traps and gins." They told me also of Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle, and of the ruin that the pilgrims met with there. Further, they said I must go over the Enchanted Ground, which was dangerous. And that after all this, I should

find a river over which I should find no bridge, and that that river did lie betwixt me and the Celestial Country.

GREATHEART. And was this all?

VALIANT. No. They also told me that this way was full of deceivers, and of persons that laid in wait there, to turn good men out of the path.

GREATHEART. But how did they make that out?

VALIANT. They told me that Mr. Worldly Wiseman did there lie in wait to deceive. They also said that there was Formality and Hypocrisy continually on the road. They said, also, that By-ends, Talkative, or Demas would go near to gather me up; that the Flatterer would catch me in his net; or that with green headed Ignorance I would presume to go on to the gate, from whence he always was sent back to the hole that was in the side of the hill, and made to go the by-way to hell.

GREATHEART. I promise you this was enough to discourage; but did they make an end here?

VALIANT. No; stay. They told me also of many that had tried that way of old, and that had gone a great way therein, to see if they could find something of the glory there that so many had so much talked of from time to time; and how they came back again, and befooled themselves for setting a foot out of doors in that path, to the satisfaction of all the country.

GREATHEART. Said they anything more to discourage you?

VALIANT. Yes. They told me of one Mr. Fearing

who was a pilgrim; and how he found his way so solitary that he never had a comfortable hour therein. Also, that Mr. Despondency had liked to have been starved therein; yea, and also, which I had almost forgot, that Christian himself, about whom there has been such a noise, after all his ventures for a celestial crown, was certainly drowned in the Black River, and never went foot further; however, it was smothered up.

GREATHEART. And did none of these things discourage you?

VALIANT. No; they seemed but as so many nothings to me.

GREATHEART. How came that about?

VALIANT. Why, I still believed what Tell-true had said, and that carried me beyond them all.

GREATHEART. Then this was your victory, even your faith.

VALIANT. It was so. I believed, and therefore came out, got into the way, fought all that set themselves against me, and, by believing, am come to this place.

“Who would true valour see?

Let him come hither;

One here will constant be

Come wind, come weather.

There's no discouragement

Shall make him once relent

His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim.

"Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is;
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

"Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away.
He'll fear not what men say:
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim."

.
After this it was noised abroad, that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other. When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it.

Then, said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am going hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at

to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder."

When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went, he said "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

WHY.

"A manhood nobly consecrated to man never dies."

—*William McKinley.*

I have written a little story to show how a child learned and taught the lesson of Consecration.

HOW THEY PAID THE CHURCH DEBT.

"Yes, Silas, you could rench the water right out of my handkerchief, I was so het up," said Aunt Jane, still breathless, and sitting on the edge of one of her splint bottom chairs, so as not to rub her back against the kitchen whitewash. "Them women hadn't no more idee what nor how they was doin' no more'n that kitten there has of the Day o' Jegement."

The kitten thus calumniated came out from behind the woodbox and rubbed her back forgivingly against Aunt Jane's bombazine and purred visibly but not

audibly. Silas looked up from his paper with amused interest. The doings of the ladies' sewing circle were to him, like the ways of Providence, past finding out.

"I spose," he said, rubbing his chin contemplatively and regarding the kitten with a fixed gaze, "you all talked to once and when you'd ketched your breath it was time to lock up the meetin' house."

"Well, it was some that way for a spell. You couldn't hear yourself think nearer'n the stun hoss block. What between Mis' Prindle on one side tellin' She that was a Hurd how to scallop fresh tomatoes and the Widder Dustin on t'other side tellin' about her trip to the Exposition, I didn't know whether Mis' Jennings was talkin' to me about how young Ferdnand Scrimgeour quarreled with his wife before they'd been three weeks married or whuther I was showin' her how to do up piccalilli. But by an' by there come along a sort of breathin' spell and Mis' Jonas Buxham proposed a plan that's made me most dizzy ever sence."

"Do tell, do tell," urged Silas with interest.

"Wait 'till I git off my mantilly and put on my apun. Silas, how many times have I told you not to drink out of the tea pot when the dish cluzzet's handy. Mis' Buxham must ha' been layin' awake nights for a fortnight to think all that up," she went on, regardless of Silas' further misdeineanors. "For once Mis' Deacon Strong had to give in that she hadn't facultized things as much as usual. Mis' Buxham says, 'To begin with

we must have a big fair.' Of course we was expectin' that and groaned accordin'. But she perceded to say that her 'Mandy that lives down in Hyannis or Charles-town or some of those superb villages—she that married ol' Lute Pettingill's son, you know, the one with red hair and tiny side whiskers, that come back home to hayin' wearin' them patent shoes and that striped red and green short bob-tailed jacket, why YOU know, Silas, the one that sung tribble in the Baptis' choir and used to be shinin' up to Sairy Ann Meacham's niece—"

"Yes, I know," said Silas hurriedly, "but what about Mrs. Buxham's fair?"

"Oh yes, let me see, where was I? Oh! Mrs. Buxham's Mandy suggested a Bazar of All Nations and Peddler's Paradise, or somethin' of that natur'. You see the men folks represent different pedlars and go 'round through the hall offerin' things we women has made to sell, instead of havin' booths. She said too, have a Rummage Sale, then or some time after. You take any old thing you've got at home and don't want and bring it and let it bring what 'twill."

"A sort of swappin' bee o' what's in folks' garrets, ain't it?" asked Silas with a look of mild amusement. "I take Job Hatfield's corn shucker, that's all right except the shuck part and he takes my ol' grin' stun, that's all there excep' the crank, an' we both git cheated. But where does the church debt git edified?"

This was too puzzling a problem for good Aunt Jane Wetherbee. But she reverted to the main idea.

"Praps you're right, Silas, I hadn' figgered out jus' the amount we'd make, but I wasn't goin' to object. What's the use of bein' as odd as Dick's hatband, when you know anything that Mis' Buxham recommends has got to go threw. My experunce in church fairs is, make six loaves of cake and say nothin' and trust that the Lord will provide."

This tickled Silas so much that he chuckled until he was sore and Aunt Jane, who by this time was beating up some of her nice hot biscuit, came out from the pantry and cried in alarm:

"There, Silas, you go and git some o' that slippery ellum in the spare room clothes press or you'll be all stopped up with the phthisik agin jus' as you was last winter."

The Peddler's Paradise came and went, as did the Rummage Sale. Both were a great success. The Weatherford *Clarion*, the local newspaper, edited by a young man who had ruined his style and his morals by serving for three weeks as a news-gatherer on the New York *Journal*, said that "the Peddler's Paradise brought together a galaxy of beauty and a vision of manly strength such as Organdy County had never seen before." The editor didn't get a ticket to the Rummage Sale, so he said nothing about that. It was certainly a wonderful sight when the procession of peddlers cante through the

church vestry with **their** motley wares. Of course Mr. Buxham led the line, for he was the husband of the genius of the occasion, and though but a small and meagre man he bustled with the importance of a drum major. The youth who followed, Henry Jennings' oldest Tom, was, to use one of Silas' expressions, "so high-posted he jus' cleared the rafters." The contrast was obvious and pleasing. The last of the line was poor old Deacon Jeremy Dudsley, who will do anything anybody asks him, for the church. Tim Foskit, the miller's boy, had forgot to come or his courage failed or something, so Mrs. Buxham forced a tray into the deacon's hands and fastened the cord around his neck and told him to "step spry," for folks was waitin'. It made one feel rather sorry, somehow, to see that venerable good man with a beard like the prophet's trying good naturedly to sell molasses kisses to his fellow citizens and their families in the place that had been so often hallowed by his marvellous prayers, which had been the balm of so many weary hearts. In fact the whole thing made us feel sort of uneasy. Mrs. Strong said she couldn't get the idea of it out of her head for more than a month of prayer meetings. Every time the meeting was thrown open the thought come to her how funny tall Tom Jennings looked stalkin' down the room with that string of galluses hangin' from his tray and tryin' to drive a trade in needle holders with ol' Miss Gleason that's been so blind she couldn't thread a darnin' needle for sixteen years.

But when they came to figure it all up the uneasiness gave way to consternation. The clean profits on the Peddler's Paradise after paying for the ice cream and coffee and sugar and Peter Robicheau 5½ hours, extra cleaning, was \$8.09, while the Rummage Sale showed a loss of 38 cents. Randolph P. Tucker, Weatherford's auctioneer, was in the habit for five years afterward, whenever he had especially hard sledding selling household goods to shout amid a general grin, "Come up gen'l-men, step up, jam up, any way to git up. This is our Orthodox Peddler's Paradise and Rummage Sale. We aint sellin' to make money, jus' to keep folks interested. How much am I bid for that illigant Bohemian sorrel hoss—throw in wagin', sleigh, harness, hitch rope and buffalo robe. Bid quick for the gospel cause."

The way he did come to pay the debt was quite different.

The Prudential Committee met the week after the Rummage Sale, and as the women had failed, took the matter up with much seriousness and firmness. A happy thought had come to Deacon Strong—by way of Mrs. Strong—which was unanimously accepted. Miss Laviania Husted was an aged spinster of unbounded wealth, without kith or kin, who lived alone in a huge red brick high shouldered mansion on Mansion Hill, at the end of Main street. "Why not ask her for the money?" said Deacon Strong. "She is a member of the church and won't feel a matter of six hundred dollars a mite." The

pastor and Silas Wetherbee were appointed the special committee to raise the debt out of Miss Husted. The pastor squirmed some at the idea and at the willingness of the Prudential Committee to unload the thing upon his shoulders, but said as little as possible. His wife had his opinion of Prudential Committees before he went to sleep. Silas did not object. He knew the minister would do all the talking and he felt sure the session would prove an interesting one. Captain Job Hatfield, his bosom friend, exacted a pledge that he should have all the particulars at once, and on the evening when the minister and Silas were wending their way to the spinster's—Silas in deference assuming his Sabbath morning gait—the grocery filled with an unusual company of loungers. When Silas entered this town forum an hour later he was as popular as a boy that has just got his Saturday spending money. He was offered eight tobacco plugs and the seat nearest the stove.

After a due pause he commenced, with judicious solemnity.

"The elder and I—pursuant to app'intment of the Prewdential Committee—perceeded to Lavinny's this evenin' to perform the responsible duty which the tender feelin's of Deacon Strong and Henry Jennings placed on to our shoulders." At this Henry Jennings coughed apologetically. Seeing that the shot had taken effect, Silas went on still mournfully.

"We was met at the door by ol' Mis' Claverdike that

keep's house for her and sot in the front room to wait Miss Husted's convenience. The elder hadn' let on jus' what his tactics was to be and I hadn't nuther, except to say that I shouldn't say a word till I had to. We could hear Lavinny puttin' on her shoes up stairs and she was soon givin' us a warm an' inquirin' welcome. Evidently she was lost as to whuther we was goin' to ask her to take a class in Sabbath School or to jine the new visitin' committee. I could see she wouldn't do neither. The elder keep a aidgin' along from one topic to another, to keep her interested, I persume, techin' on the unseasonable weather and the new teacher and, leadin' up by praisin' on the new mausolum she's jes' builded in the buryin' ground for her father and brother Jed. Bein' led off her spicions, Lavinny brightens up a little and, still tollin' her on, the elder gits to speakin' on the spiritual state of Zion hereabouts. Ye see, he was handlin' her the way a feller does a pickrul, givin' her line, but not too much line. She was real easy now and thinkin' 'twant goin' to cost her nothin' o' time and money she begun to twitter like a sperrer in a cherry tree, expectin' momentarily that the elder'd offer prayer and 'twould all be over and nice to tell on. Jes' then the elder give it all away. He couldn't ha' held on no longer, ef he was a-goin' to git thar to-night. 'Will ye or will ye, Miss Lavinny?' short and sweet, jes' like that, and me sayin' nothin' only lookin' pleadin'."

Silas paused. All were leaning forward in rapt at-

tention. Silas looked under the stove to see if there were any dogs present.

"What'd she do, Si?" Henry Jennings plucked up courage to say.

"She lept like a wild steer," said Silas in a more cheerful voice. "She talked loud and long about her poverty and her poor investments and her big taxes. My strength all seemed to leave me jes' then, fer I'd really thought she'd be good fer a hundred dollar note, though my woman said 'twouldn't be more'n twenty. I was a-edgin' toward the door and I noticed the elder was doin' the same. One thing I hadn't noticed afore. He'd been settin' kinder restless and 's he got up to go somehow he'd hitched one o' Lavinny's tidies to the back of his neck, and he wore it off on him."

"Was that all you fellers took away?" asked Cyrus Hoyt, a Methodist brother who was present.

"That tidy and five dollars was all we got off Lavinny. Here's the tidy, with a blue rooster on it, and the elder's got the five."

At the sight of this incongruous emblem of defeat the conclave broke up with tumultuous merriment, and went home to tell their wives.

So the church debt was not paid in this way.

Three weeks later it was paid, every cent. Let me tell you how.

Down toward Factory Village there is a little new cottage, not much bigger than a band box, where Francis

Goodrich lives, that keeps books for Theodore Sanderson at the mill. He has a snug position and a salary rather too snug for the position. He married Marion Fay, daughter of old Deacon Fay, who died just before we built the new meeting-house. Mrs. Fay was as good as the Deacon, and that's saying a good deal, and Marion had taken after her father and mother both. She has two children, a little boy about three and a little girl. She loves the church and everything about it, for she was brought right up in it, being baptized and married there, and her mother bringing her to church before she could walk alone. Marion is bringing up her children in the gospel way, the same she was taught in, the very same sweet old-fashioned way that we are all so busy improving on to-day. Every night she takes the babies in front of the Franklin stove, which is the best substitute they can afford for a fire place, and she takes off their little dresses and warms their toes in the firelight and tells them the Bible stories and sings them the old, old church hymns. Francis always sits close by with his head behind his paper, making believe he doesn't listen and doesn't care, but though he was rather wild before she married him, you couldn't pull him away from these bedtime talks with wild horses.

One night, so Francis told me, little Harold, the boy, was sitting on his mother's knee, after the story had been told, just before he kneeled down in his white nightgown to say his prayers. Francis is red-headed, but Harold

is a little oval-faced chap—looks some like his mother—with curly golden hair—a sort of baby Fra Angelico, Miss Maynard, the artist, that boards there, says.

“Our good minister is coming to see us to-morrow, Harold,” said his mother. “He told me so on the street to-day. Aren’t you glad?”

The baby on the floor looked up and tossed her ball, as if she understood all that was being said. (To Harold the minister was the embodiment of the sanctuary itself.)

“Yes,” said Harold, slowly: “Will he bring Jesus with him?”

The minister looked both grave and glad when he heard this afterward.

The next day Mr. Hapgood, the minister, and this faithful mother were talking over the troublesome matter of the debt. The last thing the minister said was, “I think I shall lay the matter plainly before our people on Sunday. I am sure we can depend on them, if they are fully aroused.”

Sunday came. The people had grasped their hymn books and were listening expectantly to the notices. The minister stated his case. “Brethren and sisters, we must do something,” he concluded earnestly. “Too long has this thing been a discredit to our dear Zion. I shall call our Prudential Committee together Friday evening and we shall be very glad to receive any thoughtful suggestion from any source as to ways and means.”

The minister turned to find the place in the hymn book, when an unexpected incident occurred. A sweet little figure in a soft blue coat and with floating golden hair walked softly up to the foot of the pulpit, too softly for his mother to notice till too late. He stood silent, trembling, with round, uplifted hand. It was tiny Harold Goodrich. The hand waited and seemed to beckon. The minister came down from the pulpit. "What is it, little one?" he said. The people sat expectant. The child said nothing, but laid three hot, brown pennies—all his store—in the minister's palm. Then he sped quickly to the shelter of his mother's skirts.

While he was ascending the pulpit a new light dawned in the minister's mind. He held up the three pennies amidst a silence that could be felt. "Friends," he said softly, "a little child shall lead them. Do we need any other suggestion than this? We have tried every other way. Shall we now try *giving*? We will sing the twelve hundred and thirty-ninth hymn:

"Lab'ers of Christ arise,
And gird you for the toil!"

and while we are singing I will ask the deacons of the church to kindly step this way."

At the conclusion of the hymn, which was sung with much feeling by those who were not crying, the deacons distributed odd scraps of paper and various sort of pen-

cils. The people bent silently over their newly discovered duty. For the first time in its history two collections were taken in one day.

While the deacons were counting the money and pledges on the communion table Lavinny Husted was seen to sit more upright than ever and to be chewing pennyroyal vigorously, but not a child dared to giggle. The deacons sat down as if relieved, and there are those who say that Uncle Silas winked to Captain Job, as he trod heavily down the isle to Aunt Janey's side.

The minister announced as follows:

"Total amount needed, \$608.34.

Cash received, \$132.98.

Pledges received, \$704.

Total amount provided, \$836.98.

We will rise and sing without the organ, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' "

And then he pronounced the benediction.

We learned later that a pledge in Lavinny's crabbed hand read,

"I will give the last one hundred dollars."

Just as Silas Wetherbee, deacon of the First Church of Christ, was settling down to the New York *Independent* and a semi-religious nap, he started up suddenly and exclaimed.

"Why mother, we didn't have no sermon to-day!"

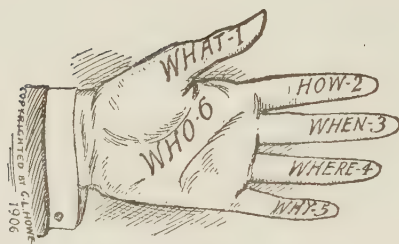
Aunt Jane Wetherbee looked up from her Bible and

Light and Life with withering scorn, and the kitten ran out of the door.

"No sermon? Didn't that blessed angel child preach a sermon to ye? I thought it was a better sermon than I ever heard from the elder and"—the scorn deepening—"it was a good sight better sermon than I've set under, *even from the Prewdential Committy!*"

Silas must have agreed, for in five minutes he was snoring the sleep of the righteous.

CHAPTER XC.



THE WAY OF LIFE.

RELIGION.

1 WHAT.

“The path of the righteous is as the dawning light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

—*The Proverbs.*

2 How.

“And one of the scribes came and heard them questioning together, and knowing that he had answered them well, asked him, What commandment is the first of all? Jesus answered, The first is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God, the Lord is one; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The

second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these."

—*Jesus.*

3 WHEN.

"And they brought unto him little children, that he should touch them: and the disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with indignation, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein. And he took them in his arms, and blessed them, laying his hands upon them." —*Jesus.*

4 WHERE.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

—*James.*

"Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

—*Jesus.*

5 WHY.

"We love Him because He first loved us. Hereby know we love because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

—*John.*

In a book, already so long and full, it is impossible to devote many pages to this subject, though the most important of all. Nor is it necessary, for if, as Jesus said, to "love our neighbor," and as Micah said, "to do justly and love mercy," and as James said, "to keep unspotted," be a part of religion, then our whole book has been a manual of real religion.

I give, therefore, three pictures from life:

I, of a Perfect Child; II, of the Good Fight; III, of the Last Victory.

I.

A PERFECT CHILD.*

"Let's play 'Wedding!' "

"Oh, no."

"We'll be the pipers."

*From "The Boys' Life of Christ," by William Byron Forbush. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. Used by special permission.

"No, we don't want to dance."

"Well, then, let's play 'Funeral,' and you may be the chief mourners."

"We won't do it."

It was a group of boys and girls, barefooted, but dressed in bright colors.

They lived in a far Eastern land.

They were standing about idly, near the fountain, in the small square of a lonely little mountain village.

It was a holiday. The springtime sun was shining brightly. The square was a lively scene. Women in colored gowns, with jingling strings of coins around their foreheads and cheeks, were carrying their water-jars to the fountain. They were jostled by long-legged street dogs and by donkeys loaded with huge grain bags that hung across their backs. Men were chaffering loudly near by in the cattle market.

The day was before the children, but although weddings and funerals were about all the events that ever varied the life of their quiet town, this hot morning they all seemed to feel too lazy or too cross to begin to play.

Just then the children heard a clear boyish soprano in the distance, and all turned eagerly in that direction. A slender but sturdy lad of about twelve, coming down the hill, walked singing around the corner. He was dressed in a long, close-fitting, striped blouse of brown and white, and he carried an empty water-jar on top of his white turban, beneath which tossed his curly locks.

Flashing dark were his eyes. His smile was ever ready. As he bent over to fill his jar at the wide fountain that gushed out of the hill, he called to one of the lads, and asked him why they were not playing.

"The boys are too disagreeable," broke in a black-eyed girl before the one addressed had time to answer.

"Are the groomsmen still in mourning now that their bridegroom is with them?" laughed the boy at the well. For he was recognized as the leader of their play.

Then lifting the full jar easily to the top of his head, he called out, "Come with me."

They followed his vigorous steps in a chattering line up the narrow street to his small white-walled home, where he left the water-jar inside the door in the shade, dropping a green branch in it to keep it cool.

Doves were cooing in the eaves and chickens were feeding in front of the house. The father, a bearded man, stood in the door-way planing an ox-yoke, and the mother sat in the shaded porch holding a baby in her arms and watching another little boy who was playing with his oldest brother's pet lamb. She was singing softly to the baby as he frolicked upon her knee.

When he told his mother where he was going, she addressed him as "Joshua." The name was a heroic one, for it had been borne by the great commander who had led his forefathers out of the desert and by the priest who had been their champion when they returned from exile. In the Latin language the name is Jesus.

"Where are we going?" asked the last of the flying troop as they started in another direction down the hill once more.

"To the threshing floor, of course," shouted back the leaders.

It was a flat, open space beside a dry creek-bed pounded hard so the grain would not be trampled into it. In the summer the goats were driven around it to beat the grain from the husks with their hoofs. But the rest of the year it was the children's playground.

First, they played "Wedding." This was the girls' favorite. The boy of the water-jar gaily took his place as the bridegroom, and taking out his flute, led off a jolly, prancing procession consisting of the other boys, who represented the groomsmen or "the sons of the bride-chamber." In another place the girls gathered around the one they had chosen as bride and carried make-believe torches, waved myrtle-boughs over her head, and noisily pretended to beat drums and play on pipes. Advancing, with singing and dancing, the bridesmaids escorted the bride to her future home.

This did not give exercise enough to suit the boys and soon they insisted on playing "Funeral." Marching more slowly, boys and girls together, they crooned a dirge, they howled and beat their breasts, as they had seen their elders do, for an Eastern funeral is very noisy. And some of the boys rolled on the ground and threw

dust over their heads, as the rest climbed up toward the old tombs in the crags near the hilltop.

When they had come to the summit, nearly breathless, they found sitting there, clothed in his loose brown robe and leaning upon his staff, the old minister of the village. He was also their school-teacher, and they all loved him.

Jesus and the others saluted him respectfully and sat down beside him.

Pretty soon the youngest said boldly, "Tell us a story, Father Jacob."

"A true story, if you please," said a boy named Hosea.

And so the children gathered around him and he told them splendid stories of their nation's history, pointing as he talked toward one hilltop or another, for every one of those memorable places could be picked out from where they were sitting. Yonder, southeast, behind Mount Gilboa, he made them seem to see intrepid Gideon testing the courage of his volunteers at the water springs, and then, the next night, executing that skillful strategy by which he routed an enormous army with no weapons but lamps and water pitchers. Across this very valley below drove famous King Jehu to kill wretched Jezebel, the enemy of his people. Yonder, too, died the boy-king Josiah in a daring but vain endeavor to stem the power of Egypt, the mightiest monarchy in the world.

"Do you see yonder roadway?" he interrupted.

And now the children watched eagerly as he traced

through the grain fields the royal highway, down which they could even now dimly see camel trains moving. It is the oldest road in the world, the bridge between Asia and Africa.

He told them how, many hundred years before, a warrior named Sisera, with his fierce army in iron chariots, had come marching toward their home, along this very road, from yonder distant pass in the mountains at the south. Then he pointed southeastward to the round dome of Tabor, where a brave woman, a mother in Israel, with a young man hardly more than a boy, to help her, had gathered Israel's untrained but eager minutemen to the defense of their country. Into that field of blood rushed down this little band of gallant patriots. Then the skies suddenly darkened, the rain fell in torrents, the plain became a sea of mud and the chariot wheels of the enemy could not move. With desperate courage Israel's heroes fought among the horses and war cars against tremendous odds, and won. Back along that raindrenched road the enemy fled on foot. Many were swept away in yonder flooded stream, beneath the site of Elijah's altar. But Sisera, their chief, pressed doggedly eastward.

"Is there any more?" some one asked, breathlessly.

The children turned their faces again toward the Jordan, and the speaker's voice fell as he related the dread tragedy of the victory. He told how the wife of Heber, of the kinsmen of the Hebrews, received the spent war-

rior kindly into her tent. Then he recited the old war-song of Deborah and Barak. It told how when he was drowsy, because of her love for downtrodden Israel,

“She brought him butter in a lordly dish,
She put her hand to the nail,
And her right hand to the workman’s hammer,
Yea, she pierced and struck through his temples.
At her feet he bowed; he fell, he lay;
At her feet he fell:
Where he bowed, there he fell down dead.”

He chanted the dirge by Sisera’s mother and then sang the closing words of triumph:

“So let thine enemies perish, O Lord:

But let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.”

It was by such tales as these that the school masters of Israel caused their children to hate the sins that since those brave days had made their nation weak and the enemies who had brought them low.

Then he told them the finest story of all, of the great-shepherd king who had carried Israel on his heart, David, once a boy of Bethlehem in Judah. Of his fight with the lion and the bear on the lonely hilltops of his father’s pastures, of his duel with the giant Goliath, and of his perilous life with King Saul, the sad, wild monarch who both loved and hated him so well, he spoke. “And who

ever won hearts as did he? The mighty three who broke through an army to quench their hero's thirst, the fearless Benaiah who leapt down and slew a lion in a pit on a snowy day, and prince Jonathan—oh! the world well knows how their souls were knit together."

He paused, as if in thought. They could scarce wait for him to continue.

Then he told how David with his dauntless clan subsisted in the deserts as an exile, while the prince went out to fight by his father's side, and how, when the long day of battle had turned against them, those brave heroes, noble father and tender son, lay down together in death on yonder summit.

"There it stands!" the old man exclaimed, as he pointed beyond rounded Tabor to gray Gilboa in the far southeast.

And in thrilling tones he recited the famous "Song of the Bow," which David, now king of all Israel, sang, as he led the mourning nation down the mountain.

"Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places.

How are the mighty fallen!

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided.

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I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan.

Thy love to me was wonderful,

Passing the love of women."

The children drew a long breath when this story was done. The encircling hills seemed still to shelter the watching spirits of these heroes of the past. One of the lads, stretching himself to his utmost and shaking his right arm toward that funeral mountain, shouted:

"Hail to you, mighty kings of old, and hail to you, O David, great Shepherd of Israel."

Jesus clasped his playmate's hand with a look of delight at such enthusiasm, for he was himself of the family of their hero.

As the children went down the hill they spoke with gleeful voices of those great days when God had made their nation so famous through the deeds of its noble sons and daughters.

"And he will do it again!" said one of the older boys stoutly. "He will do it again! What does the prophet say?"

"Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness
And a man shall be as a covert from the tempest
As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'"

The teacher was pleased to note the bright boy's ready memory.

"When will our King come, Father Jacob?" asked one of the girls wearily. "My father says it has been very long."

"He is coming, my child," said the old man, laying his hand on her glossy head. "He is coming. Out of Bethlehem, David's city, the prophet has said our Deliverer shall appear."

Jesus had fallen back beside the rabbi.

"How shall the Messiah be known?" he asked.

"It is written of him," the master answered, "'I delight to do Thy will, O God.'"

The boy walked on a moment in silence, then as they came to a steep place, he gave the venerable man his strong shoulder and helped him down to his home.

The brows of the little patriots had darkened as they thought of their long-suffering land and the hated yoke of the proud Romans. But, when they reached the threshing floor again and had parted from the good rabbi with hearty farewells, their spirits grew brighter and they all wanted one more game before dinner.

"We'll play 'Kingdom,' " cried one.

"That is the best game of all."

"Who will be the king?"

"I!"

"No, I!"

"No, Jesus shall be our king," said Jesus' chum, the boy who had quoted from the old prophet. "He is the strongest. He is the one who leads our games and makes peace when we quarrel: Let Jesus be our king!"

And, with one accord, before he had a chance to protest, they had seated the dark-eyed lad on a knoll, and

were crowning him with blossoms. They put a palm branch in his hand and spread their cloaks before him, and two boys, one at his right and one at his left, stationed themselves as his attendants, while the rest stopped the good-natured passers-by, old and young, and merrily forced them to approach, saying, "Come here and adore our king, and afterward go on your way in peace."

And they all went home, tired, to their dinners.

In a few moments Jesus had reached his father's door. It was open toward the east. The family were just sitting down on the floor around the low stand which they used as their table. As soon as the chattering little ones were still, Jesus, as the oldest son, stood and asked the blessing. He sat by his mother's side and told all the adventures of the merry morning. His mother, whose name was Mary, was especially pleased when he described how the boys had crowned him king.

After Jesus had helped his mother with her work the family rested for an hour or two through the hot midday. Then the boy walked out to the vineyards with his chum and talked with the vine-dressers. When night came he saw that the chickens were in their shelter, and after he had eaten his supper, he fed his lamb. Then his father shut the house door and before the color had faded out of the west the family was asleep.

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On the night of the holiday which I spoke of the

village went to bed early, for the next day was to be a notable one.

Before the sun was up everybody had gathered at the fountain. The fathers and the older children were going to leave for a ten days' tour. They were going to the capital for the great annual feast, to celebrate the nation's birthday.

Too eager to rest, too grateful to sleep, the pilgrims from Nazareth, taking a hasty meal and greeting many of their distant kinsmen, hurried to join the great throng in the temple courts, and there they were found even until midnight waiting in the moonlight their turn to present their free-will gifts.

They took but a few hours of sleep.

It was the edge of the dawn. Far aloft a silver trumpet blew three times, and ere it ceased the priest who had slept all night at the portal beside the golden keys, sprang to his feet, kissed the master-key and swung open the massive temple doors.

Before daylight the other priests had been awake within, and had inspected the dark corridors in procession by torchlight. The fire was rekindled on the altars, the sacrifice was laid upon the coals, and when the worshippers began to crowd in, the Holy House was ready for the services of the day.

Jesus stood, in the early morning light, with his parents in the Jewish Court. Proudly he looked outside to the larger courtyard where foreigners gathered curious-

ly and looked up and read the stone tablet, which warned them of death if they ventured farther. But he was one of "the Chosen People;" "the Sons of God," they called themselves. And so, when the strange washings and bowings and recitatives went on, he watched eagerly, for this service belonged to him; when the odor of incense was diffused he knelt with the thousands; as he watched it overflow the curtains it seemed like the rising prayers of his nation; and as the officiating priest, with tinkling bells on the border of his gown, walked here and there beyond that rainbow-colored curtain, he could tell by the music at what part of the service he was engaged.

A little later he saw a company of priests coming up from the valley beyond the walls waving the bundle of grain, which they had cut with a golden sickle. It was the first fruits of the harvest. And he saw them bringing the golden pitcher of water from the sacred wells.

Meantime, back in the home village of Jesus, the old grandames and the little children were searching their dark houses with candles for any scraps of raised bread, and were making the flat, white, tasteless loaves which were the only bread they ate during the whole feast.

The Passover was Israel's New Year's Day, Fourth of July and Easter, all in one. But how strangely different from ours were their celebrations!

When the great day of the feast came, Joseph, the father of the family, carried up the choice yearling lamb

which he had brought for the sacrifice. When the priest had slain it, Mary roasted it upon a cross of pomegranate wood.

Away from the crowd, in an upper room, Joseph and his wife and their boy ate the sacred meal. Every part of it was a story told in picture and action. There lay the lamb upon the board, to remind them that redemption is at the cost of life. Here were the bitter herbs, type of the bitterness of slavery, and a paste of fruits, emblem of the mortar used by their fathers when they were forced to make bricks in Egypt. They ate standing and in haste, as if just fleeing from bondage. Solemn thanksgivings were offered and old songs were sung.

Then came the child's hour. In every home in Israel the youngest was taught to ask this question:

"What do you mean by this service?"

Jesus asked the question.

Then Joseph told the story of the Exodus again.

"Many years ago we were a nation of slaves. God stretched out His hand and saved us from those who had laid tasks upon us, making us their brickmakers and burden-bearers. There came a night of darkness and death. The pestilence was on the whole land, even in the king's palace. Moses told us to sprinkle lamb's blood on our door-posts, to bind up our garments and to prepare for flight. God looked through the darkness, and where the blood was, there he passed over and left men alive. He led us out through the storm and the

divided seas, and the next morning we were free upon a stranger's shore. Since that day we have always kept the sacrifice with a slain lamb, and we call it the Passover."

So, by action and story, this service, centuries old, was meant to teach the children of God's salvation, so that it might never be forgotten.

Go into any Jewish home to-day at Passover, in the spring, and you will see how well they remember. You will find the family conducting this very service just as they did two or three thousand years ago.

There was much to see in the city after the feast was over, and among the busy shops encroaching even on the holy shrine, the stalwart garrison and the child musicians in the temple, the Nazareth boys roamed together. But Jesus went most often alone to the broad terrace below the marble house, where on sunny feast-day afternoons the teachers of the sacred law sat, and talked genially with any, even lads like himself, who might care to meet them. It was a sort of people's college. They were the wisest, and some of them were the best people of their time: Hillel, the Great, and Hanan and Caiaphas and Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea—some of whom were to kill him in hate, some of whom were to bury him with generous love.

Every boy has his questions. "Who am I?" "What am I good for?" "What shall I live for?" To answer

such questions a boy needs help. Jesus, too, felt that he needed help.

He talked about these things to the elders.

They were amazed at the quick understanding with which he met their counsels and when they interested themselves to ask questions of him, at his answers.

Every day he came. His parents were visiting their many friends. The city, though crowded, was perfectly safe. Boys in that time were allowed great freedom. The weather was warm, and Jesus could sleep with his comrades anywhere, in safety. Jesus had never caused his mother the slightest anxiety. But as a lad he had always been fond of play and adventure. He wore out clothes just as other boys do. So she felt sure he had found new playmates among the companies that had first moved homeward, and so, on the day appointed for their return, she started from the city without even looking him up.

A few miles north of the capital they halted for the night, at the first stage for caravans. Here they expected to find him waiting, or thought that if they tarried, they could meet him if he came later, easier than in the thronged town. But no. They stayed over night and he had not come and was not to be found.

Meantime Jesus was all day at the temple. Here where the kings of his people had walked, where the prophets had preached, where the martyrs had died, he came. What a world opened to this lad from Nowhere

on this first stay at the great city! He had arrived, a boy; he was becoming a man.

He felt that he could not go until his great questions were answered. The greatest of all was, What was he to do with his life? He thought much about those brave men of old who had lived for others. He thought how sorely his downtrodden people needed a deliverer now. What could he do? What was he, all alone? Then he thought of God. It was God helping Israel that had made Israel strong. It was the men who had done God's will who had saved their nation. What if he were to try perfectly to do the will of God?

In a quiet corner of the great church the noble boy knelt by himself, and perhaps his only prayer was this: "That I may do my Father's will."

It was while he was brooding over these things that the anxious mother broke through the silken company of doctors seated on that grassy terrace in the evening light and threw her arms about her boy, crying, "Child, why have you so dealt with us? Your father and I have sought you in great distress."

You will understand me when I say that Jesus had a right to have forgotten all about his mother just then. True, she was anxious, but he was not a child now. His father needed him in Nazareth, but the All-Father in Heaven wanted his whole life. And he had this great life question which he needed all the help he could get

to solve, and he had to solve it, as all boys do when they begin to be men, alone.

So he looked, like one awaking, wonderingly into her face and answered, "How is it that you are searching for me?"

Up to this time his mother had been in the habit of saying gently to him, "You must," and he obeyed her. Now and henceforth he felt a voice within which said "I must." That Voice, God's Voice, must hereafter be obeyed. So he answered, "Did you not know that I must be about my Father's work?"

What did the boy mean?

It may be the first thought that he had was, that if he was to be the deliverer his nation wanted he would probably need to remain in the city and study and serve about the temple.

Many a boy feels that way. He has decided upon some calling. "Let me begin at once," is his cry. But he forgets his need of knowledge and wisdom and experience, and that just at present the most important thing he has to do is to get ready.

So, back again up that steep pathway from Esdraelon to forsaken Nazareth he went, to obey, to love, to serve, and the wise men of Jerusalem entirely forgot him.

II.

THE GOOD FIGHT.

FROM BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The next day they took him and had him into the armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which their Lord had provided for pilgrims; as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heavens for multitude.

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. "But first," said they, "let us go again into the armoury." So they did, and when they came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was proof lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. He being therefore thus accoutred walketh out with his friends to the gate, and there he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrim pass by. Then the porter answered, "Yes."

"Pray did you know him?" said he.

PORTER. I asked him his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

"Oh," said Christian, "I know him; he is my townsman, my near neighbor; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?"

PORTER. He is got by this time below the hill.

"Well," said Christian, "good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase, for the kindness that thou hast showed to me."

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity and Prudence would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourse till they came to go down the hill. Then said Christian, "As it was difficult coming up, so (so far as I can see) it is dangerous going down." "Yes," said Prudence, "so it is; for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore," said they, "are we come out to accompany thee down the hill." So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream that these good companions (when Christian was gone down to the bottom of the hill) gave him a loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and he went on his way.

But now in this Valley of Humiliation poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back: and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his

darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales, like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him:

“Whence come you, and whither are you bound?”

CHRISTIAN. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and I am going to the City of Zion.

APOLLYON. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine; and I am the prince and God of it; how is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

CHRISTIAN. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, “for the wages of sin is death,” therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

APOLLYON. There is no prince that will thus lightly

lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee. But since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back: what our country will afford I do here promise to give thee.

CHRISTIAN. , But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

APOLLYON. Thou hast done in this, according to the proverb, "Changed a bad for a worse;" but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHRISTIAN. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how then can I go back from this and not be hanged as a traitor?

APOLLYON. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn and go back.

CHRISTIAN. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon! to speak the truth, I like his service, his wages, his government, his company and country, better than thine; and therefore leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOLLYON. Consider again, when thou art in cool

blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part his servants come to an ill end, because they are the transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! and besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of their hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them! and so I will deliver thee.

CHRISTIAN. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it; for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his glory and the glory of the angels.

APOLLYON. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHRISTIAN. Wherein, O. Apollyon, have I been unfaithful of him?

APOLLYON. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden,

whereas thou shouldest have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing; thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHRISTIAN. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honour is merciful, and ready to forgive. But besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in; and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, "I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people, I am come out on purpose to withstand thee."

CHRISTIAN. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy blood:" and with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing

darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot.

This made Christian give a little back. Apollyon therefore followed his work again, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could.

This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent: for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now." And with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life.

But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall rise." And with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And with that Apollyon spread

forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yielding and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight—he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart! I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile and look upward; but it was the dreadfullest sight that I ever saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will here give thanks to Him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon:" and so he did.

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, "I know not but some other enemy may be at hand." But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

III.

THE LAST VICTORY.

FROM BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Now I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over; the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate."

Then they addressed themselves to the water; and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all his waves go over me!"

Then said the other, "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good." Then said Christian, "Ah! my friend, 'the sorrows of death have compassed me about;' I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey." And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind and heart, fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate.

Hopeful therefore here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavor to comfort him, saying, "Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us;" but Christian would answer, "It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you."

"And so have you," said he to Christian.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was as in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added this word, "Be of good cheer. Jesus Christ maketh thee whole;" and with that Christian broke out with a loud voice, "Oh, I see him again! and he tells me, 'When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon; and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over. Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two Shining Men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them. Thus they went along towards the gate.

Now you must note that the City stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the

arms; also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. "There," said they, "is the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, the spirits of just men made perfect. You are going now," said they, "to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof, and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth: to-wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction and death, 'for the former things are passed away.' You are now going to Abraham, to Isaac and Jacob, and to the prophets; men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting on their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." The men then asked, "What must we do in that holy place?"

THE LAST VICTORY.

Christian and faithful, having won the Good Fight and brought many with them into the Pilgrimage, come, surrounded by men, women and children, who love them, to the River which, crossing, will bring them to the Holy City.

THE LAST VICTORY.

Christian and faithful, having won the Good Fight and brought many with them into the Kingdom, come, surrounded by men, women and children who love them to the River which flows, will bring them to the Holy City.



To whom it was answered, "You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way.

"In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One; for 'there you shall see Him as He is.' There also you shall serve Him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again that have gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also shall you be clothed with joy and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of glory.

"Also, when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him."

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said, by the other two Shining Ones, "These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them,

gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them—the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, “Enter ye into the joy of our Lord.” I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.”

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, “Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.” And after that, they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

FIRELIGHT AND
CHILDREN'S FACES

FIRELIGHT AND CHILDREN'S FACES.

By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH.

“A home
Is firelight and children's faces. Wanting these,
A palace is a hovel. With these, aglow,
A cottage is the palace of a king.”

—*W. Strephon*; The Holy Estate.

THESE
 Confessions of a Father
 are
 DEDICATED
 To a Deserving Lady,
 The Mother of Three Interesting Children,
 who has lived for Sixteen Years with
 the Husband of her Youth,
 practicing all the Virtues which he has preach'd and
 exemplifying all the Wisdom for which he has taken
 Credit, and winning all the Love that he can say, without
 losing her Wit, her Beauty or her Christian Fortitude:

TO HIS WIFE

By the Author.

“His *intimados*, to confess, a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He never cared greatly for the society of what are called good people He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *toga virilis* never sate gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.”

—From the Preface to *The Last Essays of Elia*.

To the Reader:—

When I was young and omniscient I was encouraged, as I mourn to say children still are, to talk in prayer meeting. And my response to the provocation was so thorough that I rashly took the vow to let no opportunity pass without what is called "improving the time." It happened that I was about fourteen, and the topic at the church one evening was "Child Nurture." As usual, I arose and discoursed with great liberty. Like a boy, not knowing how to conclude, I broke off suddenly with this somewhat inconsequential remark: "Such at least has been my own method and experience."

The subject to which I was thus accidentally introduced began some years later really to interest me and after a few social experiments and some reading, I wrote a book on how to bring up other people's children, entitled "The Boy Problem."

It had some vogue, and people who read it and heard me talk began to ask me how I brought up my own. I found at once that I had nothing to say now about "my own method and experience."

Like the rest of you, I had gone to hear lectures on child-training and had read the books on child-study. But a living child has such a way of mussing up statistics and dislocating curves on anthropometric charts, and it would be so much nicer if the lecturers on child-training could only have babies. Besides, all this time,

my wife had really been doing most of this sort of thing herself.

We talked it over together, she and I, and we decided that perhaps there was still room for a book that, without really claiming to be instructive, should just take note of some of the things that are likely to happen any time in a home where naturalness and reality and soiled hands are the rule and where perhaps both parents think more often of how to enjoy their children than of how they ought to bring them up. Such a book would be fully as veritable as the "Mother, Home and Heaven" kind with their inevitable prigs, or the "When You Were Young" sort with their incredible little toughs. Some things might thus be communicated painlessly that have been written elsewhere in long words and many pages. And if it were true, it would be bound to have its own meaning.

If you cannot be satisfied unless you have exact prescriptions for all the moral ailments of your children, I am afraid after trying to read this that you will have to go and ask for your money back. For this is not a Complete Family Moral Adviser. But if you would like to share the joyous experiences of two disciples in the art of living lovingly in the midst of a family of growing children, come on; we shall have a good time together.

—WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH.

I.

THE GENERAL CONFESSION.

It has often been a marvel to me, since parenthood is the business at which most of us spend three-fourths of our time when we grow up, that the State should allow it to be taught only to spinster school teachers. This at least explains why, when they do marry, they make the best mothers. Training tells. Widows are the most skillful wives.

When an only child, that fashionable anomaly of to-day, gets married his or her feeling toward a baby is chiefly that of fear. It is sometimes boneless, red in the face and subject to whirlwinds of lamentation. That is all. No wonder the National League for the Protection of the Family flourishes amongst us. What possible assurance is there of happiness for two amateurs, condemned to life imprisonment in each other's society, except Love—not for each other—an intelligent love of children?

The story of the centuries is best told not in the biographies of warriors and kings, but in the lives of great fathers and mothers. The fine tales of the Good Book are mostly about the ways of parents with their children. The good advice of the Bible is largely for fathers. There is nothing about the duty of mothers. Curious. Early ideals are often truest. Little children play keep-

house, and mother and father dolls and imitate with sly humor the weakness of their parents. Later they play they are heroes and adventurers, and later yet that they are rich. But what if the childish dream could remain real, and the school-boy, instead of dragon-slaying and becoming deluded by the Orison Sweet Marden idea of trying to be both rich and pious, should simply resolve, "Some day I will be a great father!" Ye Gods! that would bring us back the days of the Olympians.

There is nothing shocking about this. No human character can become completely mature without some relation to childhood. All may not become parents, but those who do not should be prepared to be godparents.

What are godfathers? Not the ornamental youths who appear before church fonts and take upon themselves the sins and successes of helpless babes brought to baptism. The true godfather is an everyday sort of a George Washington, whom God leaves childless that a nation may call him father. As there are so many extra babies and children in this world who have no real fathers and mothers, so the good God made a few extra fathers—and mothers, too—to whom he has said quietly, "I shall not give you any children, but please go out and find some. Nobody loves them; they belong to Me and you."

In the lower animal world the parent is allowed to survive only long enough to protect his young through its helpless early days. For some reason the Creator lets

some of us stay a little longer here, but that does not alter the fact that our chief reason for existence is to furnish a line of worthy successors.

And to do this the only training we get is our own self-education.

When the baby came and it was made known to me that we could not call him Marguerite, as I had planned, the next thing that I remember is that a stout lady who had been boarding with us for a number of weeks without employment laid in my arms, with an air of reproachful expectancy, a bundle which I was assured contained a baby. As I glanced at this tiny woodland pygmy I cannot say that I was much prepossessed by him. I had not been led to anticipate this entire absence of a nose from the face of my child, nor his air of evident irritation at his surroundings. I was conscious that I disappointed the nurse, and that she received him back with the same sort of feeling as if I had left him on her doorstep.

A few weeks later some household emergency made it necessary that my first-born should be entrusted to my care for a brief time. My wife gave me the charge with a suspicion, whose source I knew so well that I paid the stout lady her wages the next day. I charmed him with cornet, flute, harp, sacbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music until, much to my surprise and his own, he fell asleep. As he lay along my arm with a tiny face in repose, like those of Raphael's cherubs, and nestling softly closer to "that gracious hollow in the shoulder

which," Celia Thaxter said, "God placed in every human frame where some tired heart for comfort should be laid," I felt a prickling sensation in my whole body, the sunshine lay across my happy arms and I found myself in tears. God gives mother-love with the quickening pulse of life, as by an overshadowing of his spirit, but father-love, since we are too dull for such divine instincts, he gives to men, as to Joseph, only when they dream with angels.

The only pedagogy which men practice to-day and the only theology for which they die is that which they learn from their children. Shall I ever forget the night when our lad lay a-dying? I had watched with him all the night before, reading a merry, pathetic book—it was of "Margaret Ogilvy"—to keep awake during the unaccustomed vigil and watching the little hot and tossing figure with love and yet without anxiety. Then had come a hard and troubled day and no recognition in the large brown eyes. The night came softly and there was a quietness which we thought hopeful. But at midnight there was the awakening, the leaping shadows, the physicians—summoned from asleep—at once so wakeful, swift and strong, and a still battle with one so awful and so invisible and so omnipotent. But it was not the lad who fought the battle, lying like a lily, breathless, pallid; it was a man and a woman, who in that hour left their childhood forever, made those stern preparations for the emergency which only the human soul can

make and fought Death with no weapon but a prayer. It was in that hour when the lips unconsciously said over and over a fragment of a childhood bedtime petition while the heart knew what God feels when he loses his grasp of some human son that I learned the fatherhood of God. It was not until we had thus wrestled with the angel and he had prevailed that he gave us his blessing, and the name of that place was Peniel.

And when the morning came there were two gifts in our home, the peace of God and the little boy, awakened from sleep and reaching weak fingers towards his mother's heavenly face.

I have even said that the knowledge of the Trinity, which is held in some form after all by every one of us, is an experience of growing maturity. The little child knows God as father in his earthly father. When his mother steps in between with her thoughtfulness and tact, he finds his mediator. In the adolescent storm and stress God knocks at the door of heart and will, and this is the dispensation of the Holy Spirit.

It is this unexpected way in which young children deify their fathers which startles most men into their senses. When a man hears his babe say his prayers, or notes his implicit confidence that he himself is quite omnipotent, it makes him uneasy. No one ever told him that he was to become God to another soul some day.

He learns that to be a good father one must have the habit of Incarnation. He remembers that God has no

bad habits and no blue Mondays. This gives him much food for thought.

It is in punishments that a father learns most how hard it is to be God to a child. Anybody can lick a boy in anger with a good relish, but after it is over he knows with shame that he has been a coward and a brute to do it. The child may not realize all this. The zest with which my father used to castigate me gives me now a belated but keen satisfaction. Still it is required of a man that in giving a licking to the glory of God he should do so after fasting and prayer. Those are the modern miracles by the laying on of hands, but the father who can perform them realizes what it meant for old Abraham to lead young Isaac up Mount Moriah.

It may seem quixotic to say, but I am convinced that after a boy is old enough to tussle with his father he should only be whipped with his own consent. I have known a boy to wait a whole day before he was ready to see things in this light, but when he did there were the same kind of tears in his father's eyes as in his own, and when they went down stairs together their arms were across each other's shoulders.

So my general confession is—what most of us might as well own up to—that it is something after all that nobody else can teach you, though many will try. What you learn you learn in the laboratory, from the objects of experiment themselves.

The only infallible teachers of fathers are their own children.

And what we mostly do is to keep them from finding it out.

In connection with this chapter read in the first part: the chapters on Health and Play and Fun.

II.

SOME ADVENTURES AMONG SAVAGES.

Almost anything may be true about a boy.

I used to go to school with a boy who would eat a fly for a cent. A nickel was his price for beetles. I also went to school with a boy who wrote poetry.

It was the same boy.

Almost anything may be true about a boy.

The boy between six and ten years is a type of himself. He is not the "little man" whom his father is all the time urging him to be, nor the psychological manikin whom Theophilus Innocentius, Ph. D., has conjured up on his wondrous charts from a questionnaire sent out to 14,329 patient school teachers. I remember one of these child-study groppers who hastened over from the University one day when my family was in the midst of moving. He seated himself insecurely on a bicycle crate and with near-sighted gaze was jotting down the valuable information I was handing out while packing the fruit cans. What he wanted to know was: "Do you find that your

children have ever expressed a horror of big teeth?; and if so, is it an atavistic reverberation from subconscious race-memory of the contiguity of wild animals?" Just then the door opened and in burst my three hopefuls, clad in jack-o-lantern heads, and overthrew the good Doctor's foundation both of philosophical theory and physical stability.

Understand. I am not criticising child-study. It is a good thing. Like baptism by immersion, we must acknowledge that it is the authorized mode—only those who invented it lacked the sense of humor.

When I was a boy my parents used to take me to the fine old town of Woodstock, Vermont, for my summer vacations. In the middle of the village, you know, is a park of elms and maples. Here at that time dwelt an interesting family of toads. My playmates and I used to go into that park and decapitate those toads and divide them up with our little blunt jackknives and expose them for sale on the white rails of the fence at prices varying from one to ten pins, according to the choiceness of the cut. It was not until some bystander hinted strongly that we were not acting as Christian children should that we realized that this "butcher shop" involved cruelty. Was this "atavistic reverberation" or didn't we know any better? My children never do such things and would be horrified at the suggestion. Is that because they are more civilized or less enterprising or never had the chance?

•

Yet there was something in it, after all.

An instinct that is common to all normal boys is the instinct to fight.

"If any naughty boy tries to make you fight, come right home to mamma."

"If I ever catch you fighting on the street, sir, I'll give you another licking as soon as you get home."

It is the boy who has listened to such feminine and masculine admonitions and then gone forth to his inevitable school-yard contests and returned bravely to that promised punishment who has true courage. It is that boy, too, who grows up alienated from his parents, and they wonder vaguely why the boys are so difficult to understand.

Whatever may be the higher ethical plane to which adults have climbed, one of the small but choice articles of faith of a normal youngster is that it is often both necessary and praiseworthy to fight. He who assails that conviction has simply uprooted one of the moral foundations of a child's life.

The psychologist explains the fighting instinct by saying that it is one of the savage survivals, a manifestation of the struggle for life. The struggle for the life of others is most noble, but it cannot come until the individual's self-life is secure. The boy will by and by rise to a sense of chivalry, struggle for others; but first he must win a self-consciousness and self-respect of his own, and this he does most directly in fighting with his

peers. Fighting is not so selfish as non-resistance, which protects the person but injures the self-respect by flight.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the fighting among boys does not always or often mean what it does among men. Boys' fighting, like their play, usually consists in getting ready. It is simply an acute game of "bluff," a test of will power, of grace to stand up to situation. The loser retires, unharmed, but discomfited and discredited.

Fighting has also a strangely social effect. "Two boys can never become chums until they have had a fight" is a well known maxim. The reason girls are not such true friends as boys is because they will not fight. When boys quarrel they fight and that is the end of it. When girls quarrel they sputter, and that is not the end of it. A fight, like an electric storm, clears the air. Boys' games have a finer fellowship than groups of girls because they keep the air clear.

The boy who is not allowed to fight or who won't fight does not lack the pugnacious instinct, but exhibits it in less pleasing ways. He is underhanded, wins by fraud or treachery, eggs on others to lick his enemy, curries favor by bribes and is rightly an object of universal contempt. When he grows up he is timid, weak, solitary, narrow in sympathy. In his home he is a tyrant, in politics an "anti," in society a bore.

In many schools every new boy is put on his mettle and wins his place in the school by such exhibitions of

his physical prowess. In some communities boys actually cannot attend school in bodily safety until they have proven their courage. The sooner they do it the better. I looked down one day with mingled feelings of pride and wrath to watch one of my own children stand beside one of the Bunker Hill bronze memorial tablets and fight his way step by step to his home against three antagonists, keeping his back to the house till the last ditch. After that he did not have to fight again.

Fighting is often a manifestation of chivalry. There is simply no other way to take care of a school bully than to down him by force.

Two little brothers of about five and three years respectively were visiting in a neighborhood where the boys were of a somewhat rough and rude class, and the two had been warned by their mother not to have anything to do with them. The older one had already been punished once for fighting with them. But one day he got into a scrimmage in defense of the younger, who was being teased. The fight was stopped by his uncle, who, however, declared he ought not to be punished this time because it was done in his brother's defense. In his prayers that night the young hero of the fight gave thanks as follows: "And, O Lord, I thank Thee that there are some naughty boys that we have to fight."

The lesson of chivalry is not wasted either. I have not only sometimes encouraged my own boys to fight, but have told them that they were a clan and that they

must rescue each other when in distress. One spring at the district school which they used to attend a few weeks each year, in order to forget some of the things they learned in the city, they had a strong-armed Celtic school teacher.

One day this teacher seized upon the youngest, an inoffensive little lad, and brutally slapped his face. Quick as a flash the other two "kids" were beside him, with clenched fists. "If you lay your hands on our little brother again," they cried, "we will knock you down." When I heard this I went off by myself and gave three cheers.

It is indeed hard to see how a boy who can't fight can acquire a sense of honor.

One day when I was giving utterance to these ideas before a company of school teachers, one of them told me the following story. He said that one day his oldest son, a rather delicate boy, come home from school bearing the marks of a recent struggle. An hour later a neighbor came over, tremendously angry. "Your son has been fighting with mine," he said, "and has broken his arm. I want you to thrash him within an inch of his life." It was hard to resist this neighborly advice or to withhold that form of correction which is the uniquely inconsistent resort of many strong-armed fathers in such emergencies.

But the father school-master was wise. When the facts all came into view it appeared that the injured boy

was much larger and stronger than his own son and that he was the school bully. Day after day he had annoyed his boy, who had borne himself with splendid self-restraint. On this day, however, he had called the lad's father, himself, a vile name. Instantly the loyal boy sprang upon the bully like a tiger and as an incident of the fight the soft bone of the arm was broken.

"What would I have thought of myself," said the father to me with a proud look, "if I had whipped my son for defending the family honor?"

In saying all this no claim is made that all fighting among boys is proper. The conscience of a normal boy tells him when it is time to put up his fists. A test of strength with an equal or a superior, a stanch defense of a little child or a principle, a deed of daring as the champion of his "gang," these are the chief occasions that call for an immediate declaration of war.

Such fighting, like a well-known soothing syrup, hardens the gums, cures nervousness and prevents wakefulness at night. It also strengthens the will, gives an appetite for high contests and leads to self-control.

The only good instinct is a controlled instinct. Each instinct is to be led as soon as possible to its highest manifestation. This is education. The best way to do this among boys is to encourage the combative individual games, such as foot-racing, wrestling, swimming, and boxing, and combative team games, such as baseball, football and basket ball. Where these games flourish

fighting ceases. Boxing has been introduced into the Y. M. C. A. with favorable results. One testimony is typical: "It gives self-possession, self-confidence, self-control, courage and fortitude. We have had wonderful results in the submission and control of the most violent tempers."

Weakness is wickedness. The combative instinct, satisfied during the transition state by occasional fistic encounters and later in individual and team play, may be evolved into schoolroom emulation, conquest over difficulties, battles for the right, struggle for the good of others.

"What shall I tell my boy to say then, when he is asked to fight?"

Tell him to be the last one to take hold, and the last one to let go.

"But doesn't the Scripture say: Turn the other cheek?"

Yes, tell him to turn both cheeks, but never to turn his back. For, as this world is made up, if you won't teach him to fight, you must show him how to sprint. Remember that the Scripture also tells us, not to cast our pearls before swine. •

I have gone into this matter, unimportant in itself, at some length because this instinct is a good illustration of all the instincts. They are the tendrils of character. The trite analogy of the tadpole is the most forceful one we have. The tadpole has a tail, which disappears when

he becomes a frog. Apparently we might as well amputate this useless and unsightly appendage. But if we do we shall never have a fully developed frog. These savage instincts have no place in mature manhood, but if we commit surgery upon them, instead of using hygiene, we shall never get real manhood. Dr. Balliet was using this very instinct of pugnacity once when he said: "If you crush the fighting instinct you get the coward; if you let it grow wild, you have the bully. If you train it, you have the strong, self-controlled man of will."

It was Dr. Balliet again who remarked that the instincts form what has been known as "original sin."

Gerald Stanley Lee has also said that "the mischief in a boy is the entire basis of his education. A boy could be made into a man out of the parts of him that his parents and teachers are trying to throw away." Now, of course it is nonsense to say that original sin or any other, when it is finished, bringeth forth holiness. The query is whether we have been correct in calling mischief and natural instincts, original sins, when their chief harm is not that they are wrong, but that we adults find them annoying. Is it not possible that if we take out of a boy or neglect in our intercourse with him the desire to play, move about, make a noise and find out things by experiment, to whittle, camp out and give shows, we are using surgery where simple hygiene is called for? "I am the tadpole of an archangel," Victor Hugo once extravagantly exclaimed.' Even in making

archangels it seems extremely probable that we must expect and await the tadpole stage. If the man is to retain a wholesome humanism it must emerge from the joyous savagery of his own childhood.

The years between five and twelve in childhood are the seven full years of Joseph's vision, during which the chief part of wisdom is to store up food for the leaner years that are to come.

In connection with this chapter read the chapters in the first part on Fortitude, Self-Respect, Self-Reliance, Self-Mastery and Self-Defense.

III.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

A friend of mine has remarked that when the Almighty made the first man he made the world significant, but that when he made the first boy he made it interesting. He further went on to say that if God made man out of dust, he surely made boys out of dust and electricity. "It is the electricity that constitutes the boy problem."

The electricity of childhood consists chiefly of Avidness of Life. The boy is all alive and alive all the time. His tendency to yell is simply the escape valve of periodic physical explosions. Neither the good nor

the bad boy dies young. He is perfectly healthy, having had all the contagious diseases, except falling in love. He goes to bed drest, in order to be up in time for the whole of an anticipated to-morrow. It is hard to get him to bed at all, he is so afraid some fun may happen in the world while he is asleep that he may miss. It is this, I am sure, more than fears of what some one calls "the predatory dark" that makes him linger.

And much of the time when he is awake he is like the man Paul knew, caught up into the third heaven, and whether in the body or out of the body, he cannot tell, God knoweth.

His conception of being grown up is like what Ian Maclaren said was the Englishman's idea of heaven, a social function to which an invitation is an honour, but which it must be highly tiresome to attend.

To children everything is the Kingdom of Now. Materials are gathered from its oldest sources, but they are all stamped with to-day. You have heard of the Sunday-school teacher who told the story of Elijah with a vividness born of a trained pedagogue's instinct, and bethought herself at the close to ask the boys at what era they supposed his heroic deeds occurred. "Last week," was the unanimous response.

A kindergartener told me that after telling the Christ-child story to her group, one little fellow was seen waiting quietly in his seat after the others had gone.

"What are you waiting for, Ernest?" was asked.

"I am going over to your home wiv you to see at baby."

We have an illustration of this in a very distressing form when we take them to the country for the summer. It is hard enough to withstand the impatient outbursts for weeks before, but when the day comes we need all the Christian fortitude we possess, as well as what we can borrow. By diligent applications of popcorn at Lowell, peanuts at Nashua, chicken sandwiches at Manchester and fried cakes at Concord, I can keep them in a partly torpid condition. But when the engine is clawing her way past the five railroad stations in Andover and as many more in Danbury, they beset me behind and before and lay their hands upon me and insist on leaving the train at once. When we do get to the home on the hills, for which we older ones have longed as much as the children, the first thing we do is to go out in the pasture and yell. It is a relief to all—though for quite different reasons. When we can't yell any more we go in to supper. If it is not ready we threaten to yell again.

Can we keep this winsome eagerness, which so few adults of our time have succeeded in retaining, or must we crush it out in the processes of education. Dr. Stanley Hall once said the real fall of man is to do things without zest. Must all humanity forever be thus shut from its Garden of Eden?

This Avidness I have spoken of seems to consist in physical vigor and infancy. Its chief arena is play.

Our educators are surely not astray in leading the modern child to school through the avenue of play. Boys really do only three things—eat, sleep and play.

I was walking one winter day across Franklin Park with a big-eyed boy of seven. His hand was in mine, but our steps were centuries apart. The abnormal thirst which assails every child whenever he is where there isn't any water led him to most ingenious ways of seeking means to slake it. The best way was for me to lift him upon a wall and let him drink "like a deer" from the snowpools in the hollows on top. Then there was the mystery why all the stop-cocks at each fountain should be closed just when we needed them so much. There were countless questions as to each person we met, asked in clear tones while they were yet within hearing. There was a running comment indicating thought that danced and ran and skipped along as merrily and shallowly as the roadside brook. We emerged in an hour on the other side, he a prancing horse attached to reins which he had found in his inclusive pockets and I the staid driver of whom he was asking tenderly, if I didn't think if I rested a wee mite on a settee, I could run a little more with him. He ate ferociously three times and at the close of this day when he was put to bed still declared that "he was so hungry he was going to chew paper." As the deacon said of his gaunt elder, "He must be dug out mighty thin inside." The next day he described the trip in a letter as follows:

"Dear Mamma, I went to Franklin Park. I had some gelly beans. And we had a ride on the elevator and on the leckettoos. And Papa was my horse. And I was Papa's horse too. I wish I was up there. I will now clothes. Your D————"

Here we have the vividness and the limitations of a child's imagination. I was a horse and he was a horse, but as for the park itself and the breezy outlooks—he was busy with "gelly beans." You can get thirty of them for a cent and they do give one an awful thirst.

It seems as though boys live a sort of double life, not only the practical, real life of to-day, but the life of the fancy. I remember a few weeks ago I was going away to give a little talk, and as I came down stairs and stepped into my wife's room I noticed a very funny odor, as though something was burning. I came into the chamber and I saw a small company of little people grouped over a gas stove which we sometimes use in the bleak easterly room in cold weather. I didn't know what they were doing, but I thought I could discern a smell of smoked halibut. I was told I was mistaken, it was venison; I had come across a hunting party, under their mother's leader-ship, camping on the prairies of Wyoming.

The play of almost all young children seems to have, behind it what may be called the dramatic or the adventure—instinct, the desire to impersonate. It is by no accident that the imaginative years are the social years.

The only child creates his pathetic "unseen playmate." The boy drags a cart and is a horse, the girl rocks a doll and is a mother. And joint play, when it is really organized, that is, when it consists of anything more than getting ready, tends to dramatic representation.

On going upstairs one day in the country I will often be confronted by a large brown paper poster which reads:

GREAT SHOW
AND FEED
At Two O'clock.
Admission one cent.

I pay my fee at the door of one of the children's chambers and am asked by the youthful ticket-seller if I care for a reserved seat. In a stage whisper he adds, "O Parp, do take one; if you don't, we'll come out short on the refreshments." I deposit the additional penny and am ushered to a seat upon the bed, over which is the placard, "First Balcony." The rabble is seated on chairs. We are handed programs, executed with the expenditure of much muscle and saliva.

First, according to this program, is a "P'rad of Gin-ruls," introducing the entire company. Then follow recitations, songs, shadow pictures, stereopticon, and original plays, one of border life and the other of conflict with crime in the city. A reminiscence of Cooper and the dime novel is traceable in these vigorously acted

dramas. The manipulation of apparatus and the movements and dialogue behind the scenes are as entertaining to the spectators as the regular acts. At the close a plate of delicious plums is passed, for which the youngest must have walked two miles in the hot sun and mortgaged all of the proceeds of the entertainment in advance.

We may trust the school-teachers to utilize this play-instinct to its fullest in the schoolroom, in so far as there is opportunity. But it remains for us in the home to do what the hurried teacher has little chance to do, develop and encourage that side of the instinct which is expressed in such dramatic exercises as I have described. If we are to have a generation of men who are more than money-grubbers there must be a long era of free fancy in childhood, and, what with fairies driven out of the forests and the forests themselves cut down and Santa Claus exiled from the home and homes unknown in the firelight, since we have no more firelight in our modern houses, it is a mighty hard thing to do. Something may be accomplished by people who are willing to try to do what Alice did after the White Rabbit left her—find the golden key and peer once again into that Wonderland where Master Fourfeetfour lives, into which it is no use to hope to enter, unless one performs that feat so much harder than being a child, namely; becoming one.

And the great reason why we must do this is because the boy is such an extremist. If he likes anything he

likes it all over and clear up to the hilt. If it is football he talks about it all day and dreams about it all night. He talks slang because there are not words enough in any dictionary to express all he feels.

His response to every impulse is more intense than that of girls.

This extremity of the boy's feeling often leads to irregular acts. Certain years of the boy's life have been called the semi-criminal years. It has been discovered that the very year which is the acme of the criminal period is also the height of the conversion period. You can expect anything of a boy at that period and when he is most susceptible to evil he is also intensely susceptible to good.

But as we study this curious inconsistency we notice this one satisfying fact—that every one of these passions and motives connects with something else that is good, and there, I think, you have the key to the situation. The Master spoke of it in one of his parables when he told of the man who had a house in which was an evil spirit, and he drove out the spirit and swept the house, but instantly seven other spirits, each worse than the first, came in. The good drives out the evil or the evil drives out the good. Salvation by displacement is the great principle for the moral development of boyhood.

All these qualities, if they can only be focused on the right things, will drive out the evil. We must offer him interpretations of these enthusiasms and ideals. The boy

does not like to do easy things. All the activities of the physical nature are not easy things. Our own sensitiveness to hardship holds us back from giving the boy just what he would really like. Our hotel life, our rocking on the verandas, sitting quietly at ease, cause us to forget that the child himself wants to be intensely active and earnest.

The nearest approach to that state of mind possible to an adult seems to be to keep rested and to try to look pleasant. This is the only and very feeble imitation of perpetual youth which most of us can reach, but it may do as a point of contact. It is as important for a parent to take time to be happy as to take time to be holy.

"I will now clothes."

In connection with this chapter read the chapters in the first part on Sympathy, Humaneness, Energy, Tenderness, Fun.

IV.

ON CAMPING IN AN ABANDONED FARMHOUSE.

Most parents do not have enough fun with their children. Some because they think parenthood is a profession and take it too seriously, and most because they get all tired out with them in the winter. Vacation is a great opportunity to regard the young through joyous

eyes undarkened even by child-study, especially to fathers who when they are busy do not generally notice their children very much anyway. Joy outdoors with children is particularly wholesome to parents nowadays, because it keeps them from fashionable society and from that indolent form of nature study which consists in reading bird books in hammocks. The only way to put down the Sadducees who always live in cities, is to flee from them and take our children with us into the country.

It suddenly occurred to me the other day that I had passed about half the number of nights allotted to a man without ever having slept out of doors. We were in the country, but I had become so used to reading about Nature that I could not see the forest on account of the tree books nor the birds from having been dazzled by the gaudily colored bird pictures. A man easily gets to thinking that wearing golf trousers and a straw hat with a hole in the crown and carrying fish worms in his pocket is nature study. But it is perfectly easy to be uncivilized without becoming Nature's guest. My children, too, though fond of Indian plays and shooting off cattail arrows at imaginary lions, knew more about the daily habits of William J. Long and Ernest Thompson-Seton than of the less irreproachable but more interesting adventures of Brer Rabbit and Mr. Woodchuck.

I also thought that I ought to make that return to simple living which those who have gymnastic apparatus to sell or some new religion to peddle always advocate.

I do not think I need either the new apparatus or religion. But I see that as the boys wander through the mediæval realms which they must traverse before they become my contemporaries, I must be much out of doors, away from the crowd and hard by hills, waters and flying clouds. I felt that I should have to camp out, to try to learn to like what no one who has outgrown boyhood can newly learn to like—to fish, to hunt, to swim. I must learn a toadstool from a mushroom and a birch from a balm of Gilead. It makes me old to think of it, and I lamented the boyhood I never had, because I was such a good child that they let me read books when I should have been roaming God's wonderland and made me learn to swim in the bathtub.

Think for a moment of the things children like in the country. What are the elements of a boy's heaven? Pets, things to eat, quiet nooks, homemade toys, sportsmanship, and a chum. Now these are just the simple sort of things we need for ourselves. They take us away from hotels, parlors, best clothes and sedentary employments, and constitute that change which is itself rest. I know it requires a deliberate act of the will sometimes to alter one's winter habits suddenly. I myself find it hard when the cry rings through the upper hall in my country house at 5:30 in the morning, "The last man out of bed is a nigger," to get myself up quick enough to avoid being the colored gentleman for that day. But it is good to do.

In this emergency my thoughts turned suddenly to Goose Pond. It lies in a lonely basin between two hills, and is so named for its long body and longer neck. On a sandy promontory beside its shore I had seen last year a vacant house, and the inspiration came to me to take possession of it as headquarters and shelter in case of storm, while as a family we should camp in the neighboring woods. My Lady, with the divine indulgence with which she occasionally treats my wildest projects, agreed to accompany me on a reconnoitre, while the children hailed the plan, so rashly announced, with such zest that I could easily see that it was now "up to me" to carry it out whether it turned out to be convenient or not.

We climbed the long hill and descended its western slope with the lake glimmering below in the green. On rounding the curve by the house we found only a blackened cellar hole. Somebody had set the place afire in the spring to see it burn. There was also a lack of shade and a corresponding abundance of mosquitoes. We drove farther along the shaded road by the water until we came to the site of a recently deserted camp with an overturned boat on the beach beneath the trees. Could we camp here? we asked timidly of a Frenchman driving noisily by. "By gar! Camp anywhere you damn please." We rejoiced in the free-handed invitation. But it looked rather bearish and likely to be lonely at night. It was also, some distance

from the morning's milk. A man could dash boldly into the wilderness alone, but a sweet American family would not suffer such a rude transplanting. We remembered at the foot of the pond by the dam a big farmstead surrounded by a number of ghostly abandoned houses. Why not engage one of these? It was hardly sooner thought than done. The shrewd looking farmer offered us the choice of his Deserted Village. We chose the house in which he did not keep his hens. He had boats, milk, hay and the other necessities and some of the luxuries of life.

We returned jubilant and fired the hearts of our young compatriots to adventure. But as we lay in hammocks on the piazza that evening and heard the gentle clatter of preparations for supper, we asked ourselves and each other earnestly why in the world we should forsake our comfortable home to sleep in a shanty. Our hearts failed us. The morning also brought up live issues. Here was the "stock"—our cow, our pig, the hens. The cow we could lend for the sake of her proceeds. It seemed as if the pig ought to live on her own fat, but it was judged that it would be likely to be a life of such protest as to call forth a relief expedition from the neighbors. The hens were an insoluble problem. Then arose our resourceful farmboy and cleared the way. He would drive home every evening and spend the night and do the chores and bring us milk, eggs and mail.

My Lady made the preparations. As I lugged out

one huge bundle after another I reminded her that we were not removing permanently, but only for a week. Yet we used everything we carried, even such improbabilities as a hot water bottle, mustard and a Boston bag. I see now that I was under a misapprehension. I supposed that with a toothbrush a man could go anywhere and live. My mistake was in thinking that discomfort is Bohemia. It is the last thing found there. I meant well. I wanted my children inured to hardship. I overdid it, for I suffered myself.

I was interested in seeing how the boys would make ready, for I had ordered them to do their own personal packing. The oldest took the affair with a seriousness that was appalling. He chose the two necessities—his Bible and a cake of soap, and having thus vented an unprecedented zeal for godliness and cleanliness, he added his favorite book about animals. The second boy evinced an even more direct dependence upon Providence and refused to be burdened by any luggage at all. The youngest with a prescience that was preternatural went aboard carrying his pillow.

Having been photographed, we started. We left our cosy home, never looking more attractive, with its gardens, its arbors and its tennis court, and passed through the little village, not yet awakened from its morning slumbers. We were dressed in exaggerated outing costumes, we hung our kettles and toasters from the sides of the hayrack in which we rode, and were most highly

gratified when at the first farmhouse we heard a shrill voice say, "Hurry in, Jimmy. Mother, come quick and lock the door. The gypsies is comin'!" Within ten minutes we had a camp-yell and had composed a special song, and we presented such a disreputable appearance that a donkey which we met balked in his tracks in dumb paralysis for a quarter of an hour after we had passed. We felt in our heart that all this was store front, for we knew no more what we were doing in that wilderness than the babes in the woods.

This was made manifest as we got settled down. An establishment furnished with razors, and curling irons was a poor imitation of savagery, while in real comfort we had much to learn from the Indian in his tent. I might as well out with it. What I am talking about is the beds. The Lord who giveth His beloved sleep intended that they should have things soft under them at night. This law we violated. We thought a little hay on the floor supplemented by blankets would be enough. Every day we went over to the barn and brought a little more over and every night we sank our shoulder-blades to the floor and wished for the day. We ought to have bought the whole haymow. My Lady said very little about it all, but the second day she went into retreat in a small rear room and there spent the day. When she emerged, flushed but triumphant, she let us all in to see an apartment which with green branches on the wall and a judicious use of spare underclothing for

curtains, had taken on a daintiness which is characteristic of herself. She stated briefly that her mother had never brought her up to sleep in a congregation, and that she was too old to begin.

The cooking was more successful. Somebody had told us that the essential of a campfire was a sheet of iron. This we had brought, and finding an old parlor stove by the road we had knocked off its upper works and we used the lower part for a range. It smoked on all sides impartially, but everything the driftwood cooked was eaten ravenously. It was a heartsome sight to see our veteran housekeeper's look of dauntless courage when she saw it first lighted, and she invented forthwith hot cakes, which the whole family stood in eager line every morning to eat as fast as they were browned. When it rained we pulled the thing under a tree, and the master of the house sallied forth and fried ham while the raindrops sizzled into the pan. At night, having broken our lantern, we took the cover off the fire, and went to bed by the flickering light. The children were never tired of the unusual privilege of sleeping in their day garments and of springing up from sleep full-armed for the day. The ceremony of face-washing, always difficult to enforce, became almost obsolete. "Aw, bugs!" said the lad who brought the soap and who was tanned to a crisp. "What's the use? It won't wash off."

The gracious influences of nature became evident

from the beginning. Some of us suffered from headache and homesickness, but nobody caught cold. The children felt everywhere so safe that they did not want to say their prayers. We immediately lost all interest in remembering the days of the week, and, as in Arden, there was no clock in the forest. We thought with infinite compassion of those flannelled oafs over the mountain chasing golf balls and of the bejewelled women who played whist in the house during the hours of sunlight. The events of the great world were unknown, but an appointment with a marsh sparrow at daydawn or a morning spent hunting fungi and birds' nests made a day notable. We never tired of the shifting greens of the mountain backgrounds, the fog wreaths before sun-up, the stained glass windows of sun-set, while the children said they had never known that there were so many pretty stars. I tried to dictate poetry to my stenographer, who, poor girl, fresh from the city, wore her hair recklessly and reviled her lot, but it was too poor to pay for transcribing.

Our main employment was fishing. We felt a laudible zeal to supply our own larder, and we succeeded so well that we had to throw away our meat. I am not a sportsman. I have pictured myself when in extreme old age rowing my pet grandchild around a pond and bending solicitously over to bait his hook. But the first day I spent most of the time leaning excitedly over a yellow pool and pulling up perch, while I saw the mother

of my children lose the maternal instinct for the only time when one of the youngsters got his line crossed with hers. Our boys fished about all the time. I have one son, whose cup of joy is so small, but always so full, that we have to be careful not to spill it, who stood sturdily all day long on a platform below the dam, humming a contented little song. Once he brought home only a pitiful string, consisting of two flatsides on a stick, but on the whole he was the "high line" of the party. There was a special awesome pleasure in going out on the lake at night and luring from the black depths the uncanny hornpout. They all tasted when cooked much like a paper of pins warmed up. The old idle dam with its rotting timbers, the home of striped snakes and bright green frogs, was a source of unexpected delight. It was restful to see so much wood and water really going to waste. There was the constant magic of the water: to hear it trickle, splash and roar, to be near it, to touch it, to be on it, to master it. There was bathing, the prime element of a boy's heaven. We swam about the coffer, we made a "shute the chutes" over the dam itself, we frolicked under the splash, and we used the millgate with its spray as a Cave of the Winds.

We did not dignify our outdoor life with the fashionable term, "Nature Study." But no intelligent person can lie on the grass without wanting to ask questions. We went off and laid hold upon a certain maiden aunt who has a great store of careful wisdom and demanded

that she tell forthwith all she knew. She made the nature books seem intelligible and revealed to us, as we humbly followed her footsteps, the marvels that lie along the footpath way. August is the silent month in birdland, but the high noontide of the pasture flowers. My Lady made a list of all the flowers she knew, classed by their colors, but I did nothing more scientific than to note the new sounds and odors and tastes of nature and to collect the signs of rain and the ways of determining the points of the compass. Most nature study is, after all, only a game, the oldest in the world—that of naming things. It is that which Jehovah taught our garden ancestor when he brought all the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air to Adam to see what he would call them. Although so near to civilization, we were neighbors to the deer, but a few weeks removed from a bear hunt and within fresh memory of what has sadly become a rare event, the flight of a bald eagle. We were conscious, however, how little deeper than mere names we were piercing to the beautiful wild life that toiled and sported and struggled all about us.

Country life consists largely to vacationists in a series of quests, from fish and old-time furniture to servant girls. The result is that an erst empty land becomes populated with traditions, human interests, and a multifarious life. When a child sees all this, he has achieved, in at least one place, the art of living.

Much more than naturalizing did I enjoy what I like

to call "human-naturalizing." A bird's nest and its story is, I know, beautiful, but how much more so a human home. "Humanizing" in an abandoned New England home is much more interesting than birds'-nesting. The house in which we were camping—its story was told in its very walls. The torn Madonna over the shelf, the indications that this room was once a store, the signs of a woman's hand in certain timid repairs, the politics of the man of the house revealed in the newspapers pasted over the cracked plaster. There were seven such abandoned houses on one road within half a mile of our camp. The very first one was such a treasure house as I had dreamed of, but had never expected to see. Around the hillock on which it stood—wood colored, with vacant windows—grew raspberries, lilies, tansy and lilacs. Within, the floors were perilous, the sills having been eaten through by hedgehogs. In the living room was a pathetic example of that parallelism of bird life and human life, of which I have hinted. Over the fireplace, where the iron crane still swung and in whose hollow throat the chimney swallows were crooning, hung the rod on which the house-mother used to place the children's clothes to dry and on this pole a pewee had fastened her stout and cosy nest. This touched me inexpressibly and My Lady could not dispel my emotion even by reminding me that there was precisely the same sort of a nest over our pigpen. In the

attic of this house we found a spinning wheel, a flax wheel, a "swift," a clock reel and part of a hand loom.

We could not learn from the farmer whose household constituted the remaining population of this decayed hamlet, that it had either history or legend. He confessed that a man had once gone up into the pasture and that nothing but his scalplock had ever come back. Apparently people had done nothing but cut lumber and go fishing since the Revolution. Outsiders, however, told us that it had had a wild and exciting story.

The weakness of the human naturalist is for trophies. On the subject of relics our host was more loquacious. "Now here's a shovel," he remarked as he fondled a long-handled iron implement in one of his outhouses, "that cost one hundred dollars." I looked incredulous. "My grandsire paid a hundred dollars in Continental money for that shovel when he came home from the war. He fought at Bunker Hill and that was a year's pay. But he had to have it to draw bread out of his Dutch oven." I bought it at its original par value, one dollar. I did not make many bargains. When a Yankee shuts up his jackknife you may know he has reached his bottom price. He shut his up so early in every transaction that I didn't get time to beat him down any. Still I have to watch my most trusted friends when they examine the goods I have gathered about my fireplace.

Never did a week seem so crowded with events as

this one. It is the unexpectedness of life which makes the wilderness interesting. A bee stung someone's foot, a cat leapt into the ladies' apartment at night, the children saved cold potatoes for ammunition in the darkness, the farmboy lined the stenographer's bed with beanpoles, we found some pickerel's eggs when bathing, we played an exciting ball game against the native population, a housewife got locked up in her own henhouse—no such fun ever comes to us in the city. Three occurrences stand out with special distinctness. First, we went to the "grange picnic." We rode over the glorious hills to another pond and in a grove on the shore came suddenly down upon a group of people in holiday array surrounded by a wild, concentric whirl of horses and wagons. There were many hospitable mothers, a host of pretty girls, some farmers walking up and down uneasily in their best clothes with their hands behind their backs, and lots of good lunch. There was some excellent speaking, notably a sensible talk on State needs by the next governor; but it was such a big family reunion that nobody listened. People sat in settees right in front of the orators and swapped recipes for piccalilli and told the household news in loud, clear tones without shame or reproof. One homely little thing seemed characteristic of the day. The chairman, "the lecturer of the Pomona" was her official title, was a woman. Her little barefoot boy came up to her, as she sat on the platform beside the dignitaries, with a sliver in 'his foot and

climbed upon her lap until she pulled it out. Nobody remarked about it.

Another event was the day we had company. Some of us put on neckties that day and we tried not to show that we noticed how afraid they were of getting their clothes dirty or how shocked we felt when one of them overdid the imitation of our simple manners by drinking out of the water-pail. We also humbled them in the dust with our exhibitions of woodlore, for there is no knowledge of which men are so proud as that which they have possessed less than a week.

The most unexpected event of all occurred in our absence. For some reason our friends regard the fact that we were not prepared for it as exceedingly funny. The farmboy came over one morning with a scared and worried look. The old cow had got a calf.

I can begin already to see some of the good and comfortable fruits of our trip. We had become acquainted with some new roads, forests, mountain sides, birds, beasts, and men and women. We had gained in hardihood, power of observation and "faculty." We had borne a few hardships and burdens together and so grown sympathetic. I had learned to know my own children as I had not learned them in a year previous. And they had gained the most of all. They can go back to school and say something of how a mudturtle and a muskrat act under water, of how the Indian pipe

and, the princess pine and the hardhack grow in the ground, and the way of a crane, a crow, or an oriole in the air. Something has come into their spirits with the early rising, the feel of the moss and the wet grass to the bare feet, of the sun on the back and the rain in the face, something in the stillness so deep that the horse hoofs on the wooden bridge sound like thunder, more than the darkening of the skin and the toughening of the sinew. Their teachers will see it in their being less machinelike and more full of initiative and grasp in every approach to knowledge.

The night before we left we built a huge bonfire out of the whitened pine stumps which had floated down to the beach and which stood around like prehistoric skeletons. We sat about the ruddy glow while the whip-poor-will of ill omen, which has nevertheless always managed to sing on the happiest nights of my life, reiterated from the nearby wood his tiresome admonition. The morning shower had cleared when we started home, great heavy Maxfield-Parish clouds were rolling up out of the west and a crimson sunset glowed behind us as often we looked back. The lights of home were never more cheery nor the supper table more grateful than when we straggled in at dusk. It had been a royal week, but as I lay down in my bed I felt for the floor and rejoiced that it was no nearer, and I slept for twenty-four hours.

In connection with this chapter, read the chapters in the first part on Discipline, Temperance, Observation and Efficiency.

V.

BOOKS AND FIRELIGHT, AND CHILDREN'S
FACES.

All three are in the country. The books are in an old mahogany case that stands between the spinning wheel and the tall clock, scattered on tables and settees, a few, I fear, grass-stained and limp from being left out in the rain, and the rest are jumbled together on the children's book-shelves.

The firelight dances and flickers out from a huge brick chimney mouth framed by the same wainscot and built on the same stone foundations as its more massive predecessor, whose bulk, sixteen feet square, was in 1786 the mountain around whose slopes our house was buildd. The firelight is not only the soul of this low square room which looks into the orchard and the garden, but it climbs the stairs and gives a faint guide down along narrow corridors of the square-shouldered domicile that has been in turn farmstead, squire's house, tavern, and manse. What priceless traditions were thrown in when we dickered with those two small, canny old people for the home that was too big for them to enjoy by themselves! Even the crickets on the hearth are ancestral crickets,

and the mice in the wall are all gray and centurial. We older folks know, too, though we never dared to tell the children, that "th' ol' squire hung hisself in th' barn!" There, still, runs the long, hewn rafter, into the spidery dimness, and there hangs the halter—it belongs to our good, red, cow.

Books and firelight—and children's faces. Yes, thank God they are our children's faces.

Here they come pellmell. It is after supper. There is a flying skirmish line into the room and then a straight crowding rank in front of the fireplace. Follows them their dog, prancing incoherently against the nearest pair of trousers, a small, kickable kind of a dog, a cross between a fox terrier and a window mop, yet with a warm, thankful eye that wins affection.

These slender, wiry figures that stand agaze at the glowing logs and that will presently clamour together for their evening tale, are by no means poured from one mould, though they hail one child of the dust as father. That middle one, wearing the baseball cap, jocund drove his mimic team a-field to-day, while yet the dew was fresh upon the glittering lawn. His older brother was dragged out of bed after the breakfast bell was rung, still clinging desperately to one of Henty's best. The younger sleepily joined his father in his dressing room and plaintively mourned his daily count of lost buttons. Each has rushed, dreamed, or fought out the day in his own

fashion, with much dissension and frequent fraternal combat; but in storyland they are "brethren a'."

It having been ascertained, finally, from the little mother, who sits in the shadow, that the moral record of the three is sufficiently stainless to warrant the privilege, a dash ensues for a coigne of vantage. In other words, there is a wild leap for the broad arms of the story-teller's chair, after which, the one who got left seats himself moodily on the floor against the paternal knee. There is an old settee by the wall next to the tongs and the blower where I want them all to sit, for if story-telling is to be made a delight to him who indulges, it must be done looking into children's faces. That row of brightly lambent eyes, the self-cuddlings at ecstatic movements, the look of awe or tearful pity which admonishes the tale-maker to abridge his climax, and the long sigh of contentment closing with a smile at the end—these are the tributes given by the most appreciative audience that man ever addressed. But they will not leave their resting places. Well do they know that there will come moments in the narrative, if it is one up to the standard, when they will wish to take a reassuring grip on father's arm as the plot thickens or the righteous fall momentarily into dastard clutches.

There are two kinds of stories which you can tell to children under ten,—fairy tales and stories of adventure. Fairy stories first, because they are an actual translation of child life, which is fairy life, in its wonder,

credulity and lack of boundaries and limitations. We have followed Andrew Lang through all his many-colored compilations, red, green, blue, and the rest, and we have also wandered with Alice in Wonderland, with Gulliver among peoples great and small, and with Munchausen and Don Quixote on some of their remarkable journeys. For my children quite rightly believe that no fairy stories worth hearing have been told since the old days, until somebody out in Chicago a few months ago wrote "The Wizard of Oz." And this exception, I judge, is because of the humor and not for the fairies.

A child's humor strikes me as rather elementary. If I were to take a vote I know they would unanimously agree that "The Tar Baby" in Uncle Remus is the funniest thing ever written. I don't know but it is, yet I can't say that I would ask for it every night for a fortnight as they do. Their humor seems to be physical, the humor of situation. To get some poor deluded one into a scrape, like a fox or a father, and with flapping paws "lie low like Brer Rabbit and then watch the denouement with shrill, exasperating cries"—this is the kind of humor that is universal to children, and the majority of adults never wholly outgrow it.

Mostly I tell stories of adventure. Here, too, the artist narrator builds upon other men's foundations. I remember beginning with the oldest when the others were drinking the milk of human kindness in their long

clothes by the firelight on Sunday evenings. I was an amateur at religious narrative, and I didn't know how. But he soon showed me. I was to begin at the beginning and sing my song with epic largeness. A tiny forefinger followed my longer one from page to page of the picture Bible, pausing at each heroic **figure** with mute query. Then it was that I knew first how **grandly** the Old Testament is a children's book. Suppressing a few genealogies, where the lively chronicler **fell** asleep and, waking, borrowed a few pages from his grandmother's memory, and a few rude pictures that he scrawled in an idle moment on the margin, these tales are told as great stories ought to be told, centering in heroes, moving rapidly through events, letting the events do their own moralizing; told simply, honestly, fervently, and without wonder or homily.

For a time the Bible was the child's chief companion. Together we swept through the drama of Israel and the tragedy of Jesus, the storyteller as impressed as his little auditor, as he saw the ages in panorama. Even now the young scholar, who followed his leader by slow and patient reading to attest his accuracy and review the story, can correct him on many minor details. Joseph, Daniel, and David were the great triumvirate who made the pages live. Paul and Peter seemed parvenus beside gigantic Samson, wicked Jezebel and sturdy Joab. As for Jesus, I would not say, as some recent students of childhood have stated, that he was less than the others. He

was by himself. The others were heroes. He was the Good Elder Brother.

But in this manner and at this rate our material was soon exhausted. I was surprised to find that a day came when the Bible was no longer the favorite book. When the little company became mature enough to yield to a moderate amount of drill and listen in partial peace while prayer was being offered, family prayers were instituted. The reading of the Bible was soon, however, voted a bore, or as they profanely suggested, a "chestnut."

Shocked as I was, I knew the irreverence was unintentional. I found that in the Sunday-school the lads felt the same feeling of knowing all that was to be taught. While still convinced that the Bible ought to be told to children in large masses, I am now coming to feel that it must be supplemented in the church and home by other helpful narratives, until the time comes when its poetry and its soul appeal to the maturing life.

But we have left too long our little congregation by the fireplace. The dog, young Ishmaelite, has retired to his cushion to blink himself into slumber, awakening suddenly when the narrator's voice gets loud in the battle scenes, to fancy himself in close passage of arms with a foe having on his shield a cat rampant. Three pairs of eyes are uplifted in solemn expectation.

"Once upon a time—" All breathe together quickly. But what this "time?" The storyteller is surprised to find how much of the great literature of the world has

already percolated through his mind into theirs. He has related the story of Ulysses, of Aeneas, of Oedipus, of Argo, of Thor, of King Arthur, of Bayard, of the Children's Crusade, of Ivanhoe, of Hiawatha, of Robinson Crusoe, of "Pilgrim's Progress," Consuelo, "The Cloister and the Hearth," and a hundred others. All this, too, without definite literary purpose. They were simply best remembered by the storyteller, which was one testimony of their worth, and they were thoroughly enjoyed by the children, which was another. If it were asked which story was liked best, I should without a moment's hesitation say of those told, "Treasure Island;" of those read aloud, "Robinson Crusoe."

I have also told all the history I know, which is mighty little, and the natural history, which is none at all. I have related all of the popular novels of the day, and if they had a plot worth telling, they were well received. Crockett was always particularly liked, until his tales got so grim and gory that the determined mother turned them into the fire before the children could gloat over them. "To Have and to Hold" went better than "Janice Meredith" while "David Harum" fell flat.

As I have partly indicated, whatever was liked in hearing was pretty sure to be read afterward. I remember how the eldest came to start his library. He had a Bible, but nobody thought he was old enough to care for books of his own. I had just bought a neat little edition of Malory's "King Arthur," bound in four vol-

umes in limp calf. He pounced upon it at once and claimed it as his own on the ground that he had a speaking acquaintance with his great namesake. I was amused at the idea that the long, devious chronicle, with its antique English, should interest him, and told him he might have the books as long as he cared for them. From that hour he lived in the age of chivalry. The volumes went with him in his going out and his coming in, his rising up and his lying down. As the old voluptuary lined pages of his poet with rose leaves and sprinkled wine upon them, so these volumes received the speedy tribute of dog's ears and worn edges. There seemed to be something in the very fullness of detail which fitted a mind that traveled constantly on little journeys and hastened not to reach a goal. As in all childish reading, his play at once became its reflection, and we lived constantly with a little knight whose handicraft made pasteboard armor and swords of lath, and who charged from unexpected house corners with lance at rest, or caracoled upon the green.

The classics that appeal to children teach us how to tell them stories. Form and style to them are but little; sentiment and poetic description are annoying interruptions. First is personality. I must name and describe my hero. He is the child himself personalized. Then comes action. There must be a journey, a combat, a plot. Next is mystery, suspense, surprise. Finally the

solution. With these simple elements anybody ought to tell a tale. They are the elements of the classics.

I have settled down of late to a continued story. Beginning with Colonial times I have portrayed the adventures of a certain Colonel Lindsay, who fought in the Revolution and then went over the Alleghanies to the Western Reserve and met a series of unparalleled adventures with the Indians in his home.

To-night, for example, I am describing an attack on Marietta that took place while our mythical hero was away. The eyes brighten as the gathering of the tribes is described. The children gather closer to me as Colonel Lindsay's capture far from home is related. The brave defence of the beleaguered garrison, under the lead of the colonel's young son, brings cheers of approbation which arouse the dog. Then there is the colonel's skillful, silent escape, and his return in disguise to the neighborhood of his home. The children look into the fire as the great battle day comes with its wild charges, the rolling up of the farm wagons loaded with burning hay against the stockade, the break at the gate, and the almost miraculous appearance of the brave colonel with hurried reinforcements to turn the tide and win the victory.

This is all simple, rather crude, you say. But it is the only kind that goes. Stories about cats, birds, flowers, and girls may win a yawning attention, but it is life, strong, brave and conquering, that is desired. I think

the craving is in the main wholesome. The children are actually contemporaries of the pioneers and the savages. They need a certain amount of excitement to satisfy their emotions. They strengthen in character, in endurance, and valour, as they dwell with the brave and the true. Any amount of moral nobility may be portrayed, but not preached to them.

Story telling soon develops a particular kind of self-activity, which might be called the story game. A good story would be acted out as a play the next Saturday. If the children saw a good drama, they insisted on adding some more acts to it at home.

They began to write stories themselves.

We have a big blank book, on the title page of which you may read, "The New Crusoe."

First, we imagine that we have been wrecked on an unknown island, and while I am drawing a rough sketch of the wreck the boys are deciding the best things to take ashore. Of course, in the haste of leaving it is hard to think of everything, but as we cannot supply any needs later except by our own ingenuity, we must be as self-possessed as possible. My part all through is to listen and put down what is decided upon. I make no suggestions myself unless everybody else is cornered. Indeed the story almost tells itself. I remember we had infinite trouble planning how to get the cow ashore. We let her down by under-strappings and floated her, between empty

barrels, but we were astonished to find that she broke away and could swim ashore unaided.

Each night I extended the map of the country as far as we had explored it. The children named all the points of interest for me. We needed several maps before we got through to show particular districts more clearly.

We camped the first night close by the shore under a tent of old tarpaulin. We were busy for a week in bringing our goods ashore before the ship broke up. But our tent was entirely unsheltered and far from fresh water. As soon as we had cleared the wreck of everything, even the bolts and beams, we began to take short exploring trips. We followed up wandering Wiggle Brook until we came to a cool spring in the forest on a considerable hill. This hill, since we found in the mud near the spring a human footstep, we named Footstep Hill. Here we pitched our camp, hither removed our possessions.

Not long after we discovered on the farther slope of the hill the skeleton of a child. Cautiously we went still farther, fully armed. (You have no idea what a tremendous lot of powder, shot and guns we brought ashore.) Crossing a salt marsh we came to a solitary peak at the summit of which we found a cairn, and at its bottom a cave and a treasure chest full of gold. Little good did the gold do us. Just beyond the hill was the sea. The narrow bay at this point bore upon its sands

marks which we thought were those of a boat dragged up on the shore, and we called it Bòat Bay.

After a while we pastured our flocks and herd in the Grassy Meadow to the east of us, but being much troubled by wild beasts and still fearing wild men, we finally removed our whole establishment to a Tree House and stockade which we built on the higher hills further from the water. We still overlooked the sea, however, and our American flag waved constantly aloft as a signal to any passing ship.

I cannot take time to tell you of the strange way a young Prince of the Island came and made his home with us and first made us aware of the bloodthirsty tribe that lived over the lofty Donjon Mountains toward the south. Nor can I relate the life story of the venerable white hermit, believed by those savages a demon of witchcraft, who dwelt at the top alone in his mountain cave. I must also leave unexplained the mystery of the cavern under Outlook Peak, and the people who used to make landings at Boat Bay. Are not all these written in the *Chronicles of the New Crusoe* by Archie, Davie and Jack?

The story still goes on. Often I take up the book and find in a child's haggard handwriting a new adventure or a bold sketch of some fresh affray. The eldest has even, as the result of certain differences of opinions with his brothers, begun a competing book entitled "*The New Swiss Family Robinson*."

At any time of day or night I need only make some such remark as, "Do you remember what we did the morning we found the charmed necklace at the foot of the tree in the stockade?" and they are off like a shot. I sometimes think they live two lives alongside at once.

It has been a subject of some little discussion whether mother shall be allowed to come into the story, and of late we have felt so much need of womanly attentions, that I can see her already drawing near in a white-sailed ship across the waste of waves.

Well, now the story is done, and the riotous crew, with many backward looks, have been driven up the stairs, making several sorties on the way, and coming back during the next hour in complete deshabille on various impossible errands. The silent shadows rise and fall from the lamp in the hallway outside their doors, where the little dog sleeps on watch, and the starlight shines in among the beams through their opened windows.

After father and mother have together beheld the embers grow rosy and heard the old clock repeat its solemn monitions till it struck the silver chime of ten, they go up, and see that the lads are safe for the night. The oldest has pinned a picture of Giant Grim out of "Pilgrim's Progress" on his door as a guardian and sleeps uneasily, with his percussion cap pistol in his grasp. In the next room his younger brother is still wearing his baseball cap on his head, while incongruously clasping his doll to his breast. The bed of the youngest was empty.

He was found on the floor nearby stretched out in calm repose, with stains on his cheeks that spoke of ginger cookies and an odor of sanctity that suggested salt codfish.

In connection with this chapter, read the chapter in the first part on Love of Books.

VI.

PEGGY:

Some Annals of a Dog.

I mentioned, did I not, a certain kindly little fox terrier who lay by the fire-place during the story-telling hour and did justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with her gods?

A recent event in the history of our country house has served to lift her into notice and even into immortality. Shall I, though not so near to her in sympathy as her child companions, venture to tell her story? I may do so with impartiality for I am not a distinctive lover of dogs. I have laughed to scorn my matronly friend who gives up her summer vacation to stay and nurse a tight, wheezy bologna of a cur through to another certainly uncomfortable winter and who has dug him graves three successive times and prepared the opiate and then immediately with conscious smitten swift-
ness

desisted. I usually find my friends' dogs as hard to put up with as their cigars and their reminiscences. I never claimed that I owned or cared for this dog. My wife has stated the same opinion and yet to-day we have suddenly altered our minds.

Peggy was a foundling. She was discovered with a broken leg by a night patrolman in a part of the city where it is a sin and a fatal misfortune to be a dog. She was not born there, for she was a patrician. Maybe some nice Back Bay had tired of her and the footman had shut her out of the carriage when they closed the house and started for Magnolia. She had wandered a long way and suffered much and was very tired when Mr. Watchman found her. He could have had her sent right over to the Animal Rescue League on Carver street, where she would have found a safe refuge. But there was something in the way the little creature followed the burly policeman street after street and night after night, that touched him. He decided to be its Good Samaritan himself, instead of the agent of a society which spends the money of the people who can afford to hire others to do good in their own stead. He thought, too, that he knew where she would get a welcome. He was right. When the big bluecoat came home one morning with the little brown and white dog, a small girl with large blue eyes danced with joy, and from the moment she lifted her limp right foot the good house-mother began to love her. So she lived joyously through the long winter.

But when spring was here it became evident that the city in summer is no more a place for dogs than it is for children. So she came to us. The little girl kissed her good-by with many tears, praying her not to forget the good times they had had together. She came endowed with a tiny leather collar, with her beautiful, eager little face and her tiny limbs, strong now and supple, ready for fun and perfectly at home in ten minutes. The only memento of her suffering was a pathetic way she had of crossing the healed paw above the other when she lay down.

She endured the long rail journey like a traveler and was out in the meadow with the boys before the horse was in the barn. And from that day she lived cleanly, gayly and full of zest through the happy summer. To all whom we welcomed at our house (the meat man, the egg woman, the tin peddler), she was a friend. Even the little baby who came to see us was not afraid to touch her with outstretched tiny fingers, though he was sorely amazed at her capers in the orchard. But to the stranger she was invincible, unbribable. Her sharp bark, night or day, made pause the footstep that approached our porch. She soon fitted unobtrusively into the life of the family. She rushed ahead in zigzag courses when they walked abroad, when they sat down to talk she slept, and we have remembered lately that she was never absent from some one of us. We shall never forget her blinking silence in the evening firelight

as she lay on the couch with some child stroking her head. Her bed was an old gray shawl in the upper hall, but she actually slept cuddled close to which ever child had offered the most inducements for her presence. It was her self-chosen task in the early morning to run from room to room and wake the family. Only some especially hardened hypocrite could elude her vigilance by assuming an air of studied somnolence. Otherwise there would be a rush up the side of the bed and a moist, prehensile tongue searching the ear that alone was unprotected above the shielding arm.

I will not say she had no faults. Her respect for gardens was not noteworthy, though, perhaps, as great as ours deserved. We could not regard with approval her sieges of and assaults upon the half-tamed chipmunks who lived near our door steps. She came home, too, at times excited from the forest with a carnivorous smile and breath that created a suspicion, which we tried to lull, that some bird family might be suddenly childless. The hens also lived a worried life. She met her match most decidedly one day when she accosted a young porcupine too intimately, and immediately afterward she rushed for the barn, where she vented her rage on the whole porcine race by barking for an hour at the inoffensive pig. When the little girl who had helped adopt her came to visit us her small cup of happiness was full for a week.

As a navigator she was not a success. She always

wanted to go in the boat, but as soon as she got in she was sorry. As soon as she was put out she immediately changed her mind, and after she had embarked again and capered wetly from friend to friend, *we* were sorry. One day especially comes to mind just now as typical of all. She trotted meekly or merrily with all who suffered her. How hesitatingly, yet obediently, she came back from a projected excursion with another dog to the happy hunting grounds in our woods! She went to the village on foot, and explored every piazza on the way, both coming and going. She was on the ball field at dusk, and the players had difficulty in keeping the ball from her playful, firm little mouth. When night came she went to sleep on Davie's bed, and with a smile we covered her when we tucked him up. He had been bruised in the game and had needed her most. Indeed I see now that we had each learned to turn to this little dumb friend when we wanted comfort. From her glad warm eye to her expressive stub tail she seemed to fit into hours of melancholy and steal their bitterness ere we were aware. I know myself there came a day, when a new-made wound was deep and nature alone was still enough to help, that I called her out with me to the hilltop. It warmed me to know who was playing near by, and after I fell asleep in the sun and woke and found that she had not forgotten me, I was glad. The next morning the oldest boy thought he would take her again to the village. In order, I suppose, to feel that he was her master, and also

for her protection, he got out the tiny collar and rigged a strap to lead her by. They walked off together cosily. A moment later there rushed back to the house to his mother a frenzied, shrieking boy with an empty strap in his hand. Oh, what a scene met the eye of the master of the house when he was summoned! The heart-broken boy, the sobbing mother, and just outside the door the little form of our dear friend almost rent in twain by a horrible wound. The story came in gasps. They were passing a neighbor's house—the hulking, murderous, yellow mastiff slept on the step—there was the sudden attack from the rear, the boy's plucky defence, Peggy, frightened, entangled, helpless, a woman with her furious broom to the rescue, Peggy hurrying home for shelter, the full injury not known till she arrived. As we opened our door she leaped to her old nest on the couch; but she must not remain there. In the yard, in the cool grass, we knew the wretched truth.

Then there was trouble indeed. The children weeping in chorus, the mother distractedly seeking advice, the master of the house ready with it, the farm boy hurrying off with his axe and stones from the roadway, mad for revenge, and an outer fringe of feminine sympathy and righteous wrath. In the center, Peggy, probably not conscious of her full injury, we trust not too much in pain, lay panting, lifting her eyes first in suspicion, but later in trust, as the hands of the home friends were laid so softly upon her head.

It was decided to take her at once to the doctor for possible relief. On the way the owner of the murderer met the little party—the weeping woman, the stern man, the silent bundle. He was really sympathetic. It was some relief to be doing all that could be done for her comfort. But it was hard for us who remained behind. The children could not be soothed. It was impossible to prepare them for what we feared must come. We ourselves were busy with recollection and remorse. We tried to forget that we had said we might give her away before winter. We tried to remember how recently we had been kind to her. The white-haired doctor shook his head. No relief was possible. But he was very kind. He prepared with his own hands the bed that was also to be her casket. He even made a pillow. And Peggy lay still, with eyes that seemed to understand and be grateful, and she folded the healed paw over the other one, and hands that loved her were the last to touch her, and she fell asleep.

It was a bitter home-coming. To the children it was the first time something irreparable had really gone out of their hearts. Here was a playmate departed from the day, and a name to be left out of the bedside prayer. Death the inexplicable was now something a little more than a name. All death would hereafter be more comprehensible. We who were older grieved with them even to tears. Life had not failed to surprise us before with such catastrophes. We had known before the survival,

the brutal victories of the strenuous strong. But we had tried to shield them and ourselves from just this event—and how suddenly, implacably it had conquered. We shuddered with almost a sense of relief that the little grave we must dig need not be a deeper nor a longer one. It was also the first time parents and children had suffered with the same loss.

On every estate the sod must sooner or later be unturned for the same purpose for which we wrought that bright August morning. "Shall we put her down beside the little birdie's grave?" a little child asked. One of the boys had with malice prepense shot a songbird. His mother, stern and wise, had made him find and bury his victim in the presence of his accusing brethren. Someone had written on the stone "Birdie," and the date. But that was an alien's tomb. We carried Peggy into our beautiful forest, and we laid her where her old enemies might sing above her and never break her sleep. The children assuaged their grief a bit, as we elders do when desolate, by funeral services, and heaped the sod with flowers from the garden she had so lately devastated. Yet not an eye was dry as the little procession straggled back to the house. The children had one consolation which none took away. Peggy was immortal. Her young defender slipped his warm little hand in mine, and with a sobbing sigh spoke for all the rest, as we turned away. "Well, I suppose she's all well by this time." I did not deny it. I could not. I half believed him.

Whatever becomes a part of us, of our best and kindest, is surely undying, and Peggy "lives in minds made better by her presence." The children clung to the faith of their Indian hunter-kinsmen, and in their dreams she shall live in the happier hunting-grounds of sleep.

We are not yet through listening for a cheerful voice that is still, we often call for our little friend who cannot come, we think of her on the rainy nights she dreaded so much, we make daily pilgrimages to her resting-place. And I cannot help wishing occasionally that I were as good a man as she was a dog.

In connection with this chapter, read chapter in the first part of *Tenderness Toward Animals*.

VII.

THE GANG.

There is nothing an ordinary boy dislikes more than to be alone. One reason why I think it is good for boys to go to church when they do not understand the sermon is because it obliges them to be by themselves for an hour. But this longing to be with others has its meaning and its value also.

Many writers lately have been studying this gregariousness of children. They live together in tribes, with treaty relations with their elders, and act, like the

Indians, in confederacies. On a certain day in late November the telephone poles in our cities are decorated with weird totems of dangling turkey legs. Pea shooters and marbles come with Ash Wednesday and just as regularly. They disappear in their time as suddenly as the penances of Lent at Easter. The toy-store trade bows in subjection to unwritten statutes and withholds its penny whistles and kites until the mandate has been whispered. Many of these customs are of general and unknown antiquity, seeming to show that not only in every land is there at our knees this tribal barbarism, but also, as someone else has said, that the town of Boyville is older than Nineveh or Tyre. Ancient Spartan state-boundaries were not more definite than those between modern gangs. I moved from Chestnut street once to the adjoining Winthrop street in Charlestown, partly that my children might continue to play with the nice little Chestnut street boys, but lo! they would not even allow our boys back on the street any more. They had become expatriated.

The suddenness with which loyalty to the gang is felt is illustrated by this story, told by Mr. M. D. Crackel, superintendent of the West Side Boys' Club of Cleveland. The boys were lining up on the gymnasium floor for a game. Two divisions were being formed by taking each alternate boy. For convenience, one group was designated the "A's;" the other the "B's." The leader found

that a mistake had been made in counting, and he asked the nearest boy to transfer from one side to the other. "Not much!" responded the loyal lad, "I'm an 'A' man to the backbone!"

Mr. J. Lewis Paton, the headmaster of the Manchester, England, High School, illustrates how readily this gang-spirit begins to shape ethical codes of conduct by the following incident. When Wellington College was founded, it was arranged, in order to prevent confusion, that one-half the boys should report on Monday, and the remaining half on Tuesday. One boy came on the Tuesday, and in the course of a stroll proceeded to make a suggestion to one of the veterans of Monday.

He proposed a certain line of action, whereupon the veteran observed, "We don't have anything of the sort here."

It is probably from the gang that most boys learn first how to codify their conduct, and while this Code of Humor is imperfect, it is apt to be pretty sound. This list of "things a feller won't do" soon becomes such a mighty judgment of the individual conscience that, as Mr. Paton goes on to say, "of no other society can it be said with more truth that whatsoever sins it remits they are remitted, and whatsoever sins it retains they are retained." Parents may have slaved a life long. They may have made the inculcation of morals a daily care. These new companions have been known only six days—but they are Public Opinion. ,

The fact that the gang-spirit is born in play no doubt explains its fascination. As Jean Paul says, "The first social fetters are woven of flowers."

The code of the boys' gang has the same fundamental element as that of the thieves' gang—loyalty. Whether it has more than that depends upon who is the leader. Now, loyalty is a much over-estimated virtue. It means little more than organized selfishness. As Miss Jane Addams has pointed out, it relates itself to mediævalism and is not nearly so fine a thing as companionship. Loyalty means to follow a leader, to protect each other, right or wrong, and often to prey upon outsiders. It means that in nations as well as in gangs. But companionship is loyalty lifted up to the level of following not a leader, but an ideal, doing things not because the strongest says so, but because they represent the ideals of the group. There is no limit to the height of level to which companionship, under enlightened direction, may carry a group of boys. An Early Risers' Bible Class and a Student Volunteer Band are the incredible actualities found among groups of boys in the Y. M. C. A. and even if they represent artificial standards and forced precocity, they seem to be genuinely pursued and enjoyed.

The way the gang-ethics evolve is through the mob-spirit, that blind, conscienceless movement of men when in contact, such as is seen in such extremes of manifestation as the French Revolution and the modern revival

meeting. Its result is conduct with and for the tribe such as no boy would ever think of accomplishing when by himself, a sort of least common denominator of the ethics of the constituent individuals. A group of boys is on its way to school. They pass beneath Farmer Snodgrass's overhanging apple trees. One boy has a stick in his hand and as he carelessly throws it up into a tree it brings down an apple. "I'll bet you can't do that," he remarks to his nearest companion. That lad, to make sure, tries it with a stone and succeeds. Others grasp stones and make the same experiment. It is not long before all are up in the tree, pocketing and throwing down apples. Nobody wants any apples; all have just had breakfast and there are apples in plenty at home, but the contagion of the group has carried them whither they would not. The boy who can resist such an influence, electric with enthusiasm and barbed by ridicule, either upon any one occasion or continuously, is either a natural born leader of others or a misanthrope.

The dangers of the gang are at first sight more obvious than the opportunities. Yet there are some things a boy learns through the gang which he can learn in no other way. When I see a city boy who wears gloves and has the high handshake, I wish fervently that the gang might get hold of him. The only place where a boy can learn the brotherhood of man is in the school of the gang. Sometimes in adolescence, probably sometime between fourteen and eighteen, most boys have what

might be called an anti-domestic instinct. They would rather be anywhere else than at home. This truancy from the home is because the home, and particularly the modern home of one or two children, is not a large enough social circle for the suddenly expanded heart of the boy. Out among his peers God intends that he shall go, to give and take, to mitigate his own selfishness and to gain the masculine standpoint, which his mother, his nurse and his school-teacher cannot give, and to exercise a new power, which is one of the most precious ever given to man, that of making friendships.

The centripetal power of a gang is almost always represented in one person. If he be within the gang, as is usually the case, it is that virile lad who has constituted himself the chieftain. He is the key-boy of the group. If it be a person outside the gang, it is the adult whom the group has agreed to make its hero.

For the thing that is at the bottom of the most lawless gang is a good thing. It is hero-worship. And hero-worship is of course a form of idealism. Some one has said that boys always idealize in biography. They don't crave to be chaste, honest, religious, and no boy likes to be called a "good boy," but they are quite willing to be like strong men who may perhaps have all these qualities. For it is strength that makes a man a boy's hero. He likes the dime novel, because men there are fierce and forceful. He would much rather shake hands with Jim Jeffries than with G. Campbell Morgan. On the walls

of his room the portraits of Theodore Roosevelt and the largest prize ring champion face you side by side, because each in his way is strong. So of his contemporaries. It is not the godly deacon to whom he doffs his cap, but the brawny, profane blacksmith, the adventurous blackleg, the tramp with a story, who really wins his admiration. It may partly be the fascination of meeting men who are still in the feral state that helps account for the strange associates whom he craves. And so the gang leader is the strongest boy, and the gang wants to do strenuous things, and the gang's ideals are physical and brutal.

Yet, strangely enough, sympathy is a quality which also wins a boy or a gang of boys. The tramp is a hail-fellow-well-met. The seducer of boys is sentimental with them. And the reason why women sometimes get into the confidence of the gang, and even become gang leaders, is because they sometimes try to know how a boy feels. A boy loves, in his hours of gloom, to share with some understanding heart that self-pity which is one of humanity's moody luxuries, or to tell over, in hours of gladness, the garrulous annals of a day of joy. And we all know what a word of encouragement has often meant to a boy.

"Your son Tom seems to have gotten over being round-shouldered. Every time I've seen him lately he's been standing up like a man."

"Yes, after years of scolding him for his stooping, I tried a new plan."

"What was it?"

"I said to him one day, 'Tom, what a magnificent chest you have!'"

It is an interesting question as to whether it is the duty of adults to encourage or to ignore this gang instinct. Social workers are divided in opinion. Some woo boys by trying to turn street gangs into the house clubs, and discipline them, when they become obstreperous, by turning them all out and then readmitting all but the ring-leader. Others put boys of the same gang into different clubs and never allow a boy to remain with the same group a second winter.

As for myself, I have always stood for the gang. I have found in church work that, no matter how carefully one tries to reach boys individually, the results he gets are gang-results. Strong-willed boys lead the gang even into religious confession. Weak-willed boys follow, and their own decisions are confirmed by the action of the group. I have seen a gang reverse its ways under tactful guidance. I remember once having a group of street lads associated with me, in an organization of boy knight-hood in a church, who became leaders in getting up a fair on the parsonage grounds. Some of their schoolmates, passing by, began to throw stones over upon the tents. Instantly their war cry rang out, "Knights of King Arthur to the rescue!" and the whole group, which a few weeks before would have heartily engaged in the

same act of mischief, sallied out, with equal heartiness, to chastise the marauders.

In the home, at any rate, I think our best part is to use the gang for all it is worth, to chaperon it unobtrusively, to win its gratitude by suggesting fun when its own resources give out, and to try to enter into its activities with something more than a spirit of resignation. I said "the gang," but I ought to have said the *gangs*, for the peculiarity of brothers is that they never play together when they can play with an outsider, and they never belong to the same gang. The vaccine of natural sympathy generally makes the gang instincts harmless, for it is to be noticed that the worst boy, if he is a visitor and is watched, becomes bland and plastic and even almost pious.

The boy I pity is the boy who is the outsider. Poor little old man, who has not been admitted into any of the mystic fraternities of the playground and whose resource has to be books and botanizing and playing with girls or little boys! I don't know whether he misses as much as he seems to, or is as lonely as he looks, but while I have a fancy that he usually grows up to be very rich or very good, I also feel that he is always an exile from Paradise.

VIII.

LIVING IN A GREAT CITY WITH CHILDREN.

A little girl once moved from the country into Chicago. When the first night came and she knelt down among the boxes in the closet that was to be her chamber, she put up this petition: "O Lord, have mercy upon us. Thou hast taken us out of the bright and beautiful country, to this dark and dirty city, *where we can see Thy dear Face no more.*"

Of course it is the last phrase that is pathetic. Life with the Divine Companion is difficult to children who live in our great cities.

If Emerson called Venice a town fit only for beavers, he would say that New York, with its cliff dwellings, is fit only for swallows.

No town ever had a more idyllic beginning than New York. When Maiden Lane was a brookside path where bonny lassies washed clothes together, and the Bowery was a tangle of berry-bushes, and the only way to Brooklyn was by going down to the East River, taking a horn from a tree and blowing a blast for the farmer-ferryman who dwelt on the other side, life was more simple and more gay than now. The men in those gabled brick houses had time to hang over the lower half of their double front doors, or to sit on their broad stoops, which were their summer sitting rooms, and discuss news

three months old that had just been unloaded from the trading ships moored to the back walls of their gardens. Everybody was a neighbor then, and all lived and worked at home.

The artificial conditions of the metropolis reverse not only the circumstances, but the essentials of that Arcadian time. Yet at first sight the apartment house or hotel seems harmless enough. It would appear to be even an aid to unaffected household piety. Men there resident have no furnaces, plumbing or repairs to cause annoyance and provoke profanity. Women have no servant question, that constant stimulant of the female form of profanity—sputtering. Such ease from petty trials ought to develop the positive Christian virtues.

But the cliff dweller is shut off from three great spiritual incentives. The first is loyalty. The old Dutchmen when the English appeared had much to fight for, their dear quaint dwellings and farmsteads, but can you imagine a New Yorker fighting for his flat? One might "fight for the firesides of his sires," but who would fight for the sake of a steam radiator?

And the children? Babies are not really babies at all in New York. They are simply cases in convalescent wards. There isn't room in a flat for a baby to be born. When the reverent disciples of the great men of the future go to visit their birthplaces, they will bow before a clinical chart by a white iron bed in some great maternity hospital.

New York is inhabited chiefly by people engaged in house-hunting. Carpet-tacks are obsolete. If the sanitary or moral conditions of our neighborhood offend us, we do not endeavor to reform them, we move. If the public schools are poorly conducted, we do not try to make them better. We encourage private ones. If the church we are attending does not please us, we hire a new pew elsewhere, or "tramp."

The second loss is sympathy. Superheated rooms shut out the cold, lace curtains keep unpleasant sights away, and the manager's telephone helps us fend off disagreeable callers. The consequence is a new feudalism. The apartment house is in appearance and inaccessibility something of a castle. The inmates live in greater comfort and isolation than feudal lords. They are surrounded by uniformed retainers. Cliff dwellers grow careless of the suffering without, not because they are cold-hearted, but because they cannot know. Certain clamorous charities send in their printed appeals by mail, to which the response is a written check, sent also by mail, but the hearts within must perforce remain as cold as organized charity itself.

The third lack is definite personal responsibility. A male apartment dweller can find no chores. There is not even something to whittle. 'A man cannot be a good citizen who has no sidewalk to shovel. The wife can find a few of those graceful and delicate tasks which make a house a home. The child—but I forget. There

are no children in apartments—cannot become a junior partner in the family's enterprise of living, for living in an apartment is not an enterprise; it is a printed program.

Of course the apartment house is not a cause. It is a result. It is the result not only of increased land values, but of certain tendencies of the times. One of these is the anti-domestic tendency. This is incidental to hurried, busy city life. The down-town husband and the up-town wife find comradeship difficult. Society and philanthropy are both kindly and gracious ends that nevertheless contend against the home. One of our dailies pictures a prominent woman philanthropist scanning her engagements for the day with her secretary, so as to make an appointment to see her children! There is also a tendency to make houses into museums, and the apartment house itself, with its Georgian front and Bridgetian back, stands for storefront ostentation. I sometimes think, as I see certain bedecked Hebrews in the streets, that the race has been spared to us to serve again as in the Old Testament, as a living picture this time, of the folly and ridiculousness of outward show.

Rush and weariness, too, have built the apartment. We have no time left to keep house or make homes. All you can see of a New York woman, at the end of the condensed social season, is a tired look. "What do you go in for?" is the typical New York feminine greeting and the thing that most impresses a Bostonian about New York, next to its ignorance, is its overinterestedness.

While I was hanging on a strap in a car the other day I got to thinking about Abraham. A verse in the olden story came to me with a sensation of restfulness and quiet: "And Jehovah appeared unto him by the oaks of Mamre as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day." The contrast between the patriarch in his tent door and the American jammed into a flat seemed to me very refreshing.

Abraham had plenty of leisure. He kept office hours with his own heart. He not only got a living, but he got time to live. He had so few things that he used them all every day. He lived down through everything he had. When he came to a green pasture he did not race around it to take bird photographs. He lay down in it beside the still waters and restored his soul. He had selected a lot of things not to know. Mrs. Whitney once said that the test of a man's life is the things that get crowded out. Abraham knew nothing about "the latest," whether scandal, horror, fad, book or evening edition. In his day even yeast and fire were hard to get. To-day the things worth while need to be put on top shelves so that men will have to care to climb for them. When Emerson traveled through California people said such magnificent leisure was itself an argument for immortality.

There isn't much to see in a tent, therefore tent-dwellers are always looking out of the door. They have

a childish aliveness, joyousness, welcome to all that approaches.

How many men do we know who are so interested that they displace books, and how many books that displace themselves by the enthusiastic activities they impel? How many people find their virtues as interesting as their vices? Who has made the simple life so divine that he wonders not to find that God is his guest?

But Abraham did all this by running away from the city. The reason he had miracle-children who star the sky with their glorious names is because they were born and brought up in the country.

In connection with this chapter, read the chapters in the first part on Humility, Helpfulness, Unselfishness.

IX.

GETTING A FEW EXPOSURES.

President Bryan, of Franklin College, was for a couple of years at the head of the Department of Education in the Philippine Islands. I was talking with him one day at a teachers' convention when a typical country hoosier pedagogue came up to us and drawled out. "Say, perfesser, that was quite a jant you took auot among the Phillipians. Did yer see much?"

"Well, I got a few exposures."

Getting a few exposures is one of the privileges we ought to try to give our children.

They need them.

I had entered a boy in the Boston Latin School. One day I received a peremptory summons to the school. So I went and asked the principal what was the matter. He asked me to sit down and wait and see. After I had sat an hour I wanted to take the boy out and see that he received proper treatment. He acted as if he were patronizing the school. He had got what we call "the college air." The boy of twelve was already blase. He had no reverence toward the knowledge or even the splendid traditions of the school. But he was not the only boy in the room afflicted with that disease.

If this sort of thing keeps on, it is going to be serious. The primal thing in education is reverence. Plato said so, Jesus said so, Ruskin said so. It is essential that the boy should have a chance to find out that there are greater and grander things in the world than his own self. He must see that the stars do not revolve around his own person.

One of my favorite pictures is a painting called "The Lion's Cubs." A group of English schoolboys standing in Saint Paul's is looking eagerly at the memorial tablet to Lord Nelson. Each face is transfigured with hero-worship. A boy is the only creature who can admire anything without thinking how he looks when he is doing it. And not many boys nowadays can do it.

To be able to do this, to retain the power of unselfish admiration, is the finest achievement in education.

Is there much of this sort of thing in America?

Take Niagara, for example.

I have not felt that the movement to prevent the diverting of more water from the falls was the real issue. The real question is this: are we worthy to have Niagara at all?

I have visited Niagara Falls now for three consecutive summers, and I am beginning to think that almost anything else would do as well. I don't suggest the shredded wheat factory as a substitute, but I am persuaded that if there were a factory or a shop or show there which was big enough it would excite as many and great emotions as Niagara seems to.

I saw a brass band in Scotch kilts flaunting itself in front of the Horseshoe Falls the other day, while a God-fearing and scenery-oblivious picnic party from Hamilton, Ontario, was running potato races hard by in the Victoria Park.

Over across on the American side a dizzy crowd was riding the razzle-dazzle and the figure-eight toboggan in full sight of a mile of crashing, liquid splendor and of a confronting smile of sacrilegious bill-board advertising.

Of course it is not as bad as it used to be. There are green nooks shaded by centurial trees in both the reservation parks, where one can lose sight of broken pasteboard lunch boxes and souvenir stores.

The chief craze of late years seems to be to do something to the falls. The digging of penstocks to dry up the cataract is only a more egregious effort to outdo what everybody else is trying. To go over it in a barrel, to swim across its rapids, to throw red searchlights at its surges, to slosh around behind it with a lantern and peek out of a hole at a wall of pearl—these are the experiments everybody is making. The trolley clambers up and down every new point, everybody moves constantly on, nobody sits and looks. There are not, in fact, seats for twenty-five people in sight of the whole panorama, and these are all seldom occupied.

The falls are not seen, they are patronized. People eat peanuts in the face of them, they explain them to each other, they read their guide books aloud before them. But they do not see the falls. Niagara is a "stop over" only, where you spend a few daylight hours, drink "Spray Beer" because the water is so vile and buy a big picture-book to retain the memory of that which you never really apprehended.

We do not go to Niagara in the right mood. We unload before it whole Sunday-schools, with their lunch boxes and attending brass bands. The helpless children stare blankly for a moment and then rush to buy "spar" jewelry and colored postcards.

Far differently do the Germans treat their wonders of nature. I have seen a party of German school children approach the Lorelei. No matter whence they

came, the last miles were undertaken on foot. The wise old schoolmaster, who stalked ahead, had timed the journey so that they should be walking down the Rhine at sunset, with the shaggy peak just before them. As their attention was fixed upon it he broke into song and gaily carolled Heine to them. Then, with enthusiastic gestures, he retold the old legends. Their camp was fixed beneath the steepest pitch of the crag, with the river's swift whirlpool just before them. They went to their rest just as the moon showed itself over the summit and smiled down into the stream, and the thrill of that mighty bastion of their country's boundary was in their evening prayer which they offered together aloud.

Whoever feels like praying around Niagara Falls!

I would not be misunderstood. All I am pleading for, for ourselves and our children, is a little self-forgetting wonder. Emerson put it in a memorable phrase: "To become one transparent eyeball."

Still the dear old patient shining falls roll on, as they have rolled for seventy thousand years. They have plenty of time to wait. If they wait long enough, they may not forever be unseen.

Another exposure that children ought to get is to books. I have said enough about that already. I would, as I have tried to show, so associate them with the firelight and the play and the daydreams that life shall seem poor and empty without them.

And then I would have children exposed to folks. I don't mean mobs. But just folks.

There are some folks, whose touch upon children's heads is a chrism. To entertain such angels is the chief thing for which hospitality was invented. I know of homes, whose furniture is modest, but good-much of it on the walls in the forms of books and pictures, and little of it in the form of things to trip over and that have to be dusted—where some of the greatest names and some of the best men are being constantly welcomed. Into one such home in Connecticut the other day came Saint Charles Wagner, he of the Simple Life. The eldest daughter served the table at breakfast, the baby asked the blessing at table, at family prayers the children were prayed for by the father-priest by name. The good saint acknowledged then and there that he had once had a vision of the Simple Life, but now he had **really** seen it. And the children, not being told or knowing how great were the men who sat at the board, to which a father's shrewd love had invited them for his children's sake, only felt that every guest became a blessing.

I even believe in Chautauqua.

Chautauqua means many things. It means a place somewhat like Concord, Massachusetts, where the honk of the automobile is unheard, where Sunday is not a thoroughfare, and where there is a continuous intellectual vaudeville. It means an institution for the instruc-

tion of the belated. But, more and larger than these, it means an idea. That idea is educational optimism.

Of course the idea is most visible at the place itself. Nowhere else will you see so many old, sunny faces, so many ministers' wives free from that hunted look which is their characteristic, so many ministers who are unwilling to waste their vacations in the inanities of fishing or the delusion of trying to cultivate abandoned farms, so much ageless eagerness of those who are still seeking the Holy Grail. It is not a place for folks who have caught up with their ideals. As its appeal is to all who have something to learn, it is more cosmopolitan than unmitigated Northfield or undiluted Greenacre.

Chautauqua has its dear, childish side; its chimes, its golden gate, its salute of white lilies. The terrestrial is here as well as the celestial. Women chrochet pink fascinators while Edward Howard Griggs is entreating them to live lovely, domestic lives; they leave the amphitheater by hundreds as soon as a speaker really begins to feel at home with them; they all go if a dinner bell sounds. The menu is the same at all the boarding houses and the grinding of the ice cream freezer is never low on Saturday evenings.

But ah! how refreshing it is to be with the Chautauqua idea. One leaves a world that is feverishly making and talking money and enters at once a world that is talking Ruskin and Tolstoi. One returns from current magazines which would convince the reader that Amer-

ica is a land of whited sepulchers and watches school-teachers hurrying off at eight o'clock to hear Stanley Hall, mothers learning two-steps in the class in "æsthetic gymnastics," grandmothers studying pottery and outdoor sketching. Nobody can see that unique Recognition Day procession to the Hall in the grove without a tear in his eye and a lump in his throat. Beneath silken mottoes such as "Never be Discouraged," "The Horizon Broadens as We Climb," "Veni, Vidi, Vici," march an old rural clergyman and his wife, a farmer and his mother, a pair of college professors and the student waiter in our diningroom. I know an old lady of eighty who came early this summer to study Spanish. Surely she must intend to use the language in her castle in that country. And I heard another say, not irreverently, that she hoped heaven would have some of the features of Chautauqua.

"But Chautauqua is so crowded." Yes, but not so much so to children. They are in the lake most of the time, and that is not so very crowded, though it does get riled up some when the older people go in bathing too. But if boys must live in cities, it is well that there are summer cities in America where one never hears an oath, sees a drunkard or knows any more about being governed—though for a different reason—than in New York.

I would like to say something about foreign travel for children, but all I know is that they ought not to go

Canterburying until they have grown up to it—and until their parents can afford to go too.

I once read in the catalogue of a middle western home-spun university this golden sentence: "All that any school can safely give its pupils are, a practical acquaintance with the instruments of culture, and an opportunity to convince themselves by the actual use of those instruments that nothing can prevent their pursuing their culture unaided to the utmost limits fixed by natural ability and the duties of life, and that no pleasure is so great as that which comes from the unaided employment of those instruments."

"Exposures" are "the practical acquaintance with the instruments of culture" which the home gives a boy. A little light too the home gives on the possibilities and the joys of their use.

The boy must do the rest.

In connection with this chapter, read the chapters in the first part on Obedience, Self Knowledge, Humility, Self Culture, Hospitality.

X.

THE WAY OF GOD WITH A CHILD.

One summer day a little boy came home from the district school with war in his heart and trouble in his

eye. Nobody knows what was the matter, to this day. The sins as well as the virtues of childhood have mostly a physical basis. But there was a wild hour, during which he broke all the Commandments within reach. Then followed banishment, imprisonment and an endeavor to ignore the crime and the criminal, interrupted by the discovery that he was dangling from the window twenty feet from the ground. The bars being strengthened, reflection and silence were left to work their cure. The night brought no better counsels. The spirit for treasons, stratagems and spoils was all in that wild, little heart. The night passed on and the day saw no change. There was really more distress without than within the prison. The parent, not the sinner, suffered. At length, late in the afternoon, a stricken, small figure came slowly down the stairs. He bore an epistle, crumpled and tear-stained and in an uncertain hand. It read:

I LOVE YOU, MAMA.

After the voiceless reconciliation that followed, the boy explained it all. "The Devil has gone out of me." Now I submit that these were unnecessarily theological terms in which to describe this little moral duel. It is all told beforehand in the fifteenth of Luke. He went away into the far country, and he came back, and his father and mother met him and kissed him, and they made merry and were glad. You may say what you

will about the devious intellectual and forensic processes through which God has to go in order to get ready to forgive, and the names of the stages of conversion, but it is all in the Father's word: "He was lost—and is found."

The penitence of children for their misdeeds seems usually so slight and temporary. Their little sins are as much a surprise to them as they are a grief to us. They are mostly the product of childish ailments or the result of a web of circumstances in which a child finds himself quite innocently entangled. The phrase with which Boss Tweed in the Tombs apologized for his striped career exactly represents their feelings: "I tried to be good, but I had hard luck."

This being the case, efforts for maturer qualities ought evidently to be avoided. To expect or strive for a religious "experience" from a young child is as foolish and pathetic as to seek to secure an apple crop from saplings. A good-hearted little one will, if brought up in a minister's family for example, try to be as pious as his parents, just as a two-year old apple tree of mine bore itself to death one summer in producing some precociously fine pound sweetings. But such children, as President Hall has lately said, are like early risers, disagreeable all the morning of life and drowsy all the afternoon. We may as well realize, as Paul did, that it is first that which is natural and afterward that which is spiritual, that a child must become manly before he can become godly.

A normal child will say his little incantations which we call prayers, invoke his tooth when it aches or his pocket fetich when he is in a tight place, and look for miracles of deliverance when he is in trouble. We need not question or rudely disturb such imaginative and savage-like faith. It is faith—the only faith that is genuine in a child. In the meantime, we of course, may habituate him to right conduct and religious observances, rejoice in the dear, uncovenanted graces of his heart, furnish him vacant formularies which he will first grotesquely and then maturely populate and give him thus the materials and the skill for building life.

Probably if children really do in any way “rehearse the race life” they do it more in their religion than in any other way. With them, as with savages, it is probably fear which first teaches them really to pray. Was I not aware of the very hour when my firstborn first prayed? He was in the country house with his aunt, at dusk. Suddenly a terrific noise in the ell of the house sent them both rushing, unreasoning, upstairs. There had been a rumor of tramps, and this seemed like the real thing. The boy fled to his own door and locked himself in. Then his chivalry asserted itself. His aunt was unprotected. What could he do? Ah! There was his air gun. He seized it and hastened to the head of the stairs. At once he remembered that it would not go off. A bullet was stuck in the barrel. The piteous little figure was helpless. Then, as he told his mother when

she returned a few moments later, "I just prayed to God to make that gun go off. And it did go off! Mama, I guess there is something in it, after all."

Was anyone so foolish as to tell him there was nothing "in it?" I tell you, Nay.

He had learned to depend, and for a child to depend, or a man to cease to make excuses, is to pray.

The principal thing that a child has to do morally before he is twelve is to grow a conscience. The principal thing after that is to get power to use his will.

I would be very glad, if I were sure it were a good one, to be able to button my own moral code around my child, knowing that it would probably protect him until he was big enough to outgrow it, but I would much rather be sure that he had learned to speak the truth in his heart. If a boy can always do that, it is about all one ought to expect of him before he is twelve. If he obeys me, that is discipline, but if he learns to obey himself, that is character.

And what I mean by the power to use his will is that, by the time he has begun to be a man, he shall in some way have gotten the habit of having a first-hand relation to righteousness. I have been in the habit of saying that boys are divided into two grades, the "you-must" boys and the "I-must" boys. The former grade is of those to whom these two words "you must" need to be instantly reiterated by others—parents, teachers, employers, older counselors. The "I-must" boy

is the one whose own conscience has seized the scepter of authority; who no longer needs to be governed by outside consciences or to be held up by props. Jesus used this very phrase when, after a typical boyish experience, he spoke this resolve in the temple: "*I must be about my Father's business.*"

I appreciate the value of parental training; I realize how important a part of his moral education is the moulding of a boy by his peers; I know how the emotional quickening of a "conversion" is sometimes the gentle shock that seems the one thing needed to launch the young soul on the right ways. But this I know, that, as the old Yankee once expressed it, "This is a world that has got to be now and then *fit*," and, after all, nobody can fight a boy's battles but the boy himself, with God as his helper.

The great problem of bringing up a boy is not to make him a good boy while he is a boy and when he is at home, but so to nurture him that when he is a man and wherever he may be, he will be a man of self-determining goodness. I do not know how we can be sure of such a tremendous result. We are not always sure we have attained it ourselves. But I am persuaded that it is to be accomplished by keeping the boy's religion from ingrowing by bringing him gently and constantly and firmly into opportunities for real goodness, as fast as he is capable of them, by awakening him as soon as he can answer, in the realm of idealism, and most of all by

teaching him that old fashioned thing, which has almost become a can't word—Piety: which is simply the filial relation to God.

In the shaping of a boy's ideals nothing is more encouraging than the extraordinary degree to which we usually have the boy on our side.

There is nothing he wants to be any more than the thing we want him to be, namely, a man. The curious way in which children reach up to an age beyond their own is very noticeable. It is equally characteristic in their play, when they usually imitate "grownups." Children have always been thus since the days when Jesus described the children of His time playing at marrying and funerals. I am very fond of this story. A boy walking along the shore of Massasoit pond in Springfield one morning was met by a man who was instantly impressed by his bright, open face, and who stopped and engaged him in conversation. He asked him where he lived, who his father was, where he went to school, what he was going to be when he became a man, and then becoming better pleased finally asked him how old he was. He was surprised to find that the boy for the first time hung his head down and hesitated to give him an answer. He repeated the question and the boy finally raised his head and blurted out, "Well, I ain't but twelve years old, but my pants are marked 16." There you have it right in a nutshell. You are to measure a boy not

by the number of his years, but by the girth of his trousers, by the circumference of his ambitions.

Much of the lurid language, cigarette smoking and general bravado and braggadocio of a boy is to be interpreted as simply a crude reaching up toward manliness, and all the time underneath there is the pure and tender heart of a little child. The energies of a boy are friendly energies, and in a general way, while he is busy he is good.

One thing that makes it hard for us to realize that is that during these anti-domestic years I have spoken of, when the boy first goes out to explore his world, there comes over him a sense of alienation, not only from his own outgrown childhood, but also from those he knows and loves. My friend, Mr. Charles E. McKinley, has made the happy suggestion that it is a rehearsal of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, through which even the best of men, including Jesus, must pass, and that "the far country" is the inevitable and not always miserable or wicked condition through which all youth must walk to a real heritage in the Father's House. During this time the lad meets his first disillusionment, about men or things, and closes behind himself the implacable gates of Eden; he enlarges and alters the code of honor which he learned in Egyptian servitude to his gang, he relates himself in some degree to the world and his mission in it, and finds out what belongs to him, and he makes the final transi-

tion from a dependent to an independent soul life, from the Old Testament to the New Testament of his being.

In these years there are single events and days that are magical. Happy is the parent who may be the ministrant by whose aid the person or circumstance comes to his child which awakens his soul or his ambition, which opens the gates of vision, or which gives the Aladdin's lamp which makes happiness forever after a possibility.

The intellectual side of the religious nature is the last awakened. The doubt period comes very late in boyhood. Its seriousness depends upon the character of early instruction. If the teaching of the Bible in the home has communicated nothing that must be unlearned and has left little opportunity for intellectual strains, the man will make his mature theologies without mental anguish.

All this, the deepest and most thorough evolution of life, takes time. If religion in the child be, as Dr. Stanley Hall has said, "a growth," it must come on very slowly, and our nervous, well-meant eagerness for "results," with the accompanying temptation to the child to regard himself and his experiences as interesting, is misplaced and mischievous. We cannot be too anxious to give our children early Christian nurture, but we cannot make up for neglect to do that by frantic special efforts at the close of the plastic period.

In connection with this chapter, read all the chapters in the fourth division of the first part: The Largest Life.

XI.

THE ART OF BEING A GODPARENT.

In that idyll of early Christian symbolism known as infant baptism, a minor character comes into momentary importance, speaks his part and then retires into the shadow. He is called the god-father or sponsor. It was his place to assume for this infant prince of a spiritual kingdom his royal vows and crown rights. He stood also a substitute for the parents in case of incapacity or death—for the prospect of martyrdom made doubly solemn, if, indeed, it did not suggest the ceremonial—should render uncertain a religious education. The spiritual responsibility thus entered upon was for many centuries deemed more sacred, though not made so by law, than legal guardianship. The relation of Sponsor in England was given the term “godship” or “gossip,” which meant then God-kinship, though now it means something very different, and marriage was prohibited between Godparents and the family of the baptized. Recently the institution has to many lost its early meaning. You have acted the part yourself, perhaps, and felt yourself well quit of the task when you had awkwardly supported a pair of self-conscious parents and their bur-

deny of squirming lace at the font and left with them a fitting token for the child.

The idea itself was so significant, however, that it deserves to be rescued. We have come to an era which is beginning to recognize not only that the hope for humanity's future is in the cradle, but that individual values are such that all work for humanity must begin there. Around the parents of every young child in the temple of humanity stand representatives, not only of the church, but of law, philanthropy, and the state, inquiring who will stand sponsor for this babe, that it shall receive an adequate training for life, and shall be a help and not an injury to the race.

We may make, then, a new definition of a godparent. A godparent is any person who endeavors to assist or supplement parents in the nurture of their children. The definition assumes that the home is the primary institution and that no rightful work can be done regardless of or in antagonism to it; but it also insists that many parents need assistance and that all parents need supplementary agencies if their children are to become what they may be.

Godparents are divided into several classes. There are those, first, who assume the care of children because of the failure of the home. Among these are officers of orphan asylums and industrial, reformatory, and farm schools and, very largely in this division, the heads of private schools. In the second class come those whose

work is not to take the place of but to supplement the home, such as schoolteachers, boys' club leaders, settlement workers, play-masters, church workers, and individuals who help boys, not institutionally but personally. Behind these, and yet not to be obscured by them, are the disciples of child study, who in the laboratory rather than in the workshop are studying the nature and needs of boy and girl life.

Among the modern close sub-divisions of human labor we are none too early in recognizing that of the godparent. It is already a profession demanding special preparation, offering definite openings and some measure, as yet meager, of financial reward. It is also a calling, engaging more and more the time, money, and ardent interest of many volunteers, whose daily round of business in other employments is becoming an avocation as the peculiar interest and unique importance of this are made manifest. God gives the mother-heart and the father-heart to those to whom he does not give children. This may, as we accept the fate, make tragedy or idyll.

My own experience and the strong convictions which it gives me of their susceptibility to social influence, will lead me to speak almost entirely of the godparent as related to boys.

The social importance of the work in which we are engaged consists in the fact that it is done in the years when the social instinct is in a formative and plastic state. The boy of the ages with which we deal feels so strongly

the pressure to seek the wider circles of life that these may be called the anti-domestic years. Not even the wisest and most perfect home can satisfy the nature that now stirs with unbounded interests and curiosities. It is well that this is so, for otherwise the child would never become a world-citizen or know a wholesome social consciousness. The social feeling manifests itself in several distinct ways; in the growing spirit of team-work and fairness in out-door games, in the gang spirit in groups of boys, in new and passionate friendships with chums or adult heroes, and later in an increasing interest in the other sex. Each of these manifestations has its happy prophecies and its dangerous auguries. The baseball or football teams and contests are a microcosm of the social order, and are a finer expression of play than the squabbings and unorganized games of little boys, yet unregulated they may take on all the unfavorable features of professional sport. The most important thing that ever happens to any boy is his first friendship, but its influence depends entirely on the character of that friend. The king of Bobville may be an immature Shaftesbury or an embryo Jesse James. The education furnished by the "gang" is extremely effective, but the social and moral perils of the unregulated gang, which is, after all, only a modified savage clan, are understood by all. The love of woman may be an ennobling influence, but sexual precocity is a moral menace.

Here is where we find our social opportunity. The

boy reaching up to older companionship may find his ideal and friend in the adult who has given himself to his redemption. The clubs and athletic groups which we form become to many a lad his first entrance into social fellowship, and that a wholesome one. Our groups of boys are molded into artificial gangs, self-directing, but guided by us. Our work with young boys by themselves postpones the interest in the other sex and gives the opportunity to prepare to make such intercourse when it becomes sensible and uplifting. More than all, through all these companionships we are helping the lad to decide whether his relation to his race shall be to lift or to lean, to bless or to curse. Dr. Gladden has remarked that the most important thing a young man has to decide is whether he will pay one hundred cents on a dollar; that is, whether he will acknowledge and honor his obligation to society. It is now, as Mr. Joseph Lee suggests, that the lad may develop from Sir Launcelot, the knight of single combat, into Arthur, the loyal king, and the question is to be decided whether he will remain for life what a boy is, a bandit, or become a true man; that is, a citizen and a social servant.

There is something the matter socially with an institution where a boy is allowed to think that the payment of either five cents a month or ten dollars a year entitles him to run the institution, or to regard it as solely an instrument of his own pleasure. The pedagogy of social service is yet in its infancy but there is no more sat-

isfactory social test of a work with boys than that it has led some of them to a generous life mission. Here, perhaps, we lay our hands more potently than we know upon the social future of the republic, when without touching laws or institutions, we teach the children of the state that private citizenship, as much as public office, is a public trust.

The godfather is thus a moral force. Whatever else we are doing, our chief end is suggested in the resolution placed in the Creator's mouth after the story of the making and fitting up of the earth in the first of Genesis, "Let us make man." Two foes the genuine worker with boys has to meet. One is the corrupter of morals, who finds in the easily seduced friendliness of lads his open opportunity. The other is the amateur in philanthropy, who, with his hypnotic good-fellowship and the lively use of some popular method, takes a one-season interest in a group of boys, and then carelessly throws away the priceless opportunities of their awakened affection and confidence. He is a winsome, but mischievous Pied Piper, who fiddles young lives into his train and then leads them no whither.

The secret of the origin of moral principle is hard finding out; a boy often seems to accumulate it just as he does mud on his shoes, by its sticking on as he goes. But there are at least recognizable ways in which influence may be exerted. The anthropologist explains most of the moral aberrations of boyhood as the emergence or

persistence of savage instincts. If these can be prevented from functioning, they wither and disappear. They are so prevented by filling the life full of the opposite tendencies. It is the filled and not the empty life that is morally safe. The boy who has learned that making things cost is not so likely to destroy other people's property. The boy who can be made enthusiastic in doing something is never going to have time or desire to be obstreperous. The boy who has been stirred to live for some large purpose is not so subject to the temptations of intemperance or pleasure. The other influence is the personal one. Many people are willing to give everything to boys—their own or other people's—except the priceless gift, themselves. They offer their personality to others much as that curious South American lizzard, who, when pursued, shakes his tail off and leaves it in the path as a bait, while it flees itself to shelter. It is not easy to do. Some one remarks that it is a great man who can put himself in a small place and not feel cramped; and Plato said, "Many are the wandbearers, but few are the true bacchanals." Yet the weakness of most work with boys is its externalism. The one magic word is that one sacred in so many religions—Incarnation. Charles Kingsley, dying, gave as his life's secret what is that of almost every boy,—“I had a friend.” And if there is anything that a boy of sixteen, who is just beginning to find himself, who is struggling alternately with his own

boundless conceit and his exhaustless ignorance, and who is sure he is in love, needs, is a friend.

The key-note to this work is reality. A boy is the most real creature alive. He sees things straight through and he always tells the truth when he is not scared into lying. He has a horror of moralizing, "personal work," and good advice. He does not like to be wept over by a woman or caressed or prayed over by a man. His ideals, because of his splendid physical vigor and rapid growth, are largely physical ideals. "Nipper Brown is the best scholar in my class," confesses the author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy;" but adds, with simple pride, "I can lick him with one hand." Life to a boy is, as it is not to us, real all the time.

Unto such a person it is no use to come with finger on lip or frown on face or even with a rosy apple hitched to a prayer-meeting—if you would find him at home. We must have religion to bring these boys that is as real as themselves and that will live among their boyish instincts. They must be allowed to be boy-Christians in a boy's, not in a man's way.

Reality is the only thing worth working with or for in trying to help boys. A boy may be able, as a recent writer expressed it, "to disgorge Bible verses like buck-shot out of a bag," or willing to turn his soul inside out in a prayer-meeting like a turkey's gizzard, but if he is not honest and clean in his living he has simply become a young white-washed sepulcher. Methods, too, must

have real ends in view and appeal to real instincts. The supreme excellence of volunteer social work with boys is that, as nowhere else, not even in the home and in the school, one may make a constant and unadulterated appeal to enthusiasm. As this is something every normal boy is ready to furnish in quantities, you have only to engage it wholesomely to get hold of the whole boy. To win such results requires real men. Sponge cake kind of men, middle-aged people think because they are pronounced they are omniscient, people who confound biliousness and religion, professional students of childhood who lack a sense of humor, will never do as teachers for boys. Our Sunday schools need more bugles and less fog horns. And sometimes a motherly creature who knows the gospel of caraway cookies, and whose attic is as open to boys as her heart, becomes a beautiful Phoebe who succoreth many. A man who in working with boys ever makes failures without asking how he himself was to blame is almost certainly pulling at the wrong doorbell. Self-control, and a good temper are not only traits worth having, but they are indispensable to the minister to boys. The clerk of a crape counter or the blase information bureau secretary of a Y. M. C. A. would be quite incapacitated for the task, while a man with the incurable optimism of Sunny Jim and the benevolence of the patron saint of Quaker Oats—to make two familiar cereal allusions—would be apt to succeed.

I hesitate to name the methods of reality because so

many people will pounce upon a method instead of its spirit, and study a plan instead of studying boys. The new way of helping boys does not consist, as some suppose, in lionizing bad boys, in patented appliances or in converting a church into a play-room, but in appealing to a boy's real instincts and in trying to get him to enjoy his virtues more than he does his vices. My experience is that it doesn't make much difference which method is used. The essential thing is to have hold of one boy by as many handles as possible. Almost no method pans out well as a method as the leader anticipates and no method is good for more than two years in succession, yet every method is a success that can be used for a time as an adequate expression of friendliness. I have seen thirty thousand boys organized into a new order of Christian knighthood as the result of a boys' club I carried on once, and I have seen a man go off with a fishpole or a butterfly net with a trail of youngsters in his wake, and he has secured results just as great and of the same quality.

A boy who was once asked what he considered the essential qualities of a church boys' club responded sententiously, "Fun and Feed." Perhaps there may be other elements, but there is no doubt that the play-spirit exercised on the physical level is the natural point of departure. The playing, of course, may be directed by adults unto its higher educational possibilities. Here naturalness must be the guide. There has been a ten-

dency lately, particularly in the settlements, to give elaborate dramatic representations, in close imitation of what is being done in our colleges. Many have "pointed with pride" to the literary taste and dramatic ability thus shown among the children of the poor. This is all a mistake. The effects and the motives are both theatric. The play of children, as I have explained, is dramatic. Their first organized step beyond mere games should be the doing of simple charades and the endeavor to act out the characters which they know. As soon as memorizing, elaborate drill and footlights enter, we nourish the theatrical, the children become self-conscious and get "stage-struck." All these are prevented when we make the dramatic work the natural evolution of their play.

In all these clubs there must be spontaneity on the part of the child, motive on the part of the leader. Most godparents never get anywhere because they have not started to go anywhere. Even the play may have its meaning and purpose and nothing can be more disheartening socially than to enter an organization, even for street boys, that has been running for ten years and find in it nothing but playrooms. Play must remain and must always have its place, but the club is in its ideal and work at best a school.

The finest thing a club can develop is the spirit of doing for others. Nothing is worse for boys than to be coddled. The club, in which membership is thought anything less than a privilege, is not worth sustaining.

A good club is one in which the older boys look after the moral and social welfare of the younger, in which they remain after club hours, not as objects of discipline, but to confer with their comrades, the godparents, as to what they can best do to help others.

One thing that impresses me more and more is that a week with boys in camp in summer is worth more than a whole winter indoors. There is something about the return to nature, the sharing of hardships, the instant exposure to scorn of the molly-coddle, the loafer, or the "squealer," the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and the glamor of the camp fire, such incidents as the visit of a baby and the Sunday service on the shore, which creates in a brief time fellowships whose only analogies are those of college days.

And nothing will do more to give a man confidence in the goodness that underlies a boy than to live out doors with him for a while. I remember the first boys' camp I ever conducted. It was a church camp. It was a modest affair. The total cost was two dollars apiece for a week. But then we had a parents' day, and the mothers left us some extra food. The neighbor was good too. We borrowed everything she had, except her griddle greaser. But what I was coming at was this. I knew nothing about camping. I had never spent a night out of doors in my life. But I had a Y. M. C. A. handbook which told all about how to do it. Everything transpired at the beginning just as

the doctor ordered. The tent was safely put up, the trench was dug, the campfire was built, the wood was brought, the beds—forgive the term for the hay we slept on—were made. Supper was eaten, the dishes were washed—that is, they were washed the next morning when we ate breakfast—and we sat about the campfire until bedtime. “Now,” said the handbook, “you will have your devotional exercise.” Of course we will, said I. My Bible was ready. My courage was summoned. At that moment a boot struck the tent wall, a pillow followed and a flight of movables began through the air. Family prayers were postponed.

I was disappointed. And as I lay alone in the stillness when finally the storm had ceased, I reproached myself for the lost spiritual opportunity.

Just then a form beside me stirred. Jack the irrepressible was calling to Steve.

“Say, Cully, are you awake?”

“Sure.”

“I’ll bet I’m the only man in the push that has said his prayers to-night. *You* haint.”

“I have.”

“Well, Billy, you haint.”

“I have now.”

And so it went round. Every mother’s son of them had said his prayers, tho I don’t know when or how.

And I must say that if it be pure religion and undefiled to live generously and even tenderly with one an-

other, then it was a religious camp that week on Weymouth shore.

What a misfortune it is getting to be to be a good boy! Miss Winifred Black was talking about this the other day. "Ten or fifteen years ago," she was saying, "when a boy broke a window, we called him a bad boy and let the police deal with him. Now when a boy does these things we call him a 'delinquent' and we pet him and buy him new clothes and theatre tickets and keep him out of jail as long as the outraged community will allow us to do so. Does it pay to devote so much attention trying to make bad boys good boys that we have no time to devote to keeping the good boys decent?"

There is a good deal in this. A well-to-do gentleman almost wept as he left Mr. Peixotto's club for street boys one evening because, as he said, money couldn't buy for his son what the slum boys were getting in the Columbia Park Boys' Club.

Another endeavor which has acquired much thought and study is the matter of teaching the Bible to boys. The thought of teaching a boys' Sunday-school class seems to strike terror to most people's minds. And well it may! Here is this group of youngsters, full of vitality, accustomed in public school to be taught by laboratory and object teaching, accustomed to do their reading largely by pictures, in the magazines and daily press, impatient of unreality, incompetence, and good advice, and

unto them approaches a young lady armed with a winning smile and a religious almanac, called a "Quarterly." The sight is one calculated to make good angels weep with excess of laughter.

As a result there has grown up about the Sunday-school a tradition against which even better methods contend with difficulty, that a boy goes to Sunday-school because he is sent, not because he is interested, and that school itself is in a vague way a place "to be good" in, rather than to study in. The attitude of the average class is therefore that most exasperating one of blase indifference. We may frankly acknowledge that the task of an average Sunday-school teacher with such a class is one that might well dismay a trained and experienced public school-teacher. And the former has the additional obstacles of a voluntary attendance and an absence of school discipline. In my experience teachers are trying with such classes one of three courses: they are with grim patience asking the conventional quarterly questions of an uninterested and inattentive class; or they are talking baseball and kindred subjects to an enthusiastic group, which might as well be anywhere else as in Sunday-school, trying to wedge in a surreptitious moral ere they close; or they are seeking to find Bible courses and methods that are themselves interesting enough to be really taught to children. It is only to the latter class that I think it worth while to address myself

There is much to overcome in the Sunday-school be-

sides imperfect lesson courses. I realize it as my own children come home from the weekly session. Archie is singing at the top of his voice:

“Kind words can never die—
Punch the nigger in the eye.”

Davie appears lamenting with a welt on the back of his head, given by a fond classmate with a hymn book as he went out of the church gate, and Jack confesses that he yielded to temptation and spent his consecrated penny at the candy store on the way down. They are all so alive, so fresh and keen in their physical senses, and the Sunday-school is still, and with all our effort, so unreal, so far away, and so grownup-ish.

There are just two things about the Bible that interest boys—biography and practical ethics. There are two possible methods—graphic and biographic. Teach the great child-stories of the Bible to younger boys by the use of pictures and stories, as they would be taught in the public schools; let them follow the track of the Bible heroes in imaginary travel by photographs and moulded map, until Jesus becomes at least as real as Washington and Lincoln, and then when the youth begins to face truth as well as men, teach him all you know and nothing you are not sure of, blink nothing and never deceive him, teach him nothing he will ever have to unlearn, but drill the moral law into his soul until he can't dig it up

or blow it away, give it to him in great truths and great motives and not in little truths or little motives, and then—let it sprout.

Our teaching after all is, as Thistleton Mark has pointed out, not much more than affixing labels. Yet surely it is important that children know how to affix right labels, in the gardens whose growth they only have the power to tend.

This teaching must have always the closest relation to action. The Sunday-school teacher ought to be the week-day club leader. The church must afford simple, merry, unassuming opportunities for boyish service. Its social life must be so warm that the boys' group instinct shall be won by it, so that, as I have heard Doctor Coe say, they shall feel it to be—speaking reverently—"God's gang," and wish to belong to it for that reason, their interpretation of God becoming a social interpretation.

We cannot anticipate all the temptations that will assail our boys when they get beyond our reach nor be sure that they will be sufficient for the evil day, but we can preempt their lives for goodness. We can direct their activities and loyalties into wholesome channels, and we can provide positive opportunities for service for them which shall be successive committals to virtue and thus strengthen their wills, until they achieve a genuine character of their own.

It is a beautiful sight to watch young fellows coming along, living amid a thousand distractions uncommonly

simple and wholesome lives, with clean speech and clean habits, and a quiet good will toward manliness. They have a boy's limitations. Their characters are subjective so far and to a degree selfish rather than outreaching. They fall down under responsibility. But this thing is true—the *esprit de corps* of this group stands for a higher ethics than that of most of its individual members, which is exactly the opposite from the case with most boys' gangs.

Boys need in churches to-day more than all else the presence of concrete examples of attractive manhood, men whom boys may really care to imitate. A boy watched his father, a deacon of the church and a force in Wall Street, but a most corpulent individual, run puffing to catch a passing car, and made this affectionate but deprecatory remark, "Well, after all, pap's only an old pod." There is a new, though not yet a very pressing demand, that the man in the pulpit and the men who walk down the aisles with the offering for the sacrament should be incarnations of the perfect man and lovers of humanity in the making.

A few such men, thank God, will be here when the boys of to-day become the men of to-morrow.

After I had been with the same group of boys for seven years, once, it came time for us to part. We met in the room where we had come so many times to play, to get up shows, to study the Bible. They seated me in the arm chair that had so long been my throne and

gathered around me in a constrained circle. The fellow who had been appointed to make the speech made a mess of it and I made as much of a mess at a response. In some fashion during the exercises they succeeded in putting into my possession a gold signet ring, which I always wear. But there was something left unsaid, and after it was all pretty well over, the oldest one said the one thing a man might well give his life to hear:

“Mr. Forbush, what this means is that not one of us is ever going to disappoint you.”

In connection with this chapter, read the chapters in the first part on Hero-Worship and Fidelity, and selected chapters in the third division; Broadening the Social Life.

XII.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

I am not very far along. My boys are yet in that hearty, healthy stage when their play is still an unconscious rest in God, when conscience is partly hearsay and they still keep a fairy or two in their establishment. Oberon and his crew are only around the corner when they go into the forest and they have many an unseen playmate. One of them will ere long enter that still year that comes before the months that bring him the first intimations of his manhood. I fear while I antici-

pate. I wish this were a better world for his sake. This explains why I would try to make it so. But I wish most to be a better father for the sake of those years when those who have done the easier tasks in the habit-making years meet the obstinate wilfulness and the passionate insanities of adolescence. Soon will come "thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting;" and therewith a series of complications that I am in nowise prepared for.

There are two or three gifts which I see I must be having by me in store when those days come.

One of these is health. Not for the purposes of corporal punishment, but so that he will not be ashamed of me. He wants me to be his hero always, but when the great heroic years come on and he believes, with his old Greek contemporaries, that the laurel is better than the bay, he will think I am all very well, but that I don't amount to much in the real world unless I am strong and swift on my heels, hold my breastbone high and am able to see my toes as I look down across my waistcoat.

Another thing that I need constantly is the sense of humor. The boys are getting into the awkward age, when their nerves and their muscles do not keep pace in growth. Now humor among boys is a form of awkwardness, an intellectual ungainliness. No boy is really irreverent; he is only humorous. A group of boys is not consciously noisy or a nuisance. Their actions are expressive of joint humor. It takes humor to see humor, and to bear with it. George Eliot never said a truer

thing than when she once remarked that "There is no greater strain of friendship than a different taste in jokes." We always need a gift in prayer, but during the trying days of adolescence I pray that I may have a gift of humor. There is no situation which seems serious that does not have something funny in it. To be able to see that will save the situation. The sense of humor in a parent is the only thing that can help a boy live through his moods and despairs and that can enable us meanwhile to be able to live with him.

Humor at its highest and best is the same as insight.

Nothing is more beautiful about a child than his forgiveness. As the dog brings his wound to the master who has caused it, so, in sweet unconsciousness that he is magnanimous, the child clings to the parent who has spoken thoughtlessly or cruelly. Oh, for this, my child, forgive me, that I have so often deserved your forgiveness! And yet I need not pray so, for the child has forgiven without being asked and without reluctance.

But the time is coming when that forgiveness is withholden. Not that the boy would not like to pardon, but when he becomes a genuine personality the self-respect which personality implies cannot forgive the wound to itself without consenting to its own murder. Here is where the test of parenthood comes. Here is where the insight of a parent is best shown, when he knows how to see that the issue is not obedience to the parent by the child any more, but the lad's obedience to himself. In a sense it is true that after fourteen or so the child cannot

obey another if he is ever to be more than a child. To break a will now is to break a life. The exercise of authority now for its own sake means the death of all kindly relations between parent and child forevermore. Here is where are played the saddest tragedies in some of the most Christian homes.

Another thing I need, the grace to suffer. At my best I shall misunderstand and I shall be misunderstood. The boys must make mistakes, they have a right to, but it is father and mother who will suffer because of them. They may go very far away from home, and the lengthening bond that binds them back will be the tortured strands of their parents' love. And even if they succeed, they will forget—and they will never know what it cost to bring them up, until they try it with our grandchildren.

But the cost and the reward shall be that we are learning the Fatherhood and the Motherhood of God.

Does it pay to try to bring up a family of children? What do you get for it? A miscellaneous collection of battered furniture, a household whose affairs have the continuity of purpose of an extemporaneous speech, a mother with nervous prostration, a father whose soul is inclosed between the lids of a thin pocketbook, and two or three yelling youngsters whom the whole neighborhood objurgates, who bring home no reports from school milder than "disorderly" and who never get up in time for breakfast? By heavens, why do we suffer this tyranny; why don't we cut loose, do murder or disown the

entire mob of unruly, ungrateful cubs? There are thousands of us—why don't we organize? Why don't we form a National League for the Protection of Parents from their Children?

Look at Jackson. He has no children. He rides in an automobile. Look at Mrs. Jones. Her furniture does not need tidies around its legs to cover scratches. Look at Mr. and Mrs. Smith. They have no children. The police never ring their doorbell to find out who is pouring water out of a rubber tube from the second story windows.

Well, why doesn't somebody do something?

Why? I'll tell you why, Mr. Jackson. You've got an automobile and a Boston terrier that likes to ride in it. But when you go to church, which you seldom do, you can't sit down in a seatful of husky lads that make a line of square shoulders across the pew. The Jackson name dies out with you, but those fellows will carry my name down into generations of the country's future. They are my legacy, Jackson, to posterity, my active immortality.

Mrs. Jones, you have no children, and no doubt you sleep well nights. You don't know what it is to wake in the dark with a start and know that something is wrong, to fumble your way hurriedly to a little boy's room and strike a match, to find that he has been ill, but wouldn't wake Mama, that he has attended to himself as well as he could and that he is crying into his pillow all alone. No, Mrs. Jones, you never had anybody

who needed your bosom and your arms. But do you never wish you had?

And you, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, you never had children and you think it bad enough that the neighbors must have them. And you never know what it means to have a boy come into dinner with a bruised eye and a cut lip and a reticent tongue; you never called in the other fellows when he wouldn't tell and found from them that your first born had faced a lad a head taller than himself and stood for the family honor and the name of Smith against terrible odds and won. You never had anybody in this world who loved you enough to become a champion like that, nor slapped him on the back and called him a man and healed his hurt with ice cream that night after you put him to bed.

"A scurry of feet on the bedroom stair,
A titter along the hall—
And this is the charge of the night brigade,
To capture me heart and all.
And there is the Captain, Sleepy Eyes,
And there is Lieutenant Dream,
While the only arms of love are theirs
As into my heart they stream.

"A low, little laugh as they form in line
Robed in their slumber gowns—
No armor rude with its harsh intrude,
No helmets that clank and frown;
They come for the hug and the goodnight kiss,

And unto my heart they bring
The song of the bedtime troops of love,
With its old, ineffable ring.

"I sigh as I think of the lonesome folk
In their fortresses alone,
Where never the children charge with their cheer.
Where the bedtime song's unknown;
Who sit in their childless realm aloof
Nor ever behold at all
The Sleepy Eyes and the Golden Dream
Come marching down through the hall.

"Who never have felt around their necks
Nor ever upon their lips,
The soft caress of a little arm,
Or a kiss with its sweet eclipse;
I do not know what I would do
Were the bedtime troops away,
And I almost dread the time to come
When they'll march to the grown-up fray.

"In a single file, to a merry tune,
Whispering, wild with glee,
They turn the knob and open the door
And rush to the heart of me;
Retreat is vain, resist I won't,
So on my lap they leap—
The troops of the night brigade that come
For the kiss of the tender sleep."

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